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OR,

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HARDING

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

TOO long has Man, engroſſing ev'ry art,
Dar'd to reject the Female's rightful part;
As if to him, alone, had been confin'd,
Heav'n's greateſt gift, a ſcientifick mind.
The rougher arts, 'tis true, men juſtly claim;
But let the ſmooth and tranquil paths to fame,
Which aſk not ſtrength of body, but of mind,
Be, as the ſoul, to neither ſex confin'd.
For tho' ſometimes, the fair might eaſy prove,
Females have well in nobleſt conflicts ſtrove;
As when Eliza Britain's ſceptre ſway'd,
And the aw'd world admir'd the matchleſs maid;
Yet willingly to man the palm they yield,
From throne and ſceptre, to the ſword and ſhield:
But in thoſe arts which humanize the mind,
They boaſt an equal pow'r with all mankind.
When ſome lov'd fair-one tunes the vocal lay,
And the rapt ſoul with pleaſure melts away;
Or, as ſhe raiſes high th' enchanting ſtrain,
Cecilia ſeems return'd to earth again,
While o'er the magick keys her fingers trace
The ſounds celeſtial of th' immortal race;

Such as, to human fancy, muſt improve
The raviſh'd raptures of the bleſs'd above:
Where is the wretch ſo hardy to deny,
That female ſkill with manly may vie!
The ſacred art of Poetry, we owe
To that bleſs'd ſource of chiefeſt bliſs below,
The fond affection which can live, alone,
Between two hearts that love has render'd one:
Where Nature ſeems to ſpeak, with meaning plain,
'Thy joys, proud man, were without woman vain!
'Like thee, ſhe feels each paſſion of the heart,
'Her bliſs as great as thine, as great her ſmart;
'And well ſhe knows, with words of magick ſound,
'To check the riſing hope, or heal the faithful wound.
'Then why refuſe them to an equal ſhare
'In arts which owe their being to the fair?
'Say, canſt thou meanly think that ſcience ſtrives
'To taint the female breaſt where moſt it thrives?
'Yet, if a ſpark within your own reſides,
'Imagine reaſon ev'ry action guides;
'Expect diſtinction from the lowly crowd,
'And ſcorn to fear YOUR virtue diſallow'd!
'Unjuſt it is—regard the paſt with ſhame;
'And let them henceforth ſhare the road to fame.'
Happy for England, were each female mind,
To ſcience more, and leſs to pomp inclin'd;
If parents, by example, prudence taught,
And from their QUEEN the flame of virtue caught!
Skill'd in each art that ſerves to poliſh life,
Behold, in HER, a ſcientifick wife!
Tho' moſt entitled to the glare of dreſs,
No private lady can regard it leſs:
Yet ſtill ſhe keeps the glorious golden mean,
And always wears what beſt becomes a queen;
Rich, tho' not tawdry; elegant, tho' neat;
And all her perſon, like her mind, compleat.

While,

While, in each duty of domeſtick life,
She yields not to the leſs-exalted wife;
Attends, herſelf, the royal offspring's care,
And pours the virtuous precept in their ear;
Teaches the duty which to God they owe,
And tells how poor the thanks they can beſtow.
Nor doth herſelf neglect each day to join
Their much-lov'd preſence in the rites divine:
And oft her pious lips to Heav'n addreſs
The fervent wiſh, that Britain's woes were leſs;
That War might ſheathe his deeply-crimſon'd ſword,
And Peace, throughout the world, be once again reſtor'd.
Whether we view her as a wife, poſſeſs'd
Of ev'ry charm to make her conſort bleſs'd;
(New ſource of envy in the breaſts of thoſe
His virtues, with his pow'r, have render'd foes:)
Or as a mother, chriſtian, queen, or friend;
Alike we muſt admire, alike commend!
But vain are words her merits to impart,
For CHARLOTTE's virtues reign—in ev'ry heart.
Great is the taſk my Genius has aſſign'd,
And much it needs a more enlighten'd mind;
To traverſe Nature's garden all around,
Where ev'ry weed and ev'ry flow'r is found;
Diſtinguiſh well the properties of all,
And harm no grateful herb, however ſmall;
Yet crop each painted pageant of a day,
That hardly blooms before it knows decay;
Nor leave a ſingle flow'r, tho' gay or fair,
Which owns a ſcent leſs fragrant than the air;
Leſt it's foul breath contaminate the whole,
And make the food—the poiſon of the ſoul.
The taſk is great, indeed! But, when I fear,
My better Genius cries, 'Still perſevere!
'Think, by your means, each fair-one may adorn
'Her brow with roſes, fearleſs of the thorn;

" May range thro' Nature's rich purlieus with ease,
" And safely pluck whatever flow'r she pleases;
" Nor fear, howe'er incessantly she toils,
" To place her foot upon the alder's heads:
" Affor'd each plant or flow'r that meets her eyes,
" In the virtuous mind a welcome prize.
" E'en CHARLOTTE's self some leisure hour may rove
" In those delightful scenes she must approve,
" With rapture view the skilful Gard'ner's care,
" And deem THEY worst a blessing to the Fair!
" Then, then, proceed—nor think your labours hard;
" For what of toil can merit such reward!"

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

BY MR. EDWARD MOORE.

'TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabéa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.
The trav'ller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure:
But woman no redemption knows;
The wounds of honour never close!
Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,

In

In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her sound'ring pinnace sinks to rest.
  Are there no offerings we can give
For but a single error?—None.
Tho' Woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelick natures claim:
Nay, more; for sacred furies trill,
That e'en immortal angels fell.
  Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.
  The stars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All-beauteous, from her late disgrace;
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.
  In vain may death and time subdue,
While Nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;

Again, from ev'ry latent root,
The bladed ſtem and tendril ſhoot,
Exhaling incenſe to the ſkies,
Again to periſh, and to riſe.
And muſt weak Woman, then, diſown
The change to which a world is prone;
In one meridian brightneſs ſhine,
And ne'er, like ev'ning ſuns, decline?
Reſolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of Woman!—Yes.
But ſhould the ſpark of veſtal fire,
In ſome unguarded hour expire;
Or ſhould the nightly thief invade
Heſperia's chaſte and ſacred ſhade,
Of all the blooming ſpoil poſſeſs'd,
The dragon Honour charm'd to reſt;
Shall Virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin ſplendor burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With ſpring's ſucceeding bloſſom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not reſtore;
And Woman falls, to riſe no more!
Within this ſublunary ſphere,
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetick ground:
A ſtream, call'd Life, acroſs it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here of Vice the province lies,
And there the hills of Virtue riſe.
Upon a mountain's airy ſtand,
Whoſe ſummit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling choſe,
As well for proſpect as repoſe;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous



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A num'rous progeny divine,
Confess'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care;
For Heav'n, to grace on her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.
As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just opening to the view)
Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd;
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd;
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And Nature yearly took delight,
Like her, to dress the world in white.
But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd.
"O joyful cause of many a care!
"O daughter, too divinely fair!
"You world, on this important day,
"Demands thee now long years away;
"A painful journey all must go,
"Whose doubtful period none can know;
"Whose dim direction who can find,
"Where Reason's rays, and fancy's blind!
"Ah! what unequal hardships rise,
"Thro' such a wide perplexing maze!
"Then mark the warnings of the wise,
"And learn what love and years advise.

For

* Far to the right thy proſpect bend,
* Where yonder tow'ring hills aſcend;
* Lo, there the arduous path in view
* Which Virtue and her ſons purſue!
* With toil o'er leſs'ning earth they riſe,
* And gain, and gain upon the ſkies.
* Narrow's the way her children tread;
* No walk, for pleaſure ſmoothly ſpread;
* But rough, and difficult, and ſteep,
* Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
* Fruits immature thoſe lands diſpenſe,
* A food indelicate to ſenſe,
* Of taſte unpleaſant; yet from thoſe
* Pure health, with chearful vigour flows,
* And ſtrength, unfeeling of decay,
* Throughout the long laborious way.
* Hence, as they ſcale that heavenly road,
* Each limb is lighten'd of it's load;
* From earth refining ſtill they go,
* And leave the mortal weight below:
* Then ſpreads the ſtrait, the doubtful clears,
* And ſmooth the rugged path appears;
* For cuſtom turns fatigue to eaſe,
* And, taught by Virtue, pain can pleaſe.
* At length, the toilſome journey o'er,
* And near the bright celeſtial ſhore,
* A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
* Appears, of either world the bound,
* Through darkneſs leading up to light;
* Senſe backward ſhrinks, and ſhuns the ſight!
* For there the tranſitory train,
* Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
* And matter's groſs, encumb'ring maſs,
* Man's late aſſociates, cannot paſs;
* But ſinking, quit th' immortal charge,
* And leave the wond'ring ſoul at large;

* Lightly

'Lightly she wings her obvious way,
'And mingles with eternal day.
'Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
'Though pleasure charm, or pain impede!
'To such th' All-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n,
'For present earth, a future heav'n;
'For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain,
'And endless bliss, for transient pain.
'Then fear, ah! fear, to turn thy sight,
'Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
'Wide on the left, the path-way bends,
'And with pernicious ease descends;
'There, sweet to sense, and fair to show,
'New planted Edens seem to blow,
'Trees, that delicious poison bear,
'For death is vegetable there.
'Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
'Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
'The soul to passion yields her throne,
'And sees with organs not her own;
'While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
'Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
'Before her alienated eyes
'The scenes of Fairy-land arise:
'The puppet-world's amusing show,
'Dipp'd in the gayly-colour'd bow,
'Sceptres, and wreaths, and glittering things,
'The toys of infants, and of kings,
'That tempt, along the baneful plain,
'The idly wise, and lightly vain,
'Till verging on the gulphy shore,
'Sudden they sink, and rise no more.
'But list to what thy fates declare;
'Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
'If once thy sliding foot should stray,
'Once quit yon Heav'n-appointed way,

'For thee, loſt maid! for thee alone,
'Nor prayers ſhall plead, nor tears atone;
'Reproach, ſcorn, infamy, and hate,
'On thy returning ſteps ſhall wait;
'Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
'And ev'ry foot thy preſence fly!'
Thus arm'd with words of potent ſound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm by Truth divinely caſt,
Forward our young advent'rer paſs'd.
Forth from her ſacred eye-lids ſent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went;
While Honour, handmaid late aſſign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.
Awe-ſtruck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin-viſion bow'd,
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught freſh virtue at the ſight:
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heaven-compounded dame;
'If matter, ſure the moſt refin'd,
'High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
'Some darling daughter of the day,
'And body'd by her native ray.'
Where-e'er ſhe paſſes, thouſands bend;
And thouſands, where ſhe moves, attend:
Her ways obſervant eyes confeſs,
Her ſteps purſuing praiſes bleſs;
While, to the elevated maid,
Oblations, as to Heav'n, are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blythſome day,
The jovial birth of roſy May,
When genial warmth, no more ſuppreſs'd,
Now melts the froſt in ev'ry breaſt,
The cheek with ſecret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chaſteſt eyes;

The

The ſun with healthier viſage glows,
Aſide his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain;
While Nature, as from bonds ſet free,
Springs out, and gives a looſe to glee.
And now, for momentary reſt,
The nymph her travell'd ſteps repreſs'd,
Juſt turn'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height ſhe gain'd.
Out-ſtretch'd before her wide ſurvey,
The realms of ſweet perdition lay;
And pity touch'd her ſoul with woe,
To ſee a world ſo loſt below:
When ſtraight the breeze began to breathe
Airs gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
A people ſunk and loſt in woes,
But as of preſent good poſſeſs'd,
The very triumph of the bleſs'd.
The maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Syrens ſung.

'Hither, faireſt! hither, haſte!
'Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte
'What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold;
'Joys, too mighty to be told!
'Taſte what extaſies they give,
'Dying raptures taſte, and live!

'In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure,
'Nature empties all her treaſure!
'Soft deſires, that ſweetly languiſh;
'Fierce delights, that riſe to anguiſh!

'Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
'Brighteſt beauty, come away!

'Liſt not, when the froward chide,
'Sons of pedantry and pride;
'Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
'April ſunſhine is offence;
'Age and Envy will adviſe
'B'en againſt the joys they prize.

'Come! in pleaſure's balmy bowl
'Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
'With enjoyment paſt the painting!
'Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
'Brighteſt beauty, come away!'

So ſung the Syrens, as of yore,
Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore:
And O for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulyſſes on the main;
That ſo our fair-one might withſtand
The covert ruin, now at hand!
The ſong her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters flood in view;
Curioſity, with prying eyes,
And hands of buſy, bold emprize;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And like fore-running Fancy, fleet.
By ſearch untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty ſhe ſtill aſpir'd;
Taſteleſs of ev'ry good poſſeſs'd,
And but in expectation bleſs'd.
With her, aſſociate, Pleaſure came,
Gay Pleaſure, frolick-loving dame;
Her mien all ſwimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to ſight;

Looſe,

Looſe flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kiſſing winds around:
As erſt Meduſa's looks were known
To turn beholders into ſtone;
A dire reverſion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleaſure melt.
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd;
Unnerv'd the ſtrong, the ſteel'd diſarm'd;
No ſafety e'en the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring maid,
While diſtant, more than half betray'd;
With ſmiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her ſide, and ſeiz'd her hand:
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd,
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd;
While, half conſenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidſt a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wiſhes, ſmiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling, yielding fair.
As when ſome ſtately veſſel, bound
To bleſs'd Arabia's diſtant ground,
Borne from her courſes, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whoſe treach'rous land,
Lurk the dire rock, and dang'rous ſand;
The pilot warns with ſail and oar
To ſhun the much-ſuſpected ſhore,
In vain; the tide, too ſubtly ſtrong,
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
Till ſound'ring, ſhe reſigns to fate,
And ſinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.
So, baffling ev'ry bar to ſin,
And Heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,

Along

Along the devious, ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The dames, accuſtom'd to ſubdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The loſt, the long reluctant maid!
Here ſtop, ye fair-ones, and beware,
Nor ſend your fond affections there:
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and Heav'n reſtor'd!
Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
The ſervant of her better fate;
With Honour, left upon the ſhore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more:
Nor with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failings caſt the veil,
Rememb'ring you yourſelves are frail!
And now, from all-enquiring light,
Faſt fled the conſcious ſhades of night;
The damſel, from a ſhort repoſe,
Confounded at her plight, aroſe.
As when, with ſlumb'rous weight oppreſs'd,
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And ſteal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus ſtreams,
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And ſtands all rapt amidſt his ſtore;
But wakens naked, and deſpoil'd
Of that for which his years had toil'd.
So far'd the nymph, her treaſure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobé, to ſtone:
Within, without, obſcure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all deſtroy'd.

And, 'O thou curs'd, inſidious coaſt!
'Are theſe the bleſſings thou canſt boaſt?
'Theſe, Virtue! theſe the joys they find,
'Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
'Shade me, ye pines; ye caverns, hide;
'Ye mountains cover me!' ſhe cry'd.
Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the ſky;
Contempt diſcharg'd a living dart,
A ſide-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poiſons o'er her face,
And foil'd and blaſted ev'ry grace;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While thoſe in crimes the deepeſt dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her ſide;
And ev'ry lewd, inſulting dame,
Upon her folly roſe to fame.
What ſhould ſhe do?—Attempt once more
To gain the late deſerted ſhore?—
So truſting, back the mourner flew,
As faſt the train of fiends purſue.
Again the farther ſhore's attain'd,
Again the land of Virtue gain'd;
But Echo gathers in the wind,
And ſhows her inſtant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong ſpeed ſhe tends,
Where late ſhe left an hoſt of friends;
Alas! thoſe ſhrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly;
Or backward drive her on the coaſt,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour loſt.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heav'n not daring to complain,

No truce by hoſtile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendſhip driv'n;
The nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.
Enthron'd within a circling ſky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant ſate, as in a ſhrine,
Virtue, firſt effluence divine;
Far, far above the ſcenes of woe,
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below:
Superior goddeſs, eſſence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light;
Whom ſhould mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire;
The gems of heav'n, and ſolar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam;
And Nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To riſe a new-born phœnix, die.
Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form ſhe threw;
Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.
Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her ſtation high,
Beheld, abandon'd to deſpair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whoſe awful ſound
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be ſtill,
To numbers bow'd each liſt'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the ſurging of the main,
And ſmooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heav'n ſhe ſtrung,
And thus the tuneful goddeſs ſung.

'Lovely penitent, arise;
'Come, and claim thy kindred skies!
'Come! thy sister angels say,
'Thou hast wept thy stains away.

'Let Experience now decide,
'Twixt the good and evil try'd;
'In the smooth, enchanted ground,
'Say, unfold the treasures found!

'Structures, rais'd by morning dreams;
'Sands that tripp'd the flitting streams;
'Down, that anchors on the air;
'Clouds, that paint their changes there.

'Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
'While the storm impends on high;
'Shewing in an obvious glass,
'Joys that in possession pass!

'Transient, fickle, light and gay,
'Flatt'ring only to betray;
'What, alas! can life contain?
'Life! like all it's circles, vain.

'Will the stork, intending rest,
'On the billow build her nest?
'Will the bee demand his store
'From the bleak and bladeless shore?

'Man alone, intent to stray,
'Ever turns from Wisdom's way;
'Lays up wealth in foreign land,
'Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

'Soon this elemental maſs,
'Soon th' incumb'ring world ſhall paſs:
'Form be wrapt in waſting fire;
'Time be ſpent, and life expire.

'Then, ye boaſted ſons of men,
'Where is your aſylum then?
'Sons of Pleaſure, ſons of Care,
'Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

'Gone, like traces on the deep;
'Like a ſceptre graſp'd in ſleep;
'Dews exhal'd from morning glades;
'Melting ſnows, and gliding ſhades!

'Paſs the world; and what's behind?
'Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
'From an univerſe deprav'd,
'From the wreck of nature ſav'd.

'Like the life-ſupporting grain,
'Fruit of patience and of pain,
'On the ſwain's autumnal day,
'Winnow'd from the chaff away.

'Little trembler, fear no more;
'Thou haſt plenteous crops in ſtore!
'Seed, by genial ſorrows ſown,
'More than all thy ſcorners own.

'What, tho' hoſtile earth deſpiſe;
'Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes!
'Heav'n thy friendleſs ſteps ſhall guide,
'Chear thy hours, and guard thy ſide.

'When

'When the fatal trump ſhall ſound,
'When th' immortals pour around,
'Heav'n ſhall thy return atteſt,
'Hail'd by myriads of the bleſs'd.

'Little native of the ſkies,
'Lovely penitent, ariſe;
'Calm thy boſom, clear thy brow,
'Virtue is thy ſiſter now!

'More delightful are my woes,
'Than the rapture pleaſure knows;
'Richer far the weeds I bring,
'Than the robes that grace a king.

'On my wars of ſhorteſt date,
'Crowns of endleſs triumph wait;
'On my cares, a period bleſs'd;
'On my toils, eternal reſt.

'Come, with Virtue at thy ſide;
'Come! be ev'ry bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native ſhore;
'Siſter, come, and turn no more!'

THE ROSCIAD.

BY MR. CHARLES CHURCHILL.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high-aſpiring play'r
Puſh'd all his int'reſt for the vacant chair.
The buſkin'd heroes of the mimick ſtage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;

The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume;
In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
And shew where honour bled in ev'ry scar.
But tho' bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way,
And they will best succeed, who best can pay:
Those who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.
What can an actor give? In ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there;
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon;
And of Roast Beef they only know the tune:
But what they have, they give; could Clive do more,
Tho' for each million he had brought home four?
Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there.
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat,
For those who laughter love instead of meat.
Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be
In self-conceit an actor, bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives,
And at the New pours water on the leaves.
The town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,
As passion, humour, int'rest, party sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,

A dreſs well choſen, or a patch miſplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create diſtaſte.
From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praiſes—he's ſo droll.
Embox'd, the ladies muſt have ſomething ſmart;
Palmer! O Palmer tops the jaunty part!
Seated in pit, the dwarf with aching eyes
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of ſize;
Whilſt to ſix feet the vig'rous ſtripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.
When place of judgment is by whim ſupply'd,
And our opinions have their riſe in pride;
When, in diſcourſing on each mimick elf,
We praiſe and cenſure with an eye to ſelf,
All muſt meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair,
In ſuch a court, as Garrick for the chair.
At length agreed all ſquabbles to decide,
By ſome one judge the cauſe was to be try'd:
But this their ſquabbles did afreſh renew;
Who ſhould be judge in ſuch a trial—who?
For Johnſon ſome; but Johnſon, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave—and Sterne too gay appear'd.
Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known,
He ſicken'd at all triumphs but his own.
For Colman many; but the peeviſh tongue
Of prudent age, found out that he was young.
For Merphy ſome few pilf'ring wits declar'd,
Whilſt Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wiſdom ſtar'd.
To miſchief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom;
Adopting arts by which gay villains riſe,
And reach the heights which honeſt men deſpiſe;
Mute at the bar, and in the ſenate loud;
Dull 'mongſt the dulleſt, proudeſt of the proud;
A pert, prim prater, of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,

Stood

Stood forth—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand,
And thrice he twirl'd his tye, thrice ſtrok'd his band.
' At Friendſhip's call,' (thus oft, with trait'rous aim,
Men void of faith, uſurp Faith's ſacred name)
' At Friendſhip's call I come, by Murphy ſent,
' Who thus, by me, developes his intent:
' But leſt, transfus'd, the ſpirit ſhould be loſt,
' That ſpirit which, in ſtorms of rhet'rick toſs'd,
' Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
' In his own words his own intentions hear.
" Thanks to my friends—but, to vile fortunes born,
" No robes of fur theſe ſhoulders muſt adorn.
" Vain your applauſe, no aid from thence I draw;
" Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law!
" Twice, (curs'd remembrance!) twice I ſtrove to gain
" Admittance 'mongſt the law-inſtructed train,
" Who in the Temple and Gray's Inn prepare,
" For clients wretched feet, the legal ſnare;
" Dead to thoſe arts which poliſh and refine,
" Deaf to all worth, becauſe that worth was mine,
" Twice did thoſe blockheads ſtartle at my name,
" And foul rejection gave me up to ſhame:
" To laws and lawyers then I bade adieu,
" And plans of far more lib'ral note purſue.
" Who will, may be a judge—my kindling breaſt
" Burns for that chair which Roſcius once poſſeſs'd.
" Here give your votes, your int'reſt here exert,
" And let ſucceſs, for once, attend deſert."
With ſleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
And type of vacant head with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his modeſt plea:
' Let favour ſpeak for others, worth for me.'
For who, like him, his various pow'rs could call
Into ſo many ſhapes, and ſhine in all?
Who could ſo nobly grace the motley liſt,
Actor, Inſpector, Doctor, Botaniſt?

Knows

Knows any one ſo well—ſure no one knows—
At once to play, preſcribe, compound, compoſe?
Who can—but Woodward came—Hill ſlipp'd away,
Melting, like ghoſts, before the riſing day.
With that low cunning which in fools ſupplies,
And amply too, the place of being wiſe,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent! gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that ſmooth falſhood, whoſe appearance charms,
And reaſon of each wholeſome doubt diſarms;
Which to the loweſt depths of guile deſcends,
By vileſt means purſues the vileſt ends,
Wears friendſhip's maſk for purpoſes of ſpite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And ſickens, even if a friend prevail;
Which merit and ſucceſs purſues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's ſpleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always ſeeks a ſcreen;
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's baſely done, ſhould be done ſafely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to ſhame, and ev'ry nicer ſenſe,
Ne'er bluſh'd, unleſs, in ſpreading vice's ſnares,
She blunder'd on ſome virtue unawares:
With all theſe bleſſings, which we ſeldom find,
Laviſh'd by Nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can ſcarce conceive, or pen deſcribe,
Came ſimp'ring on; to aſcertain whoſe ſex,
Twelve ſage impannell'd matrons would perplex:
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, tho' of Iriſh growth;
A ſix foot ſuckling, mincing in IT's gait,
Affected, peeviſh, prim, and delicate!

Fearful

Fearful it ſeem'd, tho' of athletick make,
Leſt brutal breezes ſhould too roughly ſhake
It's tender form, and ſavage motion ſpread
O'er it's pale cheeks the horrid manly red.
Much did it talk, in it's own pretty phraſe,
Of genius and of taſte, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writing which itſelf had wrote,
Of ſpecial merit, tho' of little note;
For Fate, in a ſtrange humour, had decreed
That what it wrote, none but itſelf ſhould read:
Much, too, it chatter'd of dramatick laws,
Misjudging criticks, and miſplac'd applauſe;
Then, with a ſelf-complacent, jutting air,
It ſmil'd, it ſmirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
And with an aukward briſkneſs, not it's own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant ſeem'd—when that ſtrange ſavage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Senſe, appear'd; by Nature there
Appointed, with Plain Truth, to guard the chair:
The pageant ſaw; and, blaſted with her frown,
To it's firſt ſtate of nothing melted down.
Nor ſhall the Muſe (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing ſhall be mortify'd)
Nor ſhall the Muſe (ſhould Fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleaſing thought! to live in after-times)
With ſuch a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the thing forgot:
Let it, to diſappoint each future aim,
Live without ſex, and die without a name!
Cold-blooded criticks, by enervate fires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their laſt; whoſe ſluggiſh blood, half-froze,
Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whoſe heart ne'er glows
With fancy-kindled heat—a ſervile race,
Who in mere want of fault all merit place;

Who blind obedience pay to ancient ſchools,
Bigots to Greece, and ſlaves to muſty rules,
With ſolemn conſequence declar'd, that none
Could judge that cauſe, but Sophocles alone:
Dupes to their fancy'd excellence, the crowd,
Obſequious to the ſacred dictate, bow'd.
When from amidſt the throng a youth ſtood forth,
Unknown his perſon, not unknown his worth:
His look beſpoke applauſe; alone he ſtood,
Alone he ſtemm'd the mighty critick flood:
He talk'd of ancients as the man became,
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;
With noble rev'rence ſpoke of Greece and Rome,
And ſcorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.
'But more than juſt to other countries grown,
'Muſt we turn baſe apoſtates to our own?
'Where do theſe words of Greece and Rome excel,
'That England may not pleaſe the ear as well?
'What mighty magick's in the place or air,
'That all perfections needs muſt centre there?
'In ſtates, let ſtrangers blindly be preferr'd;
'In ſtate of letters, Merit ſhould be heard.
'Genius is of no country; her pure ray
'Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
'Foe to reſtraint, from place to place ſhe flies,
'And may hereafter e'en in Holland riſe.
'May not, (to give a pleaſing fancy ſcope,
'And chear a patriot heart with patriot hope)
'May not ſome great, extenſive genius, raiſe
'The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praiſe;
'And, whilſt brave thirſt of fame his boſom warms,
'Make England great in letters as in arms?
'There may—there hath—and Shakeſpeare's muſe aſpires
'Beyond the reach of Greece; with native fires,
'Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
'Whilſt Sophocles below ſtands trembling at his height.

'Why ſhould we then abroad for judges roam,
'When abler judges we may find at home?
'Happy in tragick and in comick pow'rs,
'Have we not Shakeſpeare? is not Johnſon ours?
'For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons! vote;
'They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote.'
He ſaid, and conquer'd—Senſe reſum'd her ſway,
And diſappointed pedants ſtalk'd away:
Shakeſpeare and Johnſon, with deſerv'd applauſe,
Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cauſe.
Mean time the ſtranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
To aſk or tell his name—Who is it?—Lloyd.
Thus, when the aged friends of Job ſtood mute,
And, tamely prudent, gave up the diſpute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly ſtood forth the advocate of Truth,
Confuted Falſhood, and diſabled Pride,
While baffled Age ſtood ſnarling at his ſide.
The day of trial's fix'd; nor any fear
Leſt day of trial ſhould be put off here.
Cauſes but ſeldom for delay can call,
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.
The morning came; nor find I that the ſun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.
Full in the centre of a ſpacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent, appear'd, but Art,
With decent modeſty perform'd her part,
Roſe a tribunal; from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or ſought ſupport:
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear;
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gownſmen, partial to a client's cauſe,
To their own purpoſe turn'd the pliant laws;

Each

Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster just.
In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakespeare—in one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through Nature at a single view;
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And passing Nature's bounds, was something more.
Next Johnson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment fancy's flights restrain'd,
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault:
The book of Man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to it's proper source;
Then, strongly mark'd, in livelicst colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to publick view:
The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
And fools hung out, their brother fools deterr'd:
His comick humour kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law.
But, hark!—the trumpet sounds, the crowd gives way,
And the procession comes in just array.
Now should I, in some sweet poetick line,
Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine,
Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode:
For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
Their titles, merits, or their names, rehearse?

But give, kind Dulneſs! memory and rhyme,
We'll put off Genius till another time.
  Firſt, Order came—with ſolemn ſtep and ſlow,
In meaſur'd time his feet were taught to go:
Behind, from time to time, he caſt his eye,
Leſt this ſhould quit his place, that ſtep awry:
Appearances to ſave, his only care;
So things ſeem right, no matter what they are.
In him his parents ſaw themſelves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critick on Saint Prude.
  Then come Drum, Trumpet, Hautboy, Fiddle, Flute;
Next Snuffer, Sweeper, Shifter, Soldier, Mute:
Legions of angels all in white advance;
Furies all fire, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
Next came the Treaſurer of either Houſe,
One with full purſe, t'other with not a ſous:
Behind a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of ſtate;
By lace and feather conſecrate to fame,
Expletive kings and queens without a name.
  Here Havard, all ſerene, in the ſame ſtrains,
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His eaſy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies—on my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife!
Stateſman all over!—in plots famous grown!—
He mouths a ſentence, as curs mouth a bone.
  Next Holland came—with truly tragick ſtalk,
He creeps, he flies—a hero ſhould not walk.
As if with Heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries againſt the ſkies;
Attitude, action, air, pauſe, ſtart, ſigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made uſe of as his own.

By

By Fortune thrown on any other ſtage,
He might perhaps have pleas'd an eaſy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of ſomething better we have ſeen before.
The actor who would build a ſolid fame,
Muſt imitation's ſervile arts diſclaim;
Act from himſelf, on his own bottom ſtand:
I hate e'en Garrick, thus, at ſecond-hand.
Behind came King—bred up in modeſt lore,
Baſhful and young, he ſought Hibernia's ſhore;
Hibernia! fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchleſs intrepidity of face.
From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all ſenſe of ſhame:
Tutor'd by her all rivals to ſurpaſs,
'Mongſt Drury's ſons he comes, and ſhines in Braſs.
Lo, Yates!—without the leaſt fineſſe of art,
He gets applauſe—I wiſh he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely 'Hark'e! Hark'e!' grates the ear;
When active fancy from the brain is ſent,
And ſtands on tip-toe for ſome wiſh'd event,
I hate thoſe careleſs blunders, which recal
Suſpended ſenſe, and prove it fiction all.
In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarſeſt features we behold;
Where, deſtitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jeſts are blurted in your face;
There Yates, with juſtice ſtrict, attention draws,
Acts truly from himſelf, and gains applauſe:
But when to pleaſe himſelf, or charm his wife,
He aims at ſomething in politer life;
When, blindly thwarting Nature's ſtubborn plan,
He treads the ſtage by way of gentleman;
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dreſs'd in Clincher's cloaths.

Fond

Fond of his dreſs, fond of his perſon grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himſelf unknown,
From ſide to ſide he ſtruts, he ſmiles, he prates,
And ſeems to wonder what's become of Yates.
  Woodward, endu'd with various tricks of fate,
Great maſter in the ſcience of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleaſing proſpect of renown:
A ſpeaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twiſts, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb;
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to ſenſe the conqueſt of the heart.
We laugh, indeed; but, on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourſelves, and curſe our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally miſplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taſte;
Hence hath the town ſo often ſeen diſplay'd,
Beau in burleſque, high life in maſquerade.
  But when bold wits, not ſuch as patch up plays
Cold and correct, in theſe inſipid days,
Some comick character, ſtrong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremeſt verge,
Where modeſt judgment her decree ſuſpends,
And for a time nor cenſures nor commends;
Where criticks can't determine on the ſpot,
Whether it is in nature found or not;
There Woodward ſafely ſhall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he ſhews deſert;
Hence he in Bobadil ſuch praiſes bore,
Such worthy praiſes, Kitely ſcarce had more.
  By turns transform'd into all kind of ſhapes,
Conſtant to none, Foote laughs, cries, ſtruts, and ſcrapes:
Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus ſhifts, bawd, parſon, auctioneer.
His ſtrokes of humour, and his burſts of ſport,
Are all contain'd in this one word, DISTORT.

Doth

Doth a man ſtutter, look aſquint, or halt,
Mimicks draw humour out of Nature's fault;
With perſonal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to publick ſcorn.
E'en I, whom Nature caſt in hideous mould,
Whom having made, ſhe trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimickry may groan,
And find that Nature's errors are my own.
Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came,
Wilkinſon this, Obrien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even ſhadows have their ſhadows too!
With not a ſingle comick pow'r endu'd,
The firſt a mere mere mimick's mimick ſtood;
The laſt, by Nature form'd to pleaſe, who ſhows,
In Johnſon's Stephen, which way genius grows,
Self quite put off, affects with too much art
To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
Adopts his ſhrug, his wink, his ſtare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd before.
When a dull copier ſimple grace neglects,
And reſts his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but ſuch vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.
By Nature form'd in her perverſeſt mood,
With no one requiſite of art endu'd,
Next Jackſon came—Obſerve that ſettled glare,
Which better ſpeaks a puppet than a play'r;
Liſt to that voice—did ever diſcord hear
Sounds ſo well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce ſome very tender part,
The right-hand ſleeps by inſtinct on the heart,
His ſoul, of ev'ry other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left:
He ſobs and pants, to ſoothe his weeping ſpouſe;
To ſoothe his weeping mother, turns and bows:

Aukward,

Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still;
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.
  Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
That's vile—Should we a parent's faults adore;
And err, because our fathers err'd before!
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jest they could not find;
If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene;
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
Not see their faults; or, seeing, not avoid?
When Falstaff stands detected in a lye,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glassy eye?
Why—there's no cause—at least, no cause we know—
It was the fashion twenty years ago.
Fashion! a word which knaves and fools may use,
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame; to copy faults, is want of sense.
  Yet (tho' in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)
If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad;
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime, by half,
To violate a vestal, as to laugh;
Rude mirth may hope presumpt'ous to engage
An act of toleration for the stage;
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features;
Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once more,
And humour set the audience in a roar.
  Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who being from one part possess'd of fame,

Whether

Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by humour cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—himself the first and last—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Tho' the knight wears the weeds of Dominick;
And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In ANNO DOMINI, of Falstaff's sack.
Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching slow,
A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.
But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest,
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.
'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
To arm satirick truth against a play'r?
Prescriptive rights we plead, time out of mind;
Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind.'
What! shall Opinion, then, of Nature free,
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No—tho' half poets with half players join,
To curse the freedom of each honest line;
Tho' rage and malice dim their faded cheek,
What the Muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak;

With juſt diſdain of ev'ry paltry ſneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpoſe fix'd, and to herſelf a rule,
Publick contempt ſhall wait the publick fool.
Auſtin would always gliſten in French ſilks;
Ackman would Norris be—and Packer, Wilks;
For who, like Ackman, can with humour pleaſe?
Who can, like Packer, charm with ſprightly eaſe?
Higher than all the reſt, ſee Branſby ſtrut,
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous Nature! which at once could ſhow
A man ſo very high, ſo very low.
If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I ſay
Aught hurtful, may I never ſee thee play!
Let criticks, with a ſupercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is ſtill at top—but ſcorn that rage,
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, univerſally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taſte.
Long from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random cenſur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their ſport; with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the raſcal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country baniſh'd, ſeek our own.
At length, howe'er, the ſlaviſh chain is broke,
And Senſe, awaken'd, ſcorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raiſe
Mirth from their foibles, from their virtues praiſe.
Next came the legion which our ſummer Bayes
From alleys here and there contriv'd to raiſe,
Fluſh'd with vaſt hopes, and certain to ſucceed,
With wits who cannot write, and ſcarce can read.
Vet'rans no more ſupport the rotten cauſe,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applauſe;

Each

Each on himself determines to rely;
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did play'rs so well an author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit.
So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, so very little said,
So wond'rous dull, and yet so wond'rous vain,
At once so willing and unfit to reign,
That Reason swore, nor would the oath recal,
Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.
As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom dulness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits the rage of fame.
What tho' the sons of Nonsense hail him Sire,
Auditor, Author, Manager, and Squire?
His restless soul's ambition stops not there;
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him Play'r.
In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease:
When motionless he stands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the thing was made to move!
His voice, in one dull, deep, unvary'd sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground;
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.
Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.
Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene:
In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags;
In passion, tears the passion into rags.

Can none remember? Yes, I know all must,
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,
Whilst Common Sense stood trembling at the door.
How few are found with real talents bless'd!
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentrick starts astray;
All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,
With various readings stor'd his empty scull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
Or at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had stood in city annals fair,
And prudent dulness mark'd him for a may'r.
What then could tempt thee, in a critick age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains,
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not Reason e'en to thee have shown,
Thy greatest praise had been, to live unknown?
Yet let not vanity like thine despair;
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.
A vacant throne high-plac'd in Smithfield view,
To sacred Dulness and her first-born due,
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there;
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's name;
Whilst Vaughan or Dapper, call him which you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.
There rule secure from criticks and from sense,
Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.

From

From Covent Garden crowds promiſcuous go,
Whom the Muſe knows not, nor deſires to know:
Vet'rans they ſeem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Weſtminſter militia, train'd to fight,
They ſcarcely knew the left-hand from the right:
Aſham'd among ſuch troops to ſhew the head,
Their chiefs were ſcatter'd, and their heroes fled.
Sparks, at his glaſs ſat comfortably down,
To ſep'rate frown from ſmile, and ſmile from frown.
Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the ſmart,
Smith was juſt gone to ſchool to ſay his part.
Roſs (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was faſt aſleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as faſt-aſleep as he.
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd ſounds,
Who wantonly tranſgreſſes Nature's bounds,
Whoſe acting's hard, affected, and conſtrain'd,
Whoſe features, as each other they diſdain'd,
At variance ſet, inflexible and coarſe,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly ſoften to each other's aid,
Nor ſhew the mingled pow'rs of light and ſhade;
No longer for a thankleſs ſtage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each ſimple elf
Almoſt as good a ſpeaker as himſelf;
Whilſt the whole town, mad with miſtaken zeal,
An aukward rage for elocution feel,
Dull cits and grave divines his praiſe proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name.
Shuter, who never car'd a ſingle pin,
Whether he left out nonſenſe, or put in;
Who aim'd at wit, tho' levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow ſeldom hit the mark,

At Iſlington, all by the placid ſtream,
Where city ſwains in lap of dulneſs dream;
Where quiet as her ſtrains their ſtrains do flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected ſchemes the ſummer months to chear,
And ſpin out happy folly thro' the year.
But think not, tho' theſe daſtard chiefs are fled,
That Covent Garden troops ſhall want a head:
Harlequin comes, their chief!—See, from afar,
The hero ſeated in fantaſtick car!
Wedded to Novelty, his only arms
Are wooden ſwords, wands, taliſmans, and charms:
On one ſide Folly ſits, by ſome call'd Fun;
And, on the other, his arch patron, Lun;
Behind, for liberty athirſt in vain,
Senſe, helpleſs captive! drags the galling chain;
Six rude miſ-ſhapen beaſts the chariot draw,
Whom Reaſon loaths, and Nature never ſaw!
Monſters with tails of ice, and heads of fire,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chymæras dire.
Each was beſtrode by full as monſtrous wight,
Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.
The town, as uſual, met him in full cry;
The town, as uſual, knew no reaſon why:
But faſhion ſo directs, and moderns raiſe,
On faſhion's mould'ring baſe, their tranſient praiſe.
Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force, for Britain owns no Salique law:
Juſt to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire, or to wit.
Firſt, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral Clive;
In ſpite of outward blemiſhes ſhe ſhone,
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own:

Eaſy,

Eaſy, as if at home, the ſtage ſhe trod,
Nor ſought the critick's praiſe, nor fear'd his rod:
Original in ſpirit, and in caſe,
She pleas'd, by hiding all attempts to pleaſe:
No comick actreſs ever yet could raiſe,
On humour's baſe, more merit or more praiſe.
With all the native vigour of ſixteen,
Among the merry troop conſpicuous ſeen,
See lively Pope advance in jig, and trip
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip;
Not without art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humour juſt, yet new:
Chear'd by her promiſe, we the leſs deplore
The fatal time when Clive ſhall be no more.
Lo! Vincent comes—with ſimple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and ſcorns parade:
Nature thro' her is by reflection ſhown,
Whilſt Gay once more knows Polly for his own.
Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I ſee it all, but muſt forgive it here;
Defects like theſe, which modeſt terrors cauſe,
From impudence itſelf extort applauſe.
Candour and Reaſon ſtill take Virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in ſo good a heart.
Let Tommy Arne, with uſual pomp of ſtyle,
Whoſe chief, whoſe only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilf'ring here and there a bit,
Deals muſick out, as Murphy deals out wit,
Publiſh propoſals, laws for taſte preſcribe,
And chaunt the praiſe of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverſe kind Nature's firſt decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to pleaſe;
But never ſhall a truly Britiſh age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the ſtage:
The boaſted work's call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the ſtrain.

Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let lavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing.
Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim?
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show;
For tho' the regions of that beauteous face
We no variety of passions trace;
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart:
The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.
What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires:
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak, of themselves, are what we beauties call;
It is the manner which gives strength to all:
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest light.
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps along.
If all the wonders of eternal grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, Expression's lively force
With Beauty's softest magick holds discourse,

Attract the eye; if feelings, void of art,
Rouze the quick paſſions, and inflame the heart;
If muſick, ſweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride muſt not paſs unſung.
When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
By time and cuſtom conquer'd, ſhall retreat;
When judgment, tutor'd by experience ſage,
Shall ſhoot abroad, and gather ſtrength from age;
When Heav'n, in mercy, ſhall the ſtage releaſe
From the dull ſlumbers of a ſtill-life piece;
When ſome ſtale flow'r, diſgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd, on the ſtalk,
Shall kindly drop, then Bride ſhall make her way,
And merit find a paſſage to the day;
Brought into action, ſhe at once ſhall raiſe
Her own renown, and juſtify our praiſe.
Form'd for the tragick ſcene, to grace the ſtage
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Miſtreſs of each ſoft art, with matchleſs ſkill
To turn and wind the paſſions as ſhe will;
To melt the heart with ſympathetick woe,
Awake the ſigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on frenzy's wild diſtracted glare,
And freeze the ſoul with horror and deſpair;
With juſt deſert enroll'd in endleſs fame,
Conſcious of worth ſuperior, Cibber came.
When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
And ſtrongly imag'd griefs her mind diſtract,
Struck with her grief, I catch the madneſs too,
My brain turns round, the headleſs trunk I view!
The roof cracks, ſhakes, and falls!—new horrors riſe,
And Reaſon bury'd in the ruin lies.
Nobly diſdainful of each ſlaviſh art,
She makes her firſt attack upon the heart;
Pleas'd with the ſummons, it receives her laws,
And all is ſilence, ſympathy, applauſe.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aſide,
Giddy with praiſe, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragick ſcene, and in pretence
To comick merit, breaks down Nature's fence,
I ſcarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber thro' the dark diſguiſe.
Pritchard, by Nature for the ſtage deſign'd,
In perſon graceful, and in ſenſe refin'd;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemiſh as her fame:
Who knows ſo well in majeſty to pleaſe,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of eaſe?
When, Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Mooriſh race;
When love, hate, jealouſy, deſpair, and rage,
With wildeſt tumults in her breaſt engage,
Still equal to herſelf is Zara ſeen;
Her paſſions are the paſſions of a queen.
When ſhe to murder whets the tim'rous Thane,
I feel ambition ruſh through ev'ry vein;
Perſuaſion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new-ſtrung.
In comedy—'Nay, there,' cries Critick, 'hold!
'Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old:
'Who can, with patience, bear the grey coquette,
'Or force a laugh with over-grown Julett?
'Her ſpeech, look, action, humour, all are juſt,
'But then her age and figure give diſguſt.'
Are foibles, then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to ſize or age confin'd?
Do ſpirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd,
In any ſet circumference of waiſt?
As we grow old, doth affectation ceaſe;
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
If in originals theſe things appear,
Why ſhould we bar them in the copy here?

The

The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the ſtage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some ſtandard meaſure for each part ſhould find;
Which when the beſt of actors ſhall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of ſmaller breed.
All Actors, too, upon the back ſhould bear
Certificate of birth—time when—place where;
For how can criticks rightly fix their worth,
Unleſs they know the minute of their birth?
An audience, too, deceiv'd, may find, too late,
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.
Figure, I own, at firſt may give offence,
And harſhly ſtrike the eye's too curious ſenſe;
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaſte ſallies, judgment's ſolid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
Springs into ſenſe, and ev'ry action's thought;
Before ſuch merit all objections fly,
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's ſix feet high.
Oft have I, Pritchard, ſeen thy wond'rous ſkill;
Confeſs'd thee great, but find thee greater ſtill;
That worth which ſhone in ſcatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies raiſe,
Inferior only to the author's praiſe.
From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance,
For mighty magick of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd, victorious prove,
And, like a flood, run o'er the land of Love,
Moſſop and Barry came—name's ne'er deſign'd
By Fate in the ſame ſentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight:

Thus ſportive boys, around ſome baſon's brim,
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling ſwim;
But if, from lungs more potent, there ariſe
Two bubbles of a more than common ſize,
Eager for honour, they for fight prepare;
Bubble meets bubble, and both ſink to air.
Moſſop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man;
Whilſt the mouth meaſures words with ſeeming ſkill,
The right-hand labours, and the left lies ſtill;
For he, reſolv'd on Scripture grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand ſhall not know.
With ſtudy'd impropriety of ſpeech,
He ſoars beyond the hackney critick's reach;
To epithets allots emphatick ſtate,
Whilſt principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies, wait;
In ways firſt trodden by himſelf excels,
And ſtands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, prepoſition, adverb, join,
To ſtamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monoſyllables his thunders roll,
He, She, It, and We, Ye, They, fright the ſoul.
In perſon taller than the common ſize,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!
When lab'ring paſſions, in his boſom pent,
Convulſive rage, and, ſtruggling, heave for vent;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the burſting of the ſtorm;
But, all unfit in ſuch a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth like Echo from her cell;
To ſwell the tempeſt, needful aid denies,
And all adown the ſtage in feeble murmurs dies.
What man, like Barry, with ſuch pains can err,
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderneſs to Lear?

Who

Who elſe can ſpeak ſo very, very fine,
That ſenſe may kindly end with ev'ry line?
Some dozen lines before the ghoſt is there,
Behold him for the ſolemn ſcene prepare;
See how he frames his eyes, poizes each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim:
From whence we learn, with no great ſtretch of art,
Five lines hence, comes a ghoſt; and, Ha! a ſtart.
When he appears moſt perfect, ſtill we find
Something which jars upon and hurts the mind:
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We ſee too plainly they are not his own:
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught,
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the baſe of art,
And conn'd his paſſions as he conn'd his part.
Quin, from afar, lur'd by the ſcent of fame,
A ſtage leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own;
For how ſhould moderns, muſhrooms of the day,
Who ne'er thoſe maſters knew, know how to play?—
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themſelves were young;
Who, having loſt all reliſh for the ſtage,
See not their own defects, but laſh the age;
Receiv'd, with joyful murmurs of applauſe,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cauſe.
Far be it from the candid Muſe, to tread
Inſulting o'er the aſhes of the dead;
But, juſt to living merit, ſhe maintains,
And dares the teſt, whilſt Garrick's genius reigns,
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But tho' preſcription's force we diſallow,
Nor to antiquity ſubmiſſive bow;

Tho' we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place,
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth ſhall bear
Due praiſe; nor muſt we, Quin, forget thee there.
His words bore ſterling weight; nervous and ſtrong,
In manly tides of ſenſe they roll'd along;
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit ſenſe.
No actor ever greater heights could reach,
In all the labour'd artifice of ſpeech.
Speech! is that all?—And ſhall an actor found
An univerſal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themſelves ſpeak properly by rote,
And in ſix months my dog ſhall howl by note.
I laugh at thoſe who, when the ſtage they tread,
Neglect the heart to compliment the head;
With ſtrict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while paſſion halts behind:
To ſyllable-diſſectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence—fools may feel;
But, ſpite of all the criticiſing elves,
Thoſe who would make us feel, muſt feel themſelves!
His eyes in gloomy ſocket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the ſullen habit of his ſoul:
Heavy and phlegmatick he trod the ſtage,
Too proud for tenderneſs, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow ſhines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
With the ſame caſt of features he is ſeen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame ſcene, which without paſſion flows,
With juſt deſert his reputation roſe;
Nor leſs he pleas'd, when, on ſome ſurly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.
In Brute he ſhone unequall'd: all agree,
Garrick's not half ſo great a Brute as he.

When

When Cato's labour'd ſcenes are brought to view,
With equal praiſe the actor labour'd too;
For ſtill you'll find, trace paſſions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the ſtoick and the brute.
In fancy'd ſcenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, ſink the man.
In whate'er caſt his character was laid,
Self ſtill, like oil, upon the ſurface play'd.
Nature, in ſpite of all his ſkill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falſtaff—ſtill 'twas Quin.
Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unſettled in the rank of fame:
This, fondly laviſh in his praiſes grown,
Gives him all merit; that allows him none.
Between them both we'll ſteer the middle courſe,
Nor, loving praiſe, rob judgment of her force.
Juſt his conceptions, natural and great,
His feelings ſtrong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was ſpeech-ſam'd Quin himſelf to hear him ſpeak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek;
But ſtep-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the ſocial pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Paſſions, like chaos, in confuſion lie:
In vain the wonders of his ſkill are try'd
To form diſtinctions Nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and ſhrill, by fits;
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the ſake of ſtrife.
His actions always ſtrong, but ſometimes ſuch,
That candour muſt declare he acts too much.
Why muſt impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right leg, too, forbid to ſtir,
Unleſs in motion ſemi-circular?

Why

Why muſt the hero with the Sailor vie,
And hurl the cloſe-clench'd fiſt at noſe or eye?
In Royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a ſhame,
To fright a king ſo harmleſs and ſo tame?
But, ſpite of all defects, his glories riſe,
And Art, by judgment form'd, with Nature vies.
Behold him ſound the depth of Hubert's ſoul,
Whilſt in his own contending paſſions roll:
View the whole ſcene, with critick judgment ſcan,
And then deny him merit, if you can.
Where he falls ſhort, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he ſucceeds, the merit's all his own.
Laſt, Garrick came—Behind him throng a train
Of ſnarling Criticks, ignorant as vain.
One finds out—'He's of ſtature ſomewhat low;
'Your hero always ſhould be tall, you know:
'True nat'ral greatneſs all conſiſts in height.'
Produce your voucher, Critick.—'Serjeant Kite.'
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to ſhallow hearts;
Mere pieces of fineſſe, traps for applauſe.
'Avaunt! unnat'ral ſtart, affected pauſe.'
For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholeſale, nor condemn.
The beſt things, carried to exceſs, are wrong;
The ſtart may be too frequent, pauſe too long;
But, only us'd in proper time and place,
Severeſt judgment muſt allow them grace.
If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Juſt in the way that monkies mimick man,
Their copy'd ſcene with mangled arts diſgrace,
And pauſe and ſtart with the ſame vacant face,
We join the critick laugh; thoſe tricks we ſcorn,
Which ſpoil the ſcenes they mean them to adorn;

But

But when, from Nature's pure and genuine ſource,
Theſe ſtrokes of acting flow with gen'rous force,
When in the features all the ſoul's pourtray'd,
And paſſions ſuch as Garrick's are diſplay'd,
To me they ſeem from quickeſt feelings caught,
Each ſtart is Nature, and each pauſe is thought.
When reaſon yields to paſſion's wild alarms,
And the whole ſtate of man is up in arms,
What but a critick could condemn the play'r
For pauſing here, when cool ſenſe pauſes there?
Whilſt, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it ſtrongly flaming to the face;
Whilſt in each ſound I hear the very man,
I can't catch words, and pity thoſe who can.
Let wits, like ſpiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critick-web with curious pain;
The gods—a kindneſs I with thanks muſt pay—
Have form'd me of a coarſer kind of clay;
Nor ſtung with envy, nor with ſpleen diſeas'd,
A poor dull creature, ſtill with Nature pleas'd:
Hence to thy praiſes, Garrick, I agree;
And, pleas'd with Nature, muſt be pleas'd with thee.
Now might I tell how ſilence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention huſh'd the rabble rout;
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with deſire,
Was pale as aſhes, or as red as fire;
But, looſe to fame, the Muſe more ſimply acts,
Rejects all flouriſh, and relates mere facts.
The judges, as the ſev'ral parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim;
And, in their ſentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakeſpeare thus decreed.
'If manly ſenſe; if Nature link'd with art;
'If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
'If pow'rs of acting, vaſt and unconfin'd;
'If feweſt faults with greateſt beauties join'd;

'If ſtrong expreſſion, and ſtrange pow'rs which lie
'Within the magick circle of the eye;
'If feelings, which few hearts like his can know,
'And which no face ſo well as his can ſhow,
'Deſerve the pref'rence—Garrick! take the chair;
'Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there!'

A NIGHT-PIECE.

BY MISS CARTER.

WHILE Night in ſolemn ſhade inveſts the pole,
And calm reflection ſoothes the penſive ſoul;
While reaſon undiſturb'd aſſerts her ſway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away;
To thee! All-conſcious Preſence! I devote
This peaceful interval of ſober thought:
Here all my better faculties confine;
And be this hour of ſacred ſilence thine!
If, by the day's illuſive ſcenes miſled,
My erring ſoul from Virtue's path has ſtray'd;
Snar'd by example, or by paſſion warm'd,
Some falſe delight my giddy ſenſe has charm'd;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my beſt hopes are center'd in thy love.
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
It's utmoſt boaſt, a vain unmeaning word.
But, ah! how oft my lawleſs paſſions rove,
And break thoſe awful precepts I approve!
Purſue the fatal impulſe I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft, when thy better Spirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond ſoul to ſhun the tempting ſnare,
My ſtubborn will his gentle aid repreſs'd,
And check'd the riſing goodneſs in my breaſt.

Mad

Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by falſe deſires,
Still'd his ſoft voice, and quench'd his ſacred fires.
With grief oppreſs'd, and proſtrate in the duſt,
Should'ſt thou condemn, I own the ſentence juſt.
But, oh! thy ſofter titles let me claim,
And plead my cauſe by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy! that wipes the penitential tear,
And diſſipates the horrors of deſpair;
From rigorous juſtice ſteals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of Power,
Diſarms the wrath of an offended God,
And ſeals my pardon in a Saviour's blood!
All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle ſway,
And teach my rebel paſſions to obey;
Leſt lurking folly, with inſidious art,
Regain my volatile inconſtant heart!
Shall every high reſolve devotion frames,
Be only lifeleſs ſounds and ſpecious names?
O rather, while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this ſtill hour, each motion of my ſoul;
Secure it's ſafety by a ſudden doom,
And be the ſoft retreat of ſleep my tomb!
Calm let me ſlumber in that dark repoſe,
Till the laſt morn it's orient beam diſcloſe:
Then, when the great archangel's potent ſound
Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the ſleep of death, with joy ſurvey
The opening ſplendors of eternal day.

THE DEATH OF ARACHNE.

AN HEROI-COMI-TRAGICK POEM.

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL. D.

THE ſhrinking brooks and ruſſet meads complain'd,
That ſummer's tyrant, fervid Sirius, reign'd;
Full weſt the ſun from heaven deſcending rode,
And fix the ſhadow on the dial ſhow'd.
Philo, though young, to muſing much inclin'd,
A ſhameleſs ſloven, in his gown had din'd;
From table ſneaking with a ſheepiſh face,
Before the circle was diſmiſs'd with grace,
And ſmoaking now, his deſk with books o'erſpread,
Thick clouds of incenſe roll around his head:
His head, which ſave a quarter's growth of hair,
His woollen cap long ſince ſcratch'd off, was bare;
His beard three days had grown, of golden hue;
Black was his ſhirt, uncomely to the view.
Croſs-legg'd he ſat, and his ungarter'd hoſe,
Of each lean limb half hide and half expoſe:
His cheek he lean'd upon his hand; below,
His nut-brown ſlipper hung upon his toe.
Now with abſtracted flight he climbs apace,
High and more high, through pure unbounded ſpace;
Now mere privation fails the wings of thought,
He drops down headlong through the vaſt of nought.
A friendly vapour Matheſis ſupplies;
Borne on the ſurging ſmoke, he joys to riſe:
Matter thro' modes and qualities purſues;
Now caught, entranc'd it's naked eſſence views;
Now wakes—the viſion fading from his ſight,
Leaves doubts behind, the miſts of mental light.

Exiſting

Exiſting not, but poſſible alone,
He deems all ſubſtance, and ſuſpects his own.
Like wave by wave impell'd, now queſtions roll—
Does ſoul in all ſubſiſt, or all in ſoul?
Is ſpace, extenſion, nothing but a name,
And mere idea Nature's mighty frame?
All power, all forms, to intellect confin'd;
Place, agent, ſubject, inſtrument, combin'd?
Is ſpirit diverſe, yet from number free,
Conjoin'd by harmony in unity?—
Truth's ſpotleſs white, what piercing eye deſcries,
When the ray broken takes Opinion's dyes!
In vain now Philo ſeeks the ſacred light;
In chaos plung'd, where embryo ſyſtems fight.
In this dark hour, unnotic'd, Chloe came;
His ſtudy-door admits the ſhining dame:
With Nature's charms, ſhe join'd the charms of art,
Wife of his choice, and miſtreſs of his heart.
What on her head ſhe wore, erect and high,
Unnam'd above, is call'd on earth a fly;
In wanton ringlets her fair treſſes fell,
Her breaſts beneath tranſparent muſlin ſwell:
Studded with flaming gems a buckle bound
Th' embroider'd zone her ſlender waiſt around;
Thence to her feet a vaſt rotund diſplay'd
The mingling colours of the rich brocade;
This aiding fancy, blending ſhame and pride,
Inflames with beauties it was meant to hide.
With careleſs eaſe the nymph firſt ſnapp'd her fan,
Roll'd round her radiant eyes, and thus began.
'How canſt thou, Philo, here delight to ſit,
'Immers'd in learning, naſtineſs, and wit?
'Clean from the cheſt where various odours breathe,
'And dying roſes their laſt ſweets bequeath,
'A ſhirt for thee, by my command, the maid
'Three hours ago before the fire diſplay'd;

'The

'The barber, waiting to renew thy face,
'Holds thy wig powder'd in the paſteboard caſe;
'Thy ſilken breeches, and thy hoſe of thread,
'Coat, waiſtcoat, all, lie ready on the bed.
'Renounce that odious pipe, this filthy cell,
'Where ſilence, duſt, and Pagan authors dwell;
'Come! ſhall the ladies wait in vain for thee?
'Come! taſte with us the charms of mirth and tea.'
As Philo heard confus'd the ſilver ſound,
His ſoul emerges from the dark profound;
On the bright viſion full he turn'd his eyes:
Touch'd, as he gaz'd, with pleaſure and ſurprize,
The firſt faint dawnings of a ſmile appear'd;
And now, in act to ſpeak, he ſtrok'd his beard;
When, from a ſhelf juſt o'er the fair-one's head,
Down dropt ARACHNE by the viſcous thread.
Back ſtarts the nymph, with terror and diſmay,
'The ſpider! oh!' was all that ſhe could ſay.
At this the ſage reſum'd the look ſevere.
'Renounce, with woman's folly, woman's fear!'
He ſaid; and careful to the ſhelf convey'd
The hapleſs rival of the blue-ey'd maid.
Th' enormous deed aſtoniſh'd Chloe view'd,
And rage the crimſon on her cheek renew'd.
'Muſt then,' ſaid ſhe, 'ſuch hideous vermin crawl,
'Indulg'd, protected, o'er the cobweb'd wall?
'Deſtroy her quickly—here her life I claim;
'If not for love or decency, for ſhame!'
'Shame be to guilt!' replies the man of thought;
'To ſlaves of cuſtom, ne'er by reaſon taught;
'Who ſpare no life that touches not their own,
'By fear their cruelty reſtrain'd alone.
'No blameleſs inſect lives it's deſtin'd hour,
'Caught in the murdering vortex of their power.
'For me, the virtues of the mind I learn
'From ſage Arachne, for whoſe life you burn;

'From

'From her, when busy all the summer's day
'She weaves the curious woof that snares her prey,
'I learn fair industry and art to prize,
'Admiring Nature providently wise;
'Who, tho' her bounty unexhausted flows,
'Not daily bread on idleness bestows.
'Arachne, still superior to despair,
'Restores with art what accidents impair,
'The thousandth time the broken thread renews,
'And one great end with fortitude pursues:
'To me her toil is ne'er renew'd in vain,
'Taught what the wise by perseverance gain;
'Warm'd by example to the glorious strife,
'And taught to conquer in the fight of life.
'When now with rest amidst her labours crown'd,
'She watchful, patient, eyes the circle round;
'I learn, when toil has well deserv'd success,
'Hope's placid, calm expectance, to possess;
'With care to watch, with patience still to wait,
'The golden moment, tho' delay'd by Fate.'
Impatient Chloe thus again reply'd:
'How soon is error thro' each veil descry'd!
'Still boasting reason's pow'r, how weak are we!
'How blind, alas! to all we would not see!
'Else how could Philo, in a Spider's cause,
'Talk thus of mercy with deserv'd applause?
'Or call aught virtuous industry and skill,
'Exerted only to surprize and kill!
'The blameless insect, whom no murder feeds,
'For her, the victim of her cunning, bleeds;
'Cunning! which when to wisdom we compare,
'Is but to her, to men what monkies are.'
'Hold!' Philo cries; 'and know, the same decree
'Gave her the fly, which gives the lamb to thee:
'Or why those wings adapted to the snare,
'Why interceptive hangs the net in air?

'As

'As plain in these the precept, "Kill and eat,"
'As in thy skill to carve the living treat.'
'To this,' she cries, 'persuade me, if you can;
'Man's lord of all, and all was made for man.'
'Vain thought! the child of ignorance and pride!'
Disdainful smiling, quickly he reply'd.
'To man, vain reptile! tell me of what use
'Are all that Africk's peopled wastes produce?
'The nameless monsters of the swarming seas,
'The pigmy nations wafted on the breeze?
'The happy myriads, by his eyes unseen,
'That bask in flowers, and quicken all the green?
'Why live these numbers blest'd in Nature's state?
'Why lives this Spider object of thy hate?
'Why Man? but life in common to possess,
'Wide to diffuse the stream of happiness:
'Blest'd stream! th' o'erflowing of the parent mind;
'Great without pride, and without weakness kind.'
With downcast eyes, and sighs, and modest air,
Thus in soft sounds reply'd the wily fair:
'This fatal subtilty thy books impart,
'To baffle truth, when unsustain'd by art;
'For this, when Chloe goes at twelve to bed,
'Till three you sit in converse with the dead;
'No wonder, then, in vain my skill's employ'd
'To prove it best that vermin be destroy'd!
'But tho' you proudly triumph o'er my sex,
'Joy to confute, and reason but to vex;
'Yet, if you love me, to oblige your wife,
'What could you less! you'd take a Spider's life.
'Once, to prevent my wishes, Philo flew;
'But time, that alters all, has alter'd you.
'Yet still unchang'd poor Chloe's love remains;
'These tears my witness, which your pride disdains;
'These tears, at once my witness and relief!'
Here paus'd the fair, all-eloquent in grief.

He,

He, who had often, and alone, o'erturn'd
Witlings, and ſophiſts, when his fury burn'd,
Now yields to love the fortreſs of his ſoul!
His eyes with vengeance on Arachne roll:
'Curs'd wretch! thou poiſonous quinteſſence of ill,
'Thoſe precious drops, unpuniſh'd, ſhalt thou ſpill?'
He ſaid; and ſtooping, from his foot he drew,
Black as his purpoſe, what was once a ſhoe;
Now, high in air the fatal heel aſcends,
Reaſon's laſt effort now the ſtroke ſuſpends,
In doubt he ſtood—when, breath'd from Chloe's breaſt,
A ſtruggling ſigh her inward grief expreſs'd.
Fir'd by the ſound, 'Die! ſorcereſs, die!' he cry'd;
And to his arm his utmoſt ſtrength apply'd:
Cruſh'd falls the foe, one complicated wound,
And the ſmote ſhelf returns a jarring ſound.
On Ida's top thus Venus erſt prevail'd,
When all the ſapience of Minerva fail'd:
Thus to like arts a prey, as poets tell,
By Juno lov'd in vain, great Dido fell.
And thus, for ever, beauty ſhall controul,
The ſaint's, the ſage's, and the hero's ſoul.
But Jove with hate beheld th' atrocious deed,
And vengeance follows with tremendous ſpeed;
In Philo's mind ſhe quench'd the ray that fir'd
With love of ſcience, and with verſe inſpir'd;
Expung'd at once the philoſophick theme,
All ſages think, and all that poets dream;
Yields him, thus chang'd, a vaſſal to the fair,
And forth ſhe leads him with a victor's air:
Dreſs'd to her wiſh, he mixes with the gay,
As much a trifle, and as vain as they;
To fix their pow'r, and rivet faſt the chain,
They lead where Pleaſure ſpreads her ſoft domain;
Where, drown'd in muſick, Reaſon's hoarſer call,
Love ſmiles triumphant—in thy groves, Vauxhall.

A FATHER's ADVICE TO HIS SON.

BY JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.

DEEP in a grove, by cypreſs ſhaded,
Where mid-day ſun had ſeldom ſhone,
Or noiſe the ſolemn ſcene invaded,
Save ſome afflicted Muſe's moan;

A ſwain tow'rds full-ag'd manhood wending,
Sat ſorrowing at the cloſe of day;
At whoſe fond ſide a boy attending,
Liſp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wreſted,
But on the ſmiling prattler hung;
Till, what his throbbing heart ſuggeſted,
Theſe accents trembled from his tongue.

'My youth's firſt hopes, my manhood's treaſure!
'My prattling innocent, attend;
'Nor fear rebuke, nor ſour diſpleaſure,
'A father's lovelieſt name is Friend.

'Some truths, from long experience flowing,
'Worth more than royal grants, receive;
'For truths are wealth of Heav'n's beſtowing,
'Which kings have ſeldom power to give.

'Since, from an ancient race deſcended,
'You boaſt an unattainted blood;
'By your's be their fair fame attended,
'And claim by birthright to be good.

'In

'In love for every fellow-creature,
'Superior riſe above the crowd:
'What moſt ennobles human nature,
'Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

'Be thine the generous heart, that borrows
'From other's joys a friendly glow;
'And for each hapleſs neighbour's ſorrows,
'Throbs with a ſympathetick woe.

'This is the temper moſt endearing:
'Tho' wide proud Pomp her banners ſpreads,
'An heavenlier power, good-nature bearing,
'Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

'Taſte not from fame's uncertain fountain,
'The peace-deſtroying ſtreams that flow;
'Nor from ambition's dangerous mountain,
'Look down upon the world below.

'The princely pine on hills exalted,
'Whoſe lofty branches cleave the ſky,
'By winds long brav'd, at laſt aſſaulted,
'Is headlong whirl'd in duſt to lie:

'Whilſt the mild roſe, more ſafely growing,
'Low in it's unaſpiring vale,
'Amidſt retirement's ſhelter blowing,
'Exchanges ſweets with every gale.

'Wiſh not for beauty's darling features,
'Moulded by Nature's fondling power;
'For faireſt forms 'mong human creatures,
'Shine but the pageants of an hour.

'I ſaw the pride of all the meadow,
'At noon, a gay Narciſſus, blow
'Upon a river's bank, whoſe ſhadow
'Bloom'd in the ſilver waves below;

'By noon-tide's heat it's youth was waſted,
'The waters, as they paſs'd, complain'd;
'At eve it's glories all were blaſted,
'And not one former tint remain'd.

'Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
'Lead you from wiſdom's path aſtray:
'What genius lives renown'd in ſtory,
'To happineſs who found the way?

'In yonder mead, behold that vapour,
'Whoſe vivid beams illuſive play:
'Far off, it ſeems a friendly taper,
'To guide the traveller on his way;

'But ſhould ſome hapleſs wretch purſuing,
'Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
'He'd find, too late his raſhneſs ruing,
'That fatal quickſands lurk below.

'In life, ſuch bubbles nought admiring,
'Gilt with falſe light, and fill'd with air,
'Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
'To peace, in Virtue's cot, repair:

'There ſeek the never-waſted treaſure,
'Which mutual love and friendſhip give;
'Domeſtick comfort, ſpotleſs pleaſure!
'And bleſs'd, and bleſſing, you will live.

'If

'If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,
'As mine it's bounty does with you;
'In fondneſs fatherly excelling,
'Th' example you have felt, purſue.'

He paus'd—for, tenderly careſſing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expreſſing
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle ſpreading,
Had rob'd with black th' horizon round;
And dank dews from her treſſes ſhedding,
With genial moiſture bath'd the ground:

When back to city follies flying,
'Midſt cuſtom's ſlaves he liv'd reſign'd;
His face, array'd in ſmiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind:

For ſeriouſly around ſurveying
Each character in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human ſtage;

(Peaceful himſelf, and undeſigning)
He loath'd the ſcenes of guile and ſtriſe,
And felt each ſecret wiſh inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet, to whate'er above was fated,
Obediently he bow'd his ſoul;
For, what All-bounteous Heav'n created,
He thought Heav'n only ſhould controul.

ELEGY;

ELEGY;

DESCRIBING THE SORROW OF AN INGENUOUS MIND, ON THE MELANCHOLY EVENT OF A LICENTIOUS AMOUR.

BY W. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his downcaſt eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to ſhine!
Thy chearful meads reprove that ſwelling ſigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
Bleſs'd in thy ſong, and bleſs'd in every grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

'Damon,' ſaid he, 'thy partial praiſe reſtrain;
'Not Damon's friendſhip can my peace reſtore:
'Alas! his very praiſe awakes my pain,
'And my poor wounded boſom bleeds the more.

'For, oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd!
'Or Fortune fix'd me to ſome lowly cell!
'Then had my boſom 'ſcap'd this fatal wound,
'Nor had I bid theſe vernal ſweets farewel.

'But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
'My youth her vain licentious bliſs admir'd;
'In Fortune's train the Syren Flattery ſmil'd,
'And raſhly hallow'd all her queen inſpir'd.

'Of folly ſtudious, e'en of vices vain;
'Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
'I chas'd the guileleſs daughters of the plain;
'Nor dropp'd the chaſe, till Jeſſy was my prey.

'Poor,

' Poor, artleſs maid! to ſtain thy ſpotleſs name,
' Expence, and art, and toil, united ſtrove;
' To lure a breaſt that felt the pureſt flame,
' Suſtain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

' School'd in the ſcience of love's mazy wiles,
' I cloath'd each feature with affected ſcorn;
' I ſpoke of jealous doubts, and fickle ſmiles,
' And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

' Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
' Warm to deny, and zealous to diſprove;
' I bade my words the wonted ſoftneſs wear,
' And ſeiz'd the minute of returning love.

' To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the reſt?
' Will, yet, thy love a candid ear incline?
' Aſſur'd, that virtue, by misfortune preſs'd,
' Feels not the ſharpneſs of a pang like mine.

' Nine envious moons matur'd her growing ſhame;
' Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day:
' When, ſcorn'd by virtue, ſtigmatiz'd by fame,
' Low at my feet deſponding Jeſſy lay.

" Henry," ſhe ſaid, " by thy dear form ſubdu'd,
" See the ſad relicks of a nymph undone!
" I find, I find each riſing ſob renew'd;
" I ſigh in ſhades, and ſicken at the ſun.

" Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
" When will the morn's once pleaſing ſcenes return?
" Yet what can morn's returning ray ſupply,
" But foes that triumph—or, but friends that mourn!

" Alas!

" Alas! no more the joyous morn appears,
" That led the tranquil hours of ſpotleſs fame;
" For I have ſteep'd a father's couch in tears,
" And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with ſhame.

" The vocal birds that raiſe their matin ſtrain,
" The ſportive lambs increaſe my penſive moan;
" All ſeem to chaſe me from the chearful plain,
" And talk of truth and innocence alone.

" If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I ſtray,
" Where bloom the jaſmines that could once allure—
" Hope not to find delight in us," they ſay,
" For we are ſpotleſs, Jeſſy; we are pure."

" Ye flowers! that well reproach a nymph ſo frail,
" Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
" The brighteſt bud that ſcents the vernal gale,
" Was not ſo fragrant, and was not ſo fair.

" Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
" And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee:
" Trembles each lip, and faulters every tongue,
" That bids the morn propitious ſmile on me.

" Thus, for your ſake, I ſhun each human eye;
" I bid the ſweets of blooming youth adieu:
" To die I languiſh; but I dread to die,
" Leſt my ſad fate ſhould nouriſh pangs for you.

" Raiſe me from earth, the pangs of want remove,
" And let me ſilent ſeek ſome friendly ſhore;
" There only, baniſh'd from the form I love,
" My weeping virtue ſhall relapſe no more.

" Be

" Be but my friend! I aſk no dearer name;
" Be ſuch the meed of ſome more artful fair:
" Nor could it heal my peace, or chaſe my ſhame,
" That pity gave what love refus'd to ſhare.

" Force not my tongue to aſk it's ſcanty bread;
" Nor hurl thy Jeſſy to the vulgar crew:
" Not ſuch the parent's board at which I fed;
" Not ſuch the precept from his lips I drew!

" Haply, when age has ſilver'd o'er my hair,
" Malice may learn to ſcorn ſo mean a ſpoil;
" Envy may ſlight a face no longer fair,
" And pity welcome to my native ſoil!"

' She ſpoke—nor was I born of ſavage race;
' Nor could theſe hands a niggard boon aſſign:
' Grateful ſhe claſp'd me in a laſt embrace,
' And vow'd to waſte her life in pray'rs for mine.

' I ſaw her foot the lofty bark aſcend;
' I ſaw her breaſt with every paſſion heave:
' I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
' Oh! my hard boſom, which could bear to leave!

' Brief let me be—the fatal ſtorm aroſe;
' The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain:
' O'er the tall maſt the circling ſurges cloſe;
' My Jeſſy—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

' And—ſee my youth's impetuous fires decay!
' Seek not to ſtop reflection's bitter tear;
' But warn the frolick, and inſtruct the gay,
' From Jeſſy, floating on her wat'ry bier!'

AN EPISTLE TO THE REV. MR. MADAN;

OCCASIONED BY

HIS LATE PUBLICATION IN FAVOUR OF POLYGAMY,

INTITLED,

THELYPHTHORA; OR, A TREATISE ON FEMALE RUIN.

BY THE REV. MR. WYNNE.

A Bard, O MADAN, tho' to thee unknown,
Pleas'd real worth in any breaſt to own;
A Bard who oft, attendant on thy lore,
Has heard thee truths of Sacred Writ explore;
Now to thine ear prefers his humble ſtrain,
Nor deems the gen'rous labour ſhall be vain.
Born in an age when diſſipation's ſway
Proves that our virtue and our fame decay,
Prompt to ſupport Religion's drooping cauſe;
Bold you ſtand forth, and point to Heav'n's own laws.
And well, indeed, in a degen'rate age,
A theme like yours might pious minds engage.
Love! the firſt ſoother of all human woe,
Love! the chief bliſs that mortals taſte below,
By Luſt adult'rous driv'n, alas! retires,
And Hymen's torch, inverted thus, expires!
Man ſtill delights from fair to fair to rove,
Woman prefers Variety to Love;
The nuptial ties they break with eager hands,
As Samſon did the Philiſtéan bands.
To check this torrent, in your Work we find,
A bold deſign connubial bliſs to bind.
To Science bred, with Scripture Learning fraught,
You lay down rules from diſtant ages brought,
From Holy Writ as well as Reaſon trac'd,
With all the force of flow'ry periods grac'd.

You

You tell us, 'Man, tho' ſtyl'd the lord of all,
'Is by the weaker ſex ſtill held in thrall,
'Becauſe to One alone his vows he gives,
'And ſtill (if juſt) to One devoted lives:
'While Heav'n itſelf, enacting no ſuch laws,
'Has left him free to vindicate his cauſe;
'To ſhew the ſex he is their proper head,
'And take, at pleaſure, numbers to his bed.'
Hard were the taſk, thro' various books to rove,
And Negatives by Implication prove!
Scripture, indeed, does a wide field diſplay,
A field where thouſands tread, where thouſands ſtray:
Then let not human pride refuſe to own
Errors to which all human-kind are prone.
The Muſe with candour ſhall your ſteps attend,
Blame where ſhe muſt; and where ſhe can, commend.
The Patriarchs, and Judea's Kings, 'tis true,
Had many wives, yet kept their Law in view;
But at Creation's earlieſt birth, we find,
One Eve was only to one Adam join'd.
No forms could then prevail, for none were known,
Where ſimple Nature was the bond alone.
But Time brought forms, the truth of man to prove,
And by Religion join thoſe join'd by Love.
Our Chriſtian Laws their excellence maintain,
Beyond all thoſe which mark'd out Nature's reign;
Or thoſe of old from thund'ring Sinai giv'n,
E'en to the people favour'd moſt by Heav'n.
Heathens obſerv'd the Chriſtians modeſt lives,
Who ſtill diſclaim'd Plurality of Wives*;

* Celſus, and other Heathens, obſerved the chaſtity of the lives of Chriſtians. It was alſo obſerved, that though celibacy was not preſcribed to the clergy, yet a biſhop, prieſt or deacon, having buried his firſt wife, was not allowed to marry again; which ſome think to be the true meaning of Paul's advice to Timothy—*that a biſhop ſhould be the huſband of one wife*: contrary to Mr. Madan's conſtruction of the text.

Whether by Precept or Example taught,
'Tis plain, at leaſt, they acted as they thought.
While ſome, more ſtrict, a ſingle life deſir'd,
And oft to deſarts, woods, and caves, retir'd.
Such were the primitive and ſimple times,
Unknown to modern wit, and modern crimes:
The Wife was ſubject; while, with gentle ſway,
The Huſband taught the weaker to obey.
Nor yet did Man, with an unhallow'd flame,
To more than One put in his modeſt claim:
But Mahomet's new ſect a law allow'd,
Well fram'd to captivate the giddy crowd;
He taught that wild variety to prove,
Where fierce delight takes place of real love*.
Such are the proofs which on our ſenſes break:
Is Scripture ſilent?—then let Reaſon ſpeak.
Go, ranſack other climes, ſearch Aſia round,
Where in it's height Polygamy is found;
There may you ſee the men tyrannick ſway,
And beauteous ſlaves reluctantly obey;
There may you find exceſs the fav'rite theme,
And ev'ry paſſion reigning in extreme†.
But not to ſcenes like theſe is Love confin'd,
Nor fickle paſſions, changing with the wind:
Love nouriſhes a pure and ſacred fire,
Fann'd by eſteem, tho' kindled by deſire!
From youth to age, true love will ſtill remain,
Attend in ſickneſs, ſoothe the bed of pain;
Thro' all life's vary'd paths it's kindneſs ſhew,
But moſt where toils and dreaded dangers grow!

* We find by the Koran, that this Grand Impoſtor does not allow women to have immortal ſouls; he therefore picks out wives for his ſaints from the Houries, or fabled Daughters of Paradiſe.

† In conſequence of this, it is well known, that whilſt numbers of women are ſhut up in the Haraems, perpetual jealouſies prevail among them; and their haughty lord, though he may gratify at pleaſure his inordinate paſſions, can never experience the ſupreme felicity of having a fair companion, a conſtant lover, and a tender friend.

For

For living ſtreams, as the parch'd heifer burns;
As to the polar ſtar the needle turns;
As Echo, pleas'd, repeats the dying voice;
So the touch'd heart is faithful to it's choice!
A flame thus true, e'en infidels might own,
Shews conſtant Love muſt fix on one alone:
Still, Dove-like, to the tender partner join'd,
In death united, as in life combin'd.
Then let not Fancy's labyrinth enſnare,
And lead us from the perfect and the fair.
Love is the law of Nature beſt expreſs'd,
'Tis Heav'n's own emblem in the human breaſt;
When either ſex confeſs his kind controul,
And thus become 'one life, one heart, one ſoul*.'
Nature, and Nature's God, o'er all the earth,
Have form'd us nearly equal at our birth†;
But were there many wives for man deſign'd,
Nature would multiply the female kind;
Elſe why ſhould we adopt, in this alone,
'Th' enormous faith, of many made for one?'
That faith let ſlaves in Eaſtern climates hold,
Who barter beauty, ill-exchang'd for gold:
While Britain's ſons, of manners more refin'd,
Aſſert the gen'ral rights of human-kind;
Whate'er their vices, Tyranny deſpiſe,
Nor once invade the Liberty they prize!
Be this their boaſt; nor, MADAN, thou diſdain
The ſolemn truths that deck this humble ſtrain:
The gen'rous mind, ſtill to conviction free,
Can it's own faults, if truly painted, ſee.

* Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

† It is generally ſaid, that there are about fourteen males born to thirteen females; which difference is ſuppoſed to be intended by Providence to ſupply the places of ſuch of the men as periſh by war or other accidents to which women are not ſo liable. Some have indeed urged, that this ſmall diſproportion ſtill leaves the males more numerous: they forget, however, the numbers of women who die in childbirth, and of diſeaſes peculiar to the ſex.

Zeal

Zeal was thy motive, we that zeal commend,
Tho' not directed to it's proper end.
Then ſtill proceed where Virtue points the way,
And bright Religion beams her ſacred ray:
But in the path obſcure forbear to tread;
And tho' inform'd, yet fear to be miſled;
But fear ſtill more, leſt others headlong run
To trace thoſe paths where virtue is undone.
'All fleſh is frail!'—We ſhould the weak regard,
Who take their Teacher's word for God's award.
'Order is Heav'n's firſt law*;' be that obey'd:
In Chriſtian laws this order is diſplay'd;
And by it's rules, if rightly underſtood,
The Private centres in the Publick good.
Such rules let us adopt, and keep the road
Thro' which our wiſe forefathers ſought their God.
To virtuous actions let our lives be giv'n;
And, pure of heart, leave we the reſt to Heav'n.

DAMON TO DELIA;

ON SEEING THE FIRST PLEDGE OF THEIR MUTUAL LOVE BUILDING A CARD HOUSE.

A SIMILE.

BY MR. THOMAS BELLAMY.

VIEW, my love, our tender charmer,
Rearing up the paper pile!
Now a thouſand fears alarm her;
Flutt'ring, trembling, all the while.

* Pope's Eſſay on Man.

Soon,

Soon, to pretty Polly's thinking,
All her wiſhes will be crown'd:
Fate denies! the fabrick ſinking,
Spreads a little ruin round!

Thus fond man, himſelf deluding,
Building fancy'd joys on high;
Lo! ſome ſudden care intruding,
All his airy proſpects die!

Lighter than the wat'ry bubble
Are the tranſports earth can give;
Mix'd with ſorrow, pain, and trouble,
Ever riſing while we live.

THE PARISH CLERK.

BY MR. W. VERNON.

I.

LET courtly bards, in poliſh'd phraſe, endite
Soft madrigals, to celebrate the fair;
Or paint the ſplendor of a birth-day night,
Where peers and dames in ſhining robes appear:
The taſk be mine neglected worth to praiſe,
Alas! too often found, in theſe degen'rate days.

II.

O gentle Shenſtone! could the ſelf-taught Muſe,
Who joys, like thine, in rural ſhades to ſtray,
Could ſhe, like thine, while ſhe her theme purſues,
With native beauties deck the pleaſing lay;
Then ſhould the humble Clerk of Barton-Dean,
An equal meed of praiſe with thy School-miſtreſs gain.

III. En-

III.

Ent'ring the village, in a deep-worn way,
Hard by an aged oak, his dwelling ſtands;
The lowly roof is thatch, the walls are clay;
All rudely rais'd by his forefathers hands:
Obſerve the homely hut as you paſs by,
And pity the good man that lives ſo wretchedly.

IV.

Vulcanian artiſt here, with oily brow
And naked arm, he at his anvil plies,
What time Aurora in the eaſt does glow,
And eke when Veſper gilds the weſtern ſkies:
The bellows roar, the hammers loud reſound,
And from the tortur'd maſs the ſparkles fly around.

V.

Hither the truant ſchool-boy frequent wends,
And ſlily peeping o'er the hatch is ſeen
To note the bick'ring workman, while he bends
The ſteed's ſtrong ſhoe, or forms the ſickle keen.
Unthinking, little elf, what ills betide
Of breech begalled ſore, and cruel taſk beſide!

VI.

A deep hiſtorian, well I wot, is he,
And many tomes of ancient lore has read,
Of England's George, the flow'r of chivalry,
Of Merlin's Mirror, and the Brazen Head;
With hundred legends more, which to recite
Would tire the wiſeſt nurſe, and ſpend the longeſt night.

VII.

To Nature's Book he ſtudiouſly applies;
And oft, conſulted by the anxious ſwain;
With wiſtful gaze reviews the vaulted ſkies,
And ſhews the ſigns of ſure impending rain,
Or thunder gather'd in the fervid air,
Or if the harveſt-month will be ſerene and fair.

VIII. The

VIII.

The various phaſes of the moon he knows,
And whence her orb derives it's ſilver ſheen,
From what ſtrange cauſe the madding Heygre flows,
By which the peaſants oft endanger'd been,
As in their freighted barks they careleſs glide,
And view th' inverted trees in Severn's chryſtal tide.

IX.

Returning late at eve from wake or fair,
Among a ſort of poor unletter'd ſwains,
He teaches them to name each brighter ſtar,
And of the northern lights the cauſe explains;
Recounts what comets have appear'd of old,
Portending dearth, and war, and mis'ries manifold.

X.

Around his bending ſhoulders graceful flow
His curling ſilver locks, the growth of years;
Supported by a ſtaff he walketh ſlow,
And ſimple neatneſs in his mien appears;
And every neighbour that perchance he meets,
Or young or old be they, with courteſy he greets.

XI.

A goodly ſight, I wot, it were, to view
The decent Pariſh Clerk on Sabbath-day,
Seated, beneath the Curate, in his pew,
Or kneeling down with lifted hands to pray;
And ever and anon, with cloſe of pray'r,
He anſwereth, Amen! with ſober ſolemn air.

XII.

Such times an ancient ſuit of black he wears,
Which from the Curate's wardrobe did deſcend:
Love to his Clerk the pious Curate bears,
Pities his wants, and wiſheth to befriend;
But what, alas! can ſlender ſalary do,
Encumber'd by a wife, and children not a few?

XIII.

Thro' ev'ry ſeaſon of the changing year,
His ſtrict regard for Chriſtian rites is ſeen,
The holy church he decks with garlands fair,
Or birchen boughs, or yew for ever green;
On ev'ry pew a formal ſprig is plac'd,
And with a ſpacious branch the pulpit's top is grac'd.

XIV.

At Chriſtmas tide, when ev'ry yeoman's hall
With ancient hoſpitality is bleſs'd,
Kind invitations he accepts from all,
To ſhare the plenteous, mirth-abounding feaſt:
The Chriſtmas feaſt imperfect would appear,
Except their good old gueſt, the Pariſh Clerk, was there.

XV.

Then, when the mellow beer goes gaily round,
And curls of ſmoke from lighted pipes aſpire,
When chearful carols thro' the room reſound,
And crackling logs augment the blazing fire,
His honeſt heart with ſocial joy o'erflows,
And many a merry tale he on his friends beſtows.

XVI.

When ſmit with mutual love, the youth and maid
To weave the ſacred nuptial knot agree,
Pleas'd he attends to lend his uſeful aid,
And ſee the rites perform'd with decency:
He gives the bride, and joins their trembling hands,
While with the ſervice-book the Curate gravely ſtands.

XVII.

Then, while the merry bells the ſteeple ſhake,
Ringing in honour of the happy pair,
To notes of gladneſs while the minſtrels wake,
And lads and laſſes the rich bride-cake ſhare;
O may the youthful bard a portion gain,
To whom the rural ſage it's virtues did explain.

XVIII. When

XVIII.

When from the church returns the blitheſome train,
A ſpicy cake two gentle maidens bring;
Which, holding o'er the bride, they break in twain,
And all conjoin'd this nuptial ditty ſing:
'Joy to the wedded pair! health, length of days!
'And may they, bleſs'd by Heav'n, a goodly houſhold raiſe.'

XIX.

At eve, the lovely condeſcending bride,
Will take the ring which on her finger ſhines,
And thro' the ſacred circlet nine times ſlide
The fragrant gift, repeating myſtick lines:
The myſtick lines we may not here make known,
Them ſhall the Muſe reveal to virgins chaſte alone.

XX.

The ſtocking thrown, as ancient rules require,
Leave the glad lovers to compleat their joy;
And to thy pillow ſilently retire,
Where cloſe beneath thy head the charm muſt lie:
Rais'd by the pow'r of Love, in viſion gay,
Thy future ſpouſe ſhall come in holiday array.

XXI.

And, ſoft approaching, with the mildeſt air,
Thy yielding lips ſhall modeſtly embrace;
O, ſweet illuſion! wilt thou diſappear?
Alas, it flies! the morning ſprings apace!
The bluſhing lover ſees the light with pain,
And longs to recompoſe, and woo his dream again.

XXII.

O, time relentleſs! foe to ev'ry joy!
How all declines beneath thy iron reign!
Once could our Clerk to ſweeteſt melody
Attune the harp, and charm the liſt'ning plain:
Or with his mellow voice the pſalm could raiſe,
And fill the echoing choir with notes of ſacred praiſe.

XXIII.

But now, alas! his every power decays,
His voice grows hoarſe, long toil has cramp'd his hands;
No more he fills the echoing choir with praiſe,
No more to melody the harp commands:
Sadly he mourns the dulneſs of his ear,
And when a maſter plays, he preſſes cloſe to hear.

XXIV.

Late, o'er the plain, by chance or fortune led,
The penſive ſwain who does his annals write,
Him in his humble cottage viſited,
And learn'd his ſtory, with ſincere delight;
For chiefly of himſelf his converſe ran,
As mem'ry well ſupply'd the narrative old man.

XXV.

His youthful feats with guiltleſs pride he told,
In rural games what honours erſt he won;
How on the green he threw the wreſtlers bold;
How light he leap'd, and O! how ſwift he run.
Then, with a ſigh, he fondly turn'd his praiſe
To rivals now no more, and friends of former days.

XXVI.

At length, concluding with reflections deep—
'Alas! of life few comforts now remain;
'Of what I was, I but the veſtige keep,
'Impair'd by grief, by penury, and pain:
'Yet let me not arraign juſt Heav'n's decree;
'The lot of human-kind, as man, belongs to me.

XXVII.

'Beneath yon aged yew-tree's ſolemn ſhade,
'Whoſe twiſted roots above the greenſward creep;
'There, freed from toils, my pious father laid,
'Enjoys a ſilent, unmoleſted ſleep:
'And there my only ſon—with HIM I gave
'All comfort of my age, untimely to the grave.

XXVIII. 'In

XXVIII.

'In that ſweet earth, when nature's debt is paid,
'And leaving life, I leave it's load of woes,
'My neighbours kind, I truſt, will ſee me laid,
'In humble hope of mercy, to repoſe:
'Evil and few, the patriarch mourn'd his days,
'Nor ſhall a man preſume to vindicate his ways.'

AN ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

BY MR. J. CUNNINGHAM.

IN the full proſpect yonder hill commands,
O'er foreſts, fields, and vernal-coated plains;
The veſtige of an ancient abbey ſtands,
Cloſe by a ruin'd caſtle's rude remains.

Half buried, there, lie many a broken buſt,
And obeliſk, and urn, o'erthrown by Time;
And many a cherub, there, deſcends in duſt
From the rent roof, and portico ſublime.

The rivulets, oft frighted at the ſound
Of fragments, tumbling from the tow'rs on high;
Plunge to their ſource in ſecret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where rev'rend ſhrines in Gothick grandeur ſtood,
The nettle, or the noxious nightſhade, ſpreads;
And aſhlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

There

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude compos'd, and aſpect ſweet!
Sits muſing on a monumental ſtone,
And points to the Memento at her feet.

Soon as ſage ev'ning check'd day's ſunny pride,
I left the mantling ſhade, in moral mood;
And, ſeated by the maid's ſequeſter'd ſide,
Thus ſigh'd, the mould'ring ruins as I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with ſilent pace,
Here Time has paſs'd—what ruin marks his way!
This pile, now crumbling o'er it's hallow'd baſe,
Turn'd not his ſtep, nor could his courſe delay.

Religion rais'd her ſupplicating eyes
In vain; and Melody, her ſong ſublime:
In vain Philoſophy, with maxims wiſe,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to ſpare,
Relented when he ſtruck it's finiſh'd pride;
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The totr'ring tow'rs with twiſted ivy tied.

How ſolemn is the cell o'ergrown with moſs,
That terminates the view yon cloiſter'd way!
In the cruſh'd wall, a time-corroded croſs,
Religion like, ſtands mould'ring in decay!

Where the mild ſun, thro' ſaint-encypher'd glaſs,
Illum'd with mellow light that brown-brow'd aiſle;
Many rapt hours might Meditation paſs,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And Piety, with myſtick-meaning beads,
Bowing to ſaints on ev'ry ſide inurn'd,
Trod oft the ſolitary path, that leads
Where now the ſacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Thro' the grey grove, betwixt thoſe with'ring trees,
'Mongſt a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half waſted, like a Niobé in tears.

Low levell'd in the duſt her darling's laid!
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety diſſuade,
Or ſoften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relicks of a mitred ſaint may reſt,
Where, mould'ring in the niche, his ſtatue ſtands;
Now nameleſs, as the crowd that kiſs'd his veſt,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illuſtrious chieftain lie;
As, trac'd upon the time-unletter'd tomb,
The trophies of a broken Fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vaſſal plain,
His rights and rich demeſnes extended wide!
That Honour, and her knights, compos'd his train,
And Chivalry ſtood marſhall'd by his ſide!

Tho' to the clouds his caſtle ſeem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the deſp'rate foe;
Tho' deem'd invincible, the conqueror, Time,
Levell'd the fabrick, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a ſoft'ning ſound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of diſcord, dwell;
And where Society ſat ſweetly crown'd,
Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
Where the ſage matron and her maidens ſat,
Sweet-ſinging at the ſilver-working loom.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waſte;
And the rude winds inceſſant ſeem to roar,
Where, in his groves, with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often ſigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a chryſtal cool ſupply!
In the deep duſt their barren beauties hide:
Time's thirſt, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry!

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were ſpent,
With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
And the ſweet brow of Beauty, ſtill unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they muſt;
Not to be ſtay'd by maſque, or midnight roar!
Nor ſhall a pulſe amongſt that mould'ring duſt,
Beat wanton at the ſmiles of beauty more!

Can the deep ſtateſman, ſkill'd in great deſign,
Protract, but for a day, precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the ſacred Nine,
Soothe, with his melody, inſatiate Death?

No—tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thouſand guards around,
Unerring, and unſeen, the ſhaft of Fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

What then avails ambition's wide-ſtretch'd wing,
The ſchoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom!
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Levell'd, lie mix'd promiſcuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wiſe and good,
Bade, when the morning's roſy reign began,
Courtiers ſhould call, as round his couch they ſtood,
'Philip! remember thou'rt no more than man.

'Tho' glory ſpread thy name from pole to pole;
'Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and juſt;
'Philip, reflect, thou'rt poſting to the goal
'Where mortals mix in undiſtinguiſh'd duſt!'

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains ſubdu'd)
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the periſhable pomp he view'd;

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conqueſt dreſs'd;
Conſpicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd, pendent on a ſpear, his burial veſt:

While thus the herald cry'd—'This ſon of power,
'This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd;
'May, in the ſpace of one revolving hour,
'Boaſt of no other ſpoil, but yonder ſhroud!'

Search where ambition rag'd, with rigour fteel'd;
Where ſlaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And ſay, while memory weeps the blood-ſtain'd field,
Where lies the chief, and where the common man?

Vain are the pyramids, and motto'd ſtones,
And monumental trophies rais'd on high!
For time confounds them with the crumbling bones,
That mix'd in haſty graves unnotic'd lie.

Reſts not, beneath the turf, the peaſant's head,
Soft as the lord's beneath the labour'd tomb?
Or ſleeps one colder, in his cloſe clay bed,
Than t'other, in the wide vault's dreary womb?

Hither let Luxury lead her looſe-rob'd train;
Here flutter Pride, on purple-painted wings:
And, from the moral proſpect, learn—how vain
The wiſh, that ſighs for ſublunary things!

THE THREE WARNINGS.

A TALE.

BY MRS. THRALE.

THE tree of deepeſt root is found
Leaſt willing ſtill to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore ſaid, by ancient ſages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter ſtages,
When pains grow ſharp, and ſickneſs rages,
The greateſt love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confeſs, but few perceive,
If old aſſertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When

When ſports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobſon's wedding-day,
Death call'd aſide the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave, 'You muſt,' ſays he,
'Quit your ſweet bride, and come with me.'—
'With you! and quit my Suſan's ſide!
'With you!' the hapleſs huſband cry'd:
'Young as I am! 'Tis monſtrous hard!
'Beſides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
'My thoughts on other matters go,
'This is my wedding-night, you know.'
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reaſons could not well be ſtronger;
So Death the poor delinquent ſpar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a ſerious look,
His hour-glaſs trembled while he ſpoke,
'Neighbour,' he ſaid, 'farewel; no more
'Shall Death diſturb your mirthful hour:
'And farther, to avoid all blame
'Of cruelty upon my name,
'To give you time for preparation,
'And fit you for your future ſtation,
'Three ſeveral Warnings you ſhall have,
'Before you're ſummon'd to the grave:
'Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
'And grant a kind reprieve;
'In hopes you'll have no more to ſay,
'But when I call again this way,
'Well pleas'd the world will leave.'

To theſe conditions both conſented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wife, how well,
How roundly he purſu'd his courſe,
And ſmoak'd his pipe, and ſtrok'd his horſe,
The willing muſe ſhall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he ſold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not falſe, his wife no ſhrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He paſs'd his hours in peace:
But while he view'd his wealth increaſe,
While thus along Life's duſty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whoſe haſte no mortal ſpares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in muſing mood,
As all alone he ſate,
Th' unwelcome meſſenger of Fate
Once more before him ſtood.

Half kill'd with anger and ſurprize,
'So ſoon return'd!' old Dobſon cries.
'So ſoon, d'ye call it!' Death replies:
'Surely, my friend, you're but in jeſt!
'Since I was here before,
'Tis ſix and thirty years, at leaſt,
'And you are now fourſcore.'
'So much the worſe,' the clown rejoin'd;
'To ſpare the aged would be kind:
'However, ſee your ſearch be legal;
'And your authority—is't regal?
'Elſe you are come on a fool's errand,
'With but a Secretary's warrant.

'Beſides,

'Beſides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
'Which I have look'd for nights and mornings!
'But for that loſs of time and eaſe,
'I can recover damages.'
'I know,' cries Death, 'that, at the beſt,
'I ſeldom am a welcome gueſt;
'But don't be captious, friend, at leaſt:
'I little thought you'd ſtill be able
'To ſtump about your farm and ſtable;
'Your years have run to a great length;
'I wiſh you joy, tho', of your ſtrength!'
'Hold,' ſays the farmer; 'not ſo faſt,
'I have been lame theſe four years paſt.'
'And no great wonder,' Death replies;
'However, you ſtill keep your eyes;
'And ſure, to ſee one's loves and friends,
'For legs and arms would make amends.'
'Perhaps,' ſays Dobſon, 'ſo it might,
'But latterly I've loſt my ſight.'
'This is a ſhocking ſtory, faith;
'Yet there's ſome comfort ſtill,' ſays Death:
'Each ſtrives your ſadneſs to amuſe;
'I warrant you hear all the news.'
'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
'I'm grown ſo deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay, then!' the ſpectre ſtern rejoin'd,
'Theſe are unjuſtifiable yearnings;
'If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
'You've had your Three ſufficient Warnings.'
'So come along, no more we'll part:'
He ſaid, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now, old Dobſon turning pale,
Yields to his fate—ſo ends my tale.

A LET-

A LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE

TO

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AT ETON SCHOOL.

BY DR LITTLETON.

THOUGH plagu'd with algebraick lectures,
And aſtronomical conjectures,
Wean'd from the ſweets of poetry
To ſcraps of dry philoſophy,
You ſee, dear Sir, I've found a time
T' expreſs my thoughts to you in rhime:
For why, my friend, ſhould diſtant parts,
Or times, disjoin united hearts;
Since, though by intervening ſpace
Depriv'd of ſpeaking face to face,
By faithful emiſſary, letter,
We may converſe as well, or better?
And, not to ſtretch a narrow fancy,
To ſhew what pretty things I can ſay,
(As ſome will ſtrain a ſimile,
Firſt work it fine, and then apply;
Tag Butler's rhimes to Prior's thoughts,
And chuſe to mimick all their faults;
By head and ſhoulders bring in a ſtick,
To ſhew their knack at hudibraſtick:)
I'll tell you, as a friend and crony,
How here I ſpend my time and money;
For time and money go together,
As ſure as weathercock and weather;
And thrifty guardians all allow
This grave reflection to be true,

That

That whilſt we pay ſo dear for learning
Thoſe weighty truths we've no concern in,
The ſpark who ſquanders time away
In vain purſuits, and fruitleſs play,
Not only proves an arrant blockhead,
But, what's much worſe, is out of pocket.
Whether my conduct bad or good is,
Judge from the nature of my ſtudies.
No more majeſtick Virgil's heights,
Nor tow'ring Milton's loftier flights,
Nor courtly Flaccus's rebukes,
Who banters vice with friendly jokes;
Nor Congreve's life, nor Cowley's fire,
Nor all the beauties that conſpire
To place the greeneſt bays upon
Th' immortal brows of Addiſon;
Prior's inimitable eaſe,
Nor Pope's harmonious numbers pleaſe;
Homer, indeed, (for criticks ſhew it)
Was both philoſopher, and poet;
But tedious philoſophick chapters
Quite ſtifle my poetick raptures;
And I to Phœbus bade adieu
When firſt I took my leave of you.
Now algebra, geometry,
Arithmetick, aſtronomy,
Opticks, chronology, and ſtaticks,
All tireſome parts of mathematicks;
With twenty harder names than theſe,
Diſturb my brain, and break my peace.
All ſeeming inconſiſtencies
Are nicely ſolv'd by a's, and b's;
Our eye-ſight is diſprov'd by priſms,
Our arguments by ſyllogiſms.
If I ſhould confidently write
This ink is black, this paper white;

Or,

Or, to expreſs myſelf yet fuller,
Should ſay, that black or white's a colour;
They'd contradict it, and perplex one
With motion, rays, and their reflexion;
And ſolve th' apparent falſhood by
The curious texture of the eye.
Should I the poker want, and take it,
When't looks as hot as fire can make it,
And burn my finger, and my coat,
They'd flatly tell me, 'tis not hot:
'The fire,' ſay they, 'has in't, 'tis true,
'The pow'r of cauſing heat in you;
'But no more heat's in fire that heats you,
'Than there is pain in ſtick that beats you.'
Thus, too, philoſophers expound
The names of odour, taſte, and ſound:
The ſalts and juices in all meat,
Affect the tongues of them that eat,
And by ſome ſecret poignant power
Give them the taſte of ſweet, and ſour.
Carnations, violets, and roſes,
Cauſe a ſenſation in our noſes;
But then there's none of us can tell
The things themſelves have taſte or ſmell.
So, when melodious Maſon ſings,
Or Gethring tunes the trembling ſtrings,
Or when the trumpet's briſk alarms
Call forth the chearful youth to arms,
Convey'd thro' undulating air,
The muſick's only in the ear.
We're told how planets roll on high,
How large their orbits, and how nigh;
I hope in little time to know
Whether the moon's a cheeſe, or no;
Whether the man in't, as ſome tell ye,
With beef and carrots fills his belly;

Why

Why, like a lunatick confin'd,
He lives at diſtance from mankind;
When he, at one good hearty ſhake,
Might whirl his priſon off his back;
Or, like a maggot in a nut,
Full bravely eat his paſſage out.
Who knows what vaſt diſcoveries
From ſuch enquiries might ariſe?
But feuds, and tumults in the nation,
Diſturb ſuch curious ſpeculation.
Cambridge, from furious broils of ſtate,
Foreſees her near-approaching fate;
Her ſureſt patrons are remov'd,
And her triumphant foes approv'd.
No more! this due to friendſhip take,
Not idly writ for writing's ſake;
Nor longer queſtion my reſpect,
Nor call this ſhort delay, neglect;
At leaſt excuſe it, when you ſee
This pledge of my ſincerity;
For one who rhimes to make you eaſy,
And his invention ſtrains to pleaſe you,
To ſhew his friendſhip cracks his brains,
Sure is a madman if he feigns.

TO MRS. GILLMAN.

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

WITH ſenſe enough for half your ſex beſide;
With juſt no more than neceſſary pride;
With knowledge caught from Nature's living page,
Politely learn'd, and elegantly ſage;
Alas! how piteous, that in ſuch a mind
So many foibles free reception find!

Can ſuch a mind, ye gods! admit DISDAIN;
Be PARTIAL, ENVIOUS, COVETOUS, and VAIN!
Unwelcome truth! to love, to blindneſs clear!
Yet, GILLMAN, bear it—while you bluſh to hear.
That in your gentle breaſt DISDAIN can dwell,
Let knavery, meanneſs, pride, that feel it, tell!
With PARTIAL eye a friend's defects you ſee,
And look with kindneſs on my faults and me.
And does no ENVY that fair mind o'erſhade;
Does no ſhort ſigh for greater wealth invade;
When ſilent merit wants the foſtering meed,
And the warm wiſh ſuggeſts the virtuous deed?
Fairly the charge of VANITY you prove,
Vain of each virtue of the friends you love.
What charms, what arts of magick have conſpir'd,
Of power to make ſo many faults admir'd?

THE HISTORY OF PORSENNA,

KING OF RUSSIA.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BY THE REV. DR. LISLE.

——————Arva, beata
Petamus arva, divites et inſulas. HOR. EPOD. XVI.

BOOK I.

IN Ruſſia's frozen clime, ſome ages ſince,
There dwelt, hiſtorians ſay, a worthy prince,
Who to his people's good confin'd his care,
And fix'd the baſis of his empire there;
Enlarg'd their trade, the lib'ral arts improv'd,
Made nations happy, and himſelf belov'd;

To

To all the neighb'ring ſtates a terror grown,
The dear delight and glory of his own.
Not like thoſe kings, who vainly ſeek renown
From countries ruin'd, and from battles won;
Thoſe mighty Nimrods, who mean laws deſpiſe,
Call murder but a princely exerciſe;
And, if one bloodleſs ſun ſhould ſteal away,
Cry out, with Titus, they have loſt a day;
Who, to be more than men, themſelves debaſe,
Beneath the brute, their Maker's form deface,
Raiſing their titles by their God's diſgrace.
Like fame to bold Eroſtratus we give,
Who ſcorn'd by leſs than ſacrilege to live;
On holy ruins rais'd a laſting name,
And in the temple's fire diffus'd his ſhame.
Far diff'rent praiſes, and a brighter fame,
The virtues of the young Porſenna claim;
For by that name the Ruſſian king was known,
And ſure a nobler ne'er adorn'd the throne.
In war he knew the deathful ſword to wield,
And ſought the thickeſt dangers of the field;
A bold commander! but, the ſtorm o'erblown,
He ſeem'd as he were made for peace alone;
Then was the golden age again reſtor'd,
Nor leſs his juſtice honour'd than his ſword.
All needleſs pomp and outward grandeur ſpar'd,
The deeds that grac'd him were his only guard;
No private views beneath a borrow'd name;
His and the publick intereſt were the ſame.
In wealth and pleaſure let the ſubject live,
But virtue is the king's prerogative;
Porſenna there without a rival ſtood,
And would maintain his right of doing good.
Nor did his perſon leſs attraction wear,
Such majeſty and ſweetneſs mingled there;

Heav'n with uncommon art the clay refin'd,
A proper manſion for ſo fair a mind;
Each look, each action, bore peculiar grace,
And love itſelf was painted on his face.
In peaceful time he ſuffer'd not his mind
To ruſt in ſloth, though much to peace inclin'd;
Nor wanton in the lap of pleaſure lay,
And, loſt to glory, loiter'd life away;
But active riſing ere the prime of day,
Through woods and lonely deſarts lov'd to ſtray;
With hounds and horns to wake the furious bear,
Or rouze the tawny lion from his laire;
To rid the foreſt of the ſavage brood,
And whet his courage for his country's good!

One day, as he purſu'd the dang'rous ſport,
Attended by the nobles of his court,
It chanc'd a beaſt of more than common ſpeed
Sprang from the brake, and through the deſart fled.
The ardent prince, impetuous as the wind,
Ruſh'd on, and left his lagging train behind.
Fir'd with the chace, and full of youthful blood,
O'er plains, and vales, and woodland wilds he rode,
Urging his courſer's ſpeed; nor thought the day
How waſted, nor how intricate the way:
Nor, till the night in duſky clouds came on,
Reſtrain'd his pace, or found himſelf alone.
Miſſing his train, he ſtrove to meaſure back
The road he came, but could not find the track;
Still turning to the place he left before,
And only lab'ring to be loſt the more.
The bugle horn, which o'er his ſhoulders hung,
So loud he winded, that the foreſt rung:
In vain; no voice but echo from the ground,
And vocal woods made mock'ry of the ſound.

And now the gath'ring clouds began to ſpread
O'er the dun face of night a deeper ſhade;

And the hoarſe thunder, growling from afar,
With herald voice proclaim'd th' approaching war;
Silence awhile enſu'd—then by degrees
A hollow wind came mutt'ring through the trees.
Sudden the full-fraught ſky diſcharg'd it's ſtore,
Of rain and rattling hail, a mingled ſhow'r;
The active lightning ran along the ground;
The fiery bolts by fits were hurl'd around,
And the wide foreſts trembled at the ſound.
Amazement ſeiz'd the prince: where could he fly;
No guide to lead, no friendly cottage nigh!
Penſive and unreſolv'd awhile he ſtood,
Beneath the ſcanty covert of the wood;
But, drove from thence, ſoon ſally'd forth again,
As chance directed, on the dreary plain;
Conſtrain'd his melancholy way to take
Through many a loathſome bog, and thorny brake,
Caught in the thicket, flound'ring in the lake.
Wet with the ſtorm, and wearied with the way,
By hunger pinch'd, himſelf to beaſts a prey;
Nor wine to chear his heart, nor fire to burn,
Nor place to reſt, nor proſpect to return:
Drooping and ſpiritleſs, at life's deſpair,
He bade it paſs, not worth his farther care;
When ſuddenly he ſpy'd a diſtant light,
That faintly twinkled through the gloom of night,
And his heart leap'd for joy, and bleſs'd the welcome ſight.
Oft-times he doubted, it appear'd ſo far,
And hung ſo high, 'twas nothing but a ſtar,
Or kindled vapour wand'ring thro' the ſky,
But ſtill preſs'd on his ſteed, ſtill kept it in his eye;
Till, much fatigue, and many dangers paſt,
At a huge mountain he arriv'd at laſt.
There, lighting from his horſe, on hands and knees,
Grop'd out the darkſome road, by ſlow degrees,

Crawling

Crawling or clamb'ring o'er the rugged way;
The thunder rolls above, the flames around him play;
Joyful at length he gain'd the steepy height,
And found the rift whence sprang the friendly light.
And here he stopp'd to rest his wearied feet,
And weigh the perils he had still to meet;
Unsheath'd his trusty sword, and dealt his eyes
With caution round him, to prevent surprize;
Then summon'd all the forces of his mind,
And ent'ring boldly cast his fears behind:
Resolv'd to push his way, whate'er withstood,
Or perish bravely as a monarch shou'd.
While he the wonders of the place survey'd,
And thro' the various cells at random stray'd,
In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
Somewhat that in the shape of woman stood;
But more deform'd than dreams can represent
The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint
The Lapland witch, when she her broom bestrides,
And scatters storms and tempests as she rides.
She look'd, as Nature made her to disgrace
Her kind, and cast a blot on all the race.
Her shrivel'd skin with yellow spots besmear'd
Like mouldy records seem'd; her eyes were blear'd;
Her feeble limbs with age and palsy shook;
Rent was her body, haggard was her look:
From the dark nook out crept the filthy crone;
And, propp'd upon her crutch, came tott'ring on.
The prince in civil guise approach'd the dame,
Told her his piteous case, and whence he came;
And, till Aurora should the shades expel,
Implor'd a lodging in her friendly cell.
'Mortal! whoe'er thou art,' the fiend began;
And as she spake, a deadly horror ran
Thro' all his frame; his cheeks the blood forsook,
Chatter'd his teeth, his knees together struck.

'Whoe'er thou art, that with preſumption rude,
'Dar'ſt on our ſacred privacy intrude,
'And without licence in our court appear,
'Know, thou'rt the firſt that ever enter'd here!
'But ſince thou plead'ſt excuſe, thou'rt hither brought
'More by thy fortune than thy own default;
'Thy crime, tho' great, an eaſy pardon finds,
'For mercy ever dwells in royal minds:
'And, would you learn from whoſe indulgent hand
'You live, and in whoſe awful preſence ſtand,
'Know farther, thro' yon wide-extended plains
'Great Eolus the king of tempeſts reigns,
'And in this lofty palace makes abode,
'Well ſuited to his ſtate, and worthy of the god.
'The various elements his empire own,
'And pay their humble homage at his throne;
'And hither all the ſtorms and clouds reſort,
'Proud to encreaſe the ſplendor of his court.
'His queen am I, from whom the beauteous race
'Of winds aroſe, ſweet fruit of our embrace!'
She ſcarce had ended, when, with wild uproar,
And horrid din, her ſons impetuous pour
Around the cave; came ruſhing in amain
Lybs, Eurus, Boreas, all the boiſt'rous train;
And cloſe behind them on a whirlwind rode,
In clouded majeſty, the bluſt'ring god:
Their locks a thouſand ways were blown about;
Their cheeks like full-blown bladders ſtrutted out;
Their boaſting talk was of the feats they'd done,
Of trees uprooted, and of towns o'erthrown;
And when they kindly turn'd them, to accoſt
The prince, they almoſt pierc'd him with their froſt.
The gaping hag in fix'd attention ſtood,
And at the cloſe of every tale, cried—'Good!'
Bleſſing with outſtretch'd arms each darling ſon,
In due proportion to the miſchief done.

'And

'And where,' faid fhe, 'does little Zephyr ſtray?
'Know ye, my ſons, your brother's rout to-day?
'In what bold deeds does he his hours employ?
'Great Heav'n no evil has befal'n my boy!
'Nefor was he known to linger thus before.'
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when at the cavern door
Came lightly tripping, in a form more fair
Than the young poet's fond ideas are,
When fir'd with love he tries his utmoſt art
To paint the beauteous tyrant of his heart.
A ſatin veſt his ſlender ſhape confin'd,
Embroider'd o'er with flow'rs of every kind,
Flora's own work, when firſt the goddeſs ſtrove
To win the little wanderer to her love.
Of burniſh'd ſilver were his ſandals made,
Silver his buſkins, and with gems o'erlaid;
A ſaffron-colour'd robe behind him flow'd,
And added grace and grandeur as he trod.
His wings than lilies whiter to behold,
Sprinkled with azure ſpots, and ſtreak'd with gold;
So thin their form, and of ſo light a kind,
That they for ever danc'd and fluttter'd in the wind.
Around his temples, with becoming air,
In wanton ringlets, curl'd his auburn hair,
And o'er his ſhoulders negligently ſpread;
A wreath of fragrant roſes crown'd his head.
Such his attire; but, O! no pen can trace,
No words can ſhew the beauties of his face;
So kind! ſo winning! ſo divinely fair!
Eternal youth and pleaſure flouriſh there!
There all the little loves and graces meet,
And ev'ry thing that's ſoft, and ev'ry thing that's ſweet!
'Thou vagrant,' cry'd the dame in angry tone,
'Where could'ſt thou loiter thus ſo long alone!
'Little thou ear'ſt what anxious thoughts moleſt,
'What pangs are lab'ring in a mother's breaſt!

'Well

" Well do you ſhew your duty by your haſte,
" For thou of all my ſons art always laſt;
" A child leſs fondled would have ſtaid more faſt.
" Sure 'tis a curſe on mothers, doom'd to mourn,
" Where beſt they love, the leaſt and worſt return!'
" My dear mamma,' the gentle youth reply'd,
And made a low obeiſance, " ceaſe to chide,
" Nor wound me with your words; for well you know,
" Your Zephyr bears a part in all your woe;
" How great muſt be his ſorrow, then, to learn
" That he himſelf's the cauſe of your concern!
" Nor had I loiter'd thus, had I been free;
" But the fair Princeſs of Felicity
" Entreated me to make ſome ſhort delay;
" And aſk'd by her, who could refuſe to ſtay?
" Surrounded by the damſels of her court,
" She ſought the ſhady grove, her lov'd reſort:
" Freſh roſe the graſs, the flow'rs were mix'd between,
" Like rich embroid'ry on a ground of green;
" And in the midſt, protected by the ſhade,
" A cryſtal ſtream in wild meanders play'd;
" While on it's banks, the trembling leaves among,
" A thouſand little birds in concert ſung.
" Cloſe by a mount, with fragrant ſhrubs o'ergrown,
" On a cool moſſy couch ſhe laid her down;
" Her air, her poſture, all conſpir'd to pleaſe;
" Her head, upon her ſnowy arm at eaſe
" Reclin'd, a ſtudy'd careleſſneſs expreſs'd;
" Looſe lay her robe, and naked heav'd her breaſt.
" Eager I flew to that delightful place,
" And pour'd a ſhow'r of kiſſes on her face;
" Now hover'd o'er her neck, her breaſt, her arms,
" Like bees o'er flow'rs, and taſted all her charms;
" And then her lips, and then her cheeks I try'd,
" And fann'd and wanton'd round on every ſide.

" O Zephyr!" cry'd the fair, " thou charming boy,
" Thy preſence only can create me joy;
" To me thou art beyond expreſſion dear,
" Nor can I quit the place while thou art here!"
' Excuſe my weakneſs, Madam, when I ſwear
' Such gentle words, join'd with ſo ſoft an air,
' Pronounc'd ſo ſweetly from a mouth ſo fair,
' Quite raviſh'd all my ſenſe; nor did I know
' How long I ſtay'd, or when or where to go!
' Meanwhile the damſels debonnair and gay,
' Prattled around, and laugh'd the time away:
' Theſe, in ſoft notes, addreſs'd the raviſh'd ear,
' And warbled out ſo ſweet, 'twas heav'n to hear;
' And thoſe in rings, beneath the greenwood ſhade,
' Danc'd to the melody their fellows made.
' Some ſtudious of themſelves, employ'd their care
' In weaving flow'ry wreathes to deck their hair;
' While others to ſome fav'rite plant convey'd
' Refreſhing ſhow'rs, and chear'd it's drooping head.
' A joy ſo general ſpread through all the place,
' Such ſatisfaction dwelt on every face,
' The nymphs ſo kind, ſo lovely look'd the queen,
' That never eye beheld a ſweeter ſcene!'
Porſenna, like a ſtatue fix'd appear'd,
And, rapt in ſilent wonder, gaz'd and heard:
Much he admir'd the ſpeech, the ſpeaker more,
And dwelt on ev'ry word, and griev'd to find it o'er.
' O gentle youth!' he cry'd, ' proceed to tell,
' In what fair country does this princeſs dwell;
' What region unexplor'd, what hidden coaſt,
' Can ſo much goodneſs, ſo much beauty boaſt!'
To whom the winged god with gracious look,
Numberleſs ſweets diffuſing while he ſpoke,
Thus anſwer'd kind: ' Theſe happy gardens lie
' Far hence remov'd, beneath a milder ſky;
' Their name—the kingdom of Felicity.

' Sweet

'Sweet ſcenes of endleſs bliſs, enchanted ground,
'A ſoil for ever ſought, but ſeldom found;
'Though in the ſearch all human kind in vain
'Weary their wits, and waſte their lives in pain.
'In diff'rent parties, diff'rent paths they tread,
'As reaſon guides them, or as follies lead;
'Theſe wrangling for the place they ne'er ſhall ſee,
'Debating thoſe, if ſuch a place there be;
'But not the wiſeſt, nor the beſt, can ſay
'Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.
'Some few, by Fortune favour'd for her ſport,
'Have ſail'd in ſight of this delightful port;
'In thought already ſein'd the bleſs'd abodes,
'And in their fond delirium rank'd with gods.
'Fruitleſs attempt! all avenues are kept
'By dreadful foes, ſentry that never ſlept.
'Here, fell Detraction darts her pois'nous breath
'Fraught with a thouſand ſtings, and ſcatters death;
'Sharp-ſighted Envy there maintains her poſt,
'And ſhakes her flaming brand, and ſtalks around the coaſt.
'Theſe on the helpleſs bark their fury pour,
'Plunge in the waves, or daſh againſt the ſhore;
'Teach wretched mortals they were doom'd to mourn,
'And ne'er muſt reſt but in the ſilent urn!
'But ſay, young monarch, for what name you bear,
'Your mien, your dreſs, your perſon, all declare;
'And though I ſeldom fan the frozen North,
'Yet I have heard of brave Porſenna's worth.
'My brother Boreas through the world has flown,
'Swelling his breath to ſpread forth your renown;
'Say, would you chuſe to viſit this retreat,
'And view the world where all theſe wonders meet?
'Wiſh you ſome friend o'er that tempeſtuous ſea
'To bear you ſafe! Behold that friend in me.
'My active wings ſhall all their force employ,
'And nimbly waft you to the realms of joy;

'As once, to gratify the god of love,
'I bore fair Pſyche to the Cyprian grove;
'Or as Jove's bird, deſcending from on high,
'Snatch'd the young Trojan trembling to the ſky.
'There perfect bliſs thou may'ſt for ever ſhare,
'Scap'd from the buſy world, and all it's care;
'There, in the lovely princeſs, thou ſhalt find
'A miſtreſs ever blooming, ever kind!'
All extaſy, on air Porſenna trod,
And to his boſom ſtrain'd the little god;
With grateful ſentiments his heart o'erflow'd,
And in the warmeſt words millions of thanks beſtow'd.
When Eolus, in ſurly humour, broke
Their ſtrict embrace, and thus abruptly ſpoke.
'Enough of compliment; I hate the ſport
'Of meanleſs words: this is no human court,
'Where plain and honeſt are diſcarded quite,
'For the more modiſh title of polite;
'Where, in ſoft ſpeeches, hypocrites impart
'The venom'd ills that lurk beneath the heart;
'In friendſhip's holy guiſe their guilt improve,
'And kindly kill with ſpecious ſhew of love.
'For us—my ſubjects are not us'd to wait,
'And waſte their hours, to hear a mortal prate;
'They muſt abroad before the riſing ſun,
'And hie 'em to the ſeas! there's miſchief to be done.
'Excuſe my plainneſs, Sir; but buſineſs ſtands;
'And we have ſtorms and ſhipwrecks on our hands!'
He ended frowning; and the noiſy rout,
Each to his ſeveral cell went puffing out:
But Zephyr, far more courteous than the reſt,
To his own bow'r convey'd the royal gueſt;
There on a bed of roſes, neatly laid,
Beneath the fragrance of a myrtle ſhade,
His limbs to needful reſt the prince apply'd,
His ſweet companion ſlumb'ring by his ſide.

BOOK II.

NO ſooner in her ſilver chariot roſe
The ruddy morn, than, fated with repoſe,
The prince addreſs'd his hoſt; the god awoke,
And leaping from his couch, thus kindly ſpoke:
'This early call, my lord, that chides my ſtay,
'Requires my thanks, and I with joy obey.
'Like you, I long to reach the bliſsful coaſt,
'Hate the ſlow night, and mourn the moments loſt.
'The bright Roſinda, loveliest of the fair
'That croud the princeſs' court, demands my care;
'E'en now, with fears and jealouſies o'erborne,
'Upbraids, and calls me cruel and forſworn.
'What ſweet rewards on all my toils attend,
'Serving at once my miſtreſs and my friend!
'Juſt to my love, and to my duty too,
'Well paid in her, well pleas'd in pleaſing you!'
This ſaid, he led him to the cavern gate,
And claſp'd him in his arms, and poiz'd his weight;
Then balancing his body here and there,
Stretch'd forth his agile wings, and launch'd in air.
Swift as the fiery meteor from on high
Shoots to it's goal, and gleams athwart the ſky.
Here with quick fan his lab'ring pinions play;
There glide at eaſe along the liquid way;
Now lightly ſkim the plain with even flight;
Now proudly ſoar above the mountain's height.
Spiteful Detraction, whoſe envenom'd hate
Sports with the ſuff'rings of the good and great,
Spares not our prince; but, with opprobrious ſneer,
Arraigns him of the heinous ſin of fear;
That he, ſo try'd in arms, whoſe very name
Infus'd a ſecret panick where it came;

E'en

E'en he, as high above the clouds he flew,
And spy'd the mountains less'ning to the view,
Nought round him but the wide-expanded air,
Helpless, abandon'd to a stripling's care,
Struck with the rapid whirl, and dreadful height,
Confess'd some faint alarm, some little fright.
The friendly god, who instantly divin'd
The terrors that possess'd his fellow's mind,
To calm his troubled thoughts, and cheat the way,
Describ'd the nations that beneath them lay;
The name, the climate, and the soil's encrease,
Their arms in war, their government in peace;
Shew'd their domestick arts, their foreign trade,
What int'rest they pursu'd, what leagues they made.
The sweet discourse so charm'd Porsenna's ear,
That, lost in joy, he had no time for fear.
From Scandinavia's cold inclement waste,
O'er wide Germania's various realms they pass'd,
And now on Albion's fields suspend their toil,
And hover for a while, and bless the soil.
O'er the gay scene the prince delighted hung,
And gaz'd in rapture, and forgot his tongue;
Till bursting forth at length, 'Behold,' cry'd he,
'The promis'd isle, the land I long'd to see!
'Those plains, those vales, and fruitful hills, declare
'My queen, my charmer, must inhabit there!'
Thus rav'd the monarch; and the gentle guide,
Pleas'd with his error, thus in smiles reply'd.
'I must applaud, my lord, the lucky thought;
'E'en I, who know th' original, am caught,
'And doubt my senses, when I view the draught.
'The flow-ascending hill, the lofty wood
'That mantles o'er it's brow, the silver flood
'Wand'ring in mazes through the flow'ry mead,
'The herd that in the plenteous pastures feed,

'And

'And ev'ry object, ev'ry ſcene excites
'Freſh wonder in my ſoul, and fills with new delights:
'Dwells chearful Plenty there, and learned Eaſe,
'And Art with Nature ſeems at ſtrife to pleaſe.
'There Liberty, delightful goddeſs, reigns,
'Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plains;
'There firmly ſeated may ſhe ever ſmile,
'And ſhow'r her bleſſings o'er her fav'rite iſle!
'But ſee! the riſing ſun reproves our ſtay.'
He ſaid, and to the ocean wing'd his way,
Stretching his courſe to climates then unknown,
Nations that ſwelter in the burning zone.
There in Peruvian vales a moment ſtay'd,
And ſmooth'd his wings beneath the citron ſhade;
Then ſwift his oary pinions ply'd again,
Croſs'd the new world, and ſought the Southern main;
Where, many a wet and weary league o'erpaſs'd,
The wiſh'd-for paradiſe appear'd at laſt.
With force abated now they gently ſweep
O'er the ſmooth ſurface of the ſhining deep;
The Dryads hail'd them from the diſtant ſhore,
The Nereids play'd around, the Tritons ſwam before;
While ſoft Favonius their arrival greets,
And breathes his welcome in a thouſand ſweets.
Nor pale diſeaſe, nor health-conſuming care,
Nor wrath, nor foul revenge, can enter there;
No vapour's foggy gloom imbrowns the ſky;
No tempeſts rage, no angry lightnings fly;
But dews and ſoft-refreſhing airs are found,
And pure etherial azure ſhines around.
Whate'er the ſweet Sabæan ſoil can boaſt,
Or Mecca's plain, or India's ſpicy coaſt;
What Hybla's hills, or rich Ebalia's fields,
Or flow'ry vale of fam'd Hymettus yields;
Or what of old th' Heſperian orchard grac'd;
All that was e'er delicious to the taſte,

Sweet

Sweet to the ſmell, or lovely to the view,
Collected there, with added beauty grew.
High-tow'ring to the heav'ns the trees are ſeen,
Their bulk immenſe, their leaf for ever green;
So cloſely interwove, the tell-tale ſun
Can ne'er deſcry the deeds beneath them done,
But where by fits the ſportive gales divide
Their tender tops, and fan the leaves aſide.
Like a ſmooth carpet, at their feet lies ſpread
The matted graſs, by bubbling fountains fed;
And on each bough the feather'd choir employ
Their melting notes, and nought is heard but joy.
The painted flow'rs exhale a rich perfume,
The fruits are mingled with eternal bloom;
And Spring and Autumn hand in hand appear,
Lead on the merry months, and join to cloath the year.
Here, o'er the mountain's ſhaggy ſummit pour'd,
From rock to rock the tumbling torrent roar'd,
While beauteous Iris, in the vale below,
Paints on the riſing fumes her radiant bow.
Now through the meads the mazy current ſtray'd,
Now hid it's wand'rings in the myrtle ſhade;
Or in a thouſand veins divides it's ſtore,
Viſits each plant, refreſhes ev'ry flow'r;
O'er gems and golden ſands in murmurs flows,
And ſweetly ſoothes the ſoul, and lulls to ſoft repoſe.
If hunger call, no ſooner can the mind
Expreſs her will to needful food inclin'd,
But in ſome cool receſs, or op'ning glade,
The ſeats are plac'd, the tables neatly laid;
And inſtantly, convey'd by magick hand,
In comely rows the coſtly diſhes ſtand;
Meats of all kinds that Nature can impart,
Prepar'd in all the niceſt forms of art.
A troop of ſprightly nymphs array'd in green,
With flow'ry chaplets crown'd, come ſcudding in;

With

With fragrant bloſſoms theſe adorn the feaſt,
Thoſe with officious zeal attend the gueſt;
Beneath his feet the ſilken carpet ſpread,
Or ſprinkle liquid odours o'er his head.
Others in ruby cups with roſes bound,
Delightful! deal the ſparkling nectar round;
Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay;
The lyres reſound, the merry minſtrels play;
Gay health, and youthful joys o'erſpread the place,
And ſwell each heart, and triumph in each face.
So, when emboldened by the vernal air,
The buſy bees to blooming fields repair,
For various uſe employ their chymick pow'r,
One culls the ſnowy pounce, one ſucks the flow'r;
Again to diff'rent works returning home,
Some ſteeve the honey, ſome erect the comb:
All for the gen'ral good in concert ſtrive,
And ev'ry ſoul's in motion, ev'ry limb's alive.
And now deſcending from his flight, the god
On the green turf releas'd his precious load;
There, after mutual ſalutations paſt,
And endleſs friendſhip vow'd, they part in haſte;
Zephyr impatient to behold his love,
The prince in raptures wand'ring through the grove;
Now ſkipping on, and ſinging as he went,
Now ſtopping ſhort to give his tranſports vent;
With ſudden guſts of happineſs oppreſs'd,
Or ſtands entranc'd, or raves like one poſſeſs'd:
His mind afloat, his wand'ring ſenſes quite
O'ercome with charms, and frantick with delight;
From ſcene to ſcene by random ſteps convey'd,
Admires the diſtant views, explores the ſecret ſhade;
Dwells on each ſpot, with eager eye devours
The woods, the lawns, the buildings, and the bow'rs;
New ſweets, new joys at ev'ry glance ariſe,
And ev'ry turn creates a freſh ſurprize.

Close by the borders of a rising wood,
In a green vale a crystal grotto stood;
And o'er it's side, beneath a beechen shade,
In broken falls a silver fountain play'd.
Hither, attracted by the murm'ring stream,
And cool recess, the pleas'd Porsenna came;
And, on the tender grass reclining, chose
To wave his joys awhile, and take a short repose.
The scene invites him, and the wanton breeze
That whispers thro' the vale, the dancing trees,
The warbling birds, and rills that gently creep,
All join their musick to prolong his sleep.
The princess for her morning walk prepar'd,
The female troops attend, a beauteous guard.
Array'd in all her charms appear'd the fair;
Tall was her stature, unconfin'd her air;
Proportion deck'd her limbs, and in her face
Lay love inshrin'd, lay sweet attractive grace,
Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd,
And like a lambent flame around her play'd.
No foreign aids, by mortal ladies worn,
From shells and rocks her artless charms adorn:
For grant that beauty were by gems encreas'd,
'Tis render'd more suspected at the least;
And foul defects, that would escape the sight,
Start from the piece, and take a stronger light.
Her chesnut hair, in careless [illegible], around
Her temples wav'd, with [illegible] and jas'mine crown'd;
And, gather'd in a silken [illegible] behind,
Curl'd to the waist, and [illegible] to the wind;
O'er these a veil of yellow [illegible] she wore,
With amaranths and gold [illegible]'d o'er.
Her snowy neck, half naked to the view,
Gracefully fell; a robe of purple hue
Hung loosely o'er her slender shape, and try'd
To shade those beauties that it could not hide.

The





Plate II. Published as the Act directs by Boydell & Co. June 1, 1778. Page 307, Line 3.

The damsels of her train with mirth and song
Frolick behind, and laugh and sport along.
The birds proclaim their queen from every tree;
The beasts run frisking thro' the groves to see;
The Loves, the Pleasures, and the Graces, meet
In antick rounds, and dance before her feet.
By whate'er fancy led, it chanc'd that day
They thro' the secret valley took their way;
And, to the crystal grot advancing, spy'd
The prince extended by the fountain's side.
He look'd as, by some skilful hand express'd,
Apollo's youthful form retir'd to rest;
When, with the chace fatigu'd, he quits the wood,
For Pindus' vale, and Aganippe's flood;
There sleeps secure, his careless limbs display'd
At ease, encircled by the laurel shade;
Beneath his head his sheaf of arrows lie;
His bow unbent hangs negligently by.
The slumb'ring prince might boast an equal grace,
So turn'd his limbs, so beautiful his face.
Waking, he started from the ground in haste,
And saw the beauteous choir around him plac'd;
Then, summoning his senses, ran to meet
The queen, and laid him humbly at her feet.
'Deign, lovely princess, to behold,' said he,
'One who has travers'd all the world, to see
'Those charms, and worship thy divinity:
'Accept thy slave, and with a gracious smile
'Excuse his rashness, and reward his toil.'
Stood motionless the fair with mute surprize,
And read him over with admiring eyes;
And, while she stedfast gaz'd, a pleasing smart
Ran thrilling thro' her veins, and reach'd her heart.
Each limb she scann'd, consider'd every grace,
And sagely judg'd him of the phœnix race.

An animal like this he ne'er had known,
And thence concluded there could be but one:
The creature, too, had all the phœnix' air;
None but the phœnix could appear so fair.
The more she look'd, the more she thought it true;
And call'd him by that name, to shew she knew.
'O handsome phœnix! for that such you are,
'We know; your beauty does your breed declare;
'And I with sorrow own, thro' all my coast,
'No other bird can such perfection boast;
'For Nature form'd you single and alone:
'Alas! what pity 'tis there is but one!
'Were there a queen so fortunate to shew
'An aviary of charming birds like you,
'What envy would her happiness create
'In all who saw the glories of her state!'
The prince laugh'd inwardly, surpriz'd to find
So strange a speech, so innocent a mind.
The compliment, indeed, did some offence
To reason, and a little wrong'd her sense:
He could not let it pass; but told his name,
And what he was, and whence, and why he came;
And hinted other things of high concern
For him to mention, and for her to learn;
And she'd a piercing wit, of wond'rous reach,
To comprehend whatever he could teach.
Thus, hand in hand, they to the palace walk,
Pleas'd and instructed with each other's talk.
Here, should I tell the furniture's expence,
And all the structure's vast magnificence,
Describe the walls of shining sapphire made,
With emerald and pearl the floors inlaid,
And how the vaulted canopies unfold
A mimick heav'n, and flame with gems and gold;
Or how Felicity regales her guest,
The wit, the mirth, the musick, and the feast;

. . . . . .

And

And on each part beſtow the praiſes due;
'Twou'd tire the writer, and the reader too.
My amorous tale a ſofter path purſues;
Love, and the happy pair, demand my muſe!
O could her art in equal terms expreſs
The lives they lead, the pleaſures they poſſeſs!
Fortune had ne'er ſo plenteouſly before
Beſtow'd her gifts, nor can ſhe laviſh more.
'Tis heav'n itſelf, 'tis extaſy of bliſs,
Uninterrupted joy, untir'd exceſs;
Mirth following mirth, the moments dance away;
Love claims the night, and friendſhip rules the day.
Their tender care no cold indiff'rence knows;
No jealouſies diſturb their ſweet repoſe;
No ſickneſs, no decay; but youthful grace
And conſtant beauty ſhines in either face.
Benumbing age may mortal charms invade,
Flow'rs of a day, that do but bloom and fade:
Far diff'rent here, on them it only blows
The lily's white, and ſpreads the bluſhing roſe;
No conqueſt o'er thoſe radiant eyes can boaſt;
They, like the ſtars, ſhine brighter in it's froſt;
Nor fear it's rigour, nor it's rule obey;
All ſeaſons are the ſame, and every month is May.
Alas! how vain is happineſs below!
Man, ſoon or late, muſt have his ſhare of woe;
Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the wind;
His griefs wound home, and leave a ſting behind.
His lot, diſtinguiſh'd from the brute, appears
Leſs certain by his laughter than his tears;
For ignorance too oft our pleaſure breeds,
But ſorrow from the reas'ning ſoul proceeds.
If man on earth in endleſs bliſs could be,
The boon, young prince, had been beſtow'd on thee:
Bright ſhone thy ſtars, thy fortune flouriſh'd fair,
And ſeem'd ſecure beyond the reach of care;

And so might still have been, but anxious thought
Has dash'd thy cup, and thou must taste the draught.
It so befel, as on a certain day
This happy couple toy'd their time away,
He ask'd how many charming hours were flown,
Since on her slave her heav'n of beauty shone.
'Should I consult my heart,' cry'd he, 'the rate
'Were small; a week would be the utmost date:
'But when my mind reflects on actions past,
'And counts it's joys, time must have fled more fast.
'Perhaps I might have said, three months are gone.'—
'Three months!' reply'd the fair, 'three months alone!
'Know, that three hundred years have roll'd away,
'Since at my feet the lovely phœnix lay.'—
'Three hundred years!' re-echo'd back the prince,
'A whole three hundred years compleated since
'I landed here! O whither then are flown
'My dearest friends, my subjects, and my throne?
'How strange, alas! how alter'd shall I find
'Each earthly thing, each scene I left behind!
'Who knows me now? on whom shall I depend
'To gain my rights? where shall I find a friend?
'My crown, perhaps, may grace a foreign line,
'A race of kings, that know not me nor mine;
'Who reigns, may wish my death; his subjects treat
'My claim with scorn, and call their prince a cheat!
'Oh, had my life been ended as begun!
'My destin'd stage, my race of glory run,
'I should have died well pleas'd; my honour'd name
'Had liv'd, had flourish'd in the list of fame!
'Reflecting now, my mind with horror sees
'The sad survey, a scene of shameful ease;
'The odious blot, the scandal of my race;
'Scarce known, and only mention'd with disgrace!'
The fair beheld him with impatient eye,
And, red with anger, made this warm reply.

'Ungrate-

'Ungrateful man! is this the kind return
'My love deſerves? and can you thus with ſcorn
'Reject what once you priz'd? what once you ſwore
'Surpaſs'd all charms, and made e'en glory poor?
'What gifts have I beſtow'd, what favours ſhewn!
'Made you partaker of my bed and throne;
'Three centuries preſerv'd in youthful prime,
'Safe from the rage of Death, and injuries of Time!
'Weak arguments! for glory reigns above
'The feeble ties of gratitude and love.
'I urge them not, nor would requeſt your ſtay;
'The phantom glory calls, and I obey;
'All other virtues are regardleſs quite,
'Sunk and abſorb'd in that ſuperior light.
'Go then, barbarian! to thy realms return,
'And ſhew thyſelf unworthy my concern!
'Go, tell the world, your tender heart could give
'Death to the princeſs, by whoſe care you live.'
At this a deadly pale her cheeks o'erſpread,
Cold trembling ſeiz'd her limbs, her ſpirits fled;
She ſunk into his arms: the prince was mov'd,
Felt all her griefs, for ſtill he greatly lov'd.
He ſigh'd, he wiſh'd he could forget his throne,
Confine his thoughts, and live for her alone;
But glory ſhot him deep, the venom'd dart
Was fix'd within, and rankled at his heart;
He could not hide it's wounds, but pin'd away
Like a ſick flow'r, and languiſh'd in decay.
An age no longer like a month appears,
But ev'ry month becomes an hundred years.
Felicity was griev'd, and could not bear
A ſcene ſo chang'd, a ſight of ſo much care.
She told him, with a look of cold diſdain,
And ſeeming eaſe, as women well can feign,
He might depart at will; a milder air
Would mend his health, he was no pris'ner there:

She

She kept him not, and wish'd he ne'er might find
Cause to regret the place he left behind;
Which once he lov'd, and where he still must own,
He had at least some little pleasure known.
If these prophetick words awhile destroy
His peace; the former balance it in joy.
He thank'd her for her kind concern, but chose
To quit the place, the rest let Heav'n dispose.
For Fate, on mischiefs bent, perverts the will,
And first infatuates whom it means to kill.
Aurora now, not as she wont to rise,
In gay attire ting'd with a thousand dyes,
But sober-sad in solemn state appears,
Clad in a dusky veil bedew'd with tears.
Thick mantling clouds beneath her chariot spread,
A faded wreathe hangs drooping from her head.
The sick'ning sun emits a feeble ray,
Half drown'd in fogs, and struggling into day.
Some black event the threat'ning skies foretel.
Porsenna rose to take his last farewel.
A curious vest the mournful princess brought,
And armour by the Lemnian artist wrought;
A shining lance with secret virtue stor'd,
And of resistless force a magick sword;
Caparisons and gems of wond'rous price;
And loaded him with gifts, and good advice:
But chief she gave, and what he most would need,
The fleetest of her stud, a flying steed.
'The swift Grisippo,' said th' afflicted fair,
(Such was the courser's name) 'with speed shall bear,
'And place you safely in your native air;
'Assist against the foe; with matchless might
'Ravage the field, and turn the doubtful fight:
'With care protect you till the danger cease,
'Your trust in war, your ornament in peace.

'But

'But this, I warn, beware; whate'er shall lay
'To intercept your course, or tempt your stay,
'Quit not your fiddle, nor your speed abate,
'Till safely landed at your palace gate.
'On this alone depends your weal or woe;
'Such is the will of Fate, and so the gods foreshew.'
He in the softest terms repaid her love,
And vow'd, nor age nor absence should remove
His constant faith; and sure she could not blame
A short divorce due to his injur'd fame.
The debt discharg'd, then should her soldier come
Gay from the field, and flush'd with conquest, home;
With equal ardour her affection meet,
And lay his laurels at his mistress' feet.
He ceas'd; and, sighing, took a kind adieu:
Then urg'd his steed. The fierce Grisippo flew;
With rapid force outstripp'd the lagging wind,
And left the blissful shores and weeping fair behind;
Now o'er the seas pursu'd his airy flight,
Now scour'd the plains, and climb'd the mountain's height.
Thus driving on at speed, the prince had run
Near half his course; when, with the setting sun,
As thro' a lonely lane he chanc'd to ride,
With rocks and bushes fenc'd on either side,
He spy'd a waggon full of wings, that lay
Broke and o'erturn'd across the narrow way.
The helpless driver, on the dirty road
Lay struggling, crush'd beneath th' incumbent load.
Never in human shape was seen before
A wight so pale, so feeble, and so poor.
Comparisons of age would do him wrong,
For Nestor's self, if plac'd by him, were young.
His limbs were naked all, and worn so thin,
The bones seem'd starting thro' the parchment skin;
His eyes half drown'd in rheum, his accents weak;
Bald was his head, and furrow'd was his cheek.

The conscious steed stopp'd short in deadly fright,
And back recoiling, stretch'd his wings for flight;
When thus the wretch, with supplicating tone,
And rueful face, began his piteous moan;
And, as he spake, the tears ran trickling down.
'O gentle youth, if pity e'er inclin'd
'Thy soul to gen'rous deeds; if e'er thy mind
'Was touch'd with soft distress, extend thy care
'To save an old man's life, and ease the load I bear.
'So may propitious Heav'n your journey speed,
'Prolong your days, and all your vows succeed!'
Mov'd with the pray'r, the kind Porsenna stay'd,
Too nobly-minded to refuse his aid;
And, prudence yielding to superior grief,
Leap'd from his steed, and ran to his relief;
Remov'd the weight, and gave the pris'ner breath,
Just choak'd, and gasping on the verge of death.
Then reach'd his hand; when lightly with a bound
The grizly spectre vaulting from the ground,
Seiz'd him with sudden gripe: th' astonish'd prince
Stood horror-struck, and thoughtless of defence.
'O king of Russia!' with a thund'ring sound
Bellow'd the ghastly fiend, 'at length thou'rt found.
'Receive the ruler of mankind; and know,
'My name is Time, thy ever-dreaded foe.
'These feet are founder'd, and the wings you see
'Worn to the pinions in pursuit of thee;
'Thro' all the world in vain for ages sought,
'But Fate has doom'd thee now, and thou art caught!'
Then round his neck his arms he nimbly cast,
And seiz'd him by the throat, and grasp'd him fast;
Till forc'd at length the soul forsook it's seat,
And the pale breathless corse fell bleeding at his feet.
Scarce had the cursed spoiler left his prey,
When, so it chanc'd, young Zephyr pass'd that way;

Too

Too late his preſence to aſſiſt his friend,
A ſad, but helpleſs witneſs of his end.
He chafes, and fans, and ſtrives in vain to cure
His ſtreaming wounds; the work was done too ſure.
Now lightly with a ſoft embrace uprears
The lifeleſs load, and bathes it in his tears;
Then to the bliſsful ſeats with ſpeed conveys,
And graceful on the moſſy carpet lays
With decent care, cloſe by the fountain's ſide,
Where firſt the princeſs had her phœnix ſpy'd.
There with ſweet flow'rs his lovely limbs he ſtrew'd,
And gave a parting kiſs, and ſighs and tears beſtow'd.
To that ſad ſolitude the weeping dame,
Wild with her loſs, and ſwoln with ſorrow, came.
There was ſhe wont to vent her griefs, and mourn
Thoſe dear delights that muſt no more return.
Thither that morn, with more than uſual care,
She ſped, but O what joy to find him there!
As juſt arriv'd, and weary with the way,
Retir'd to ſoft repoſe her hero lay.
Now near approaching, ſhe began to creep
With careful ſteps, loth to diſturb his ſleep;
Till quite o'ercome with tenderneſs, ſhe flew,
And round his neck her arms in tranſport threw.
But, when ſhe found him dead, no tongue can tell
The pangs ſhe felt! ſhe ſhriek'd! and, ſwooning, fell!
Waking, with loud laments ſhe pierc'd the ſkies,
And fill'd th' affrighted foreſt with her cries.
That fatal hour the palace gates ſhe barr'd,
And fix'd around the coaſt a ſtronger guard;
Now rare appearing, and at diſtance ſeen,
With crowds of black misfortunes plac'd between;
Miſchiefs of every kind, corroding care,
And fears, and jealouſies, and dark deſpair.

And ſince that day (the wretched world muſt own
Theſe mournful truths by ſad experience known)
No mortal e'er enjoy'd that happy clime,
And every thing on earth ſubmits to Time.

WINDSOR FOREST.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

BY MR. POPE.

THY foreſts, Windſor! and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muſe's ſeats,
Invite my lays. Be preſent, ſylvan maids!
Unlock your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muſes, bring!
What muſe for Granville can refuſe to ſing?
The groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong:
Theſe, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again;
Not, chaos-like, together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd:
Where order in variety we ſee,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
There, interſpers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees ariſe that ſhun each other's ſhades.

Here

Here in full light the ruſſet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluiſh hills aſcend.
E'en the wild heath diſplays her purple dyes,
And 'midſt the deſart, fruitful fields ariſe,
That crown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing corn,
Like verdant iſles the ſable waſte adorn.
Let India boaſt her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
Tho' gods aſſembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the plains,
And Peace and Plenty tell, a STUART reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſart, and a gloomy waſte,
To ſavage beaſts, and ſavage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and ſevere than they;
Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves.)
What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And e'en the elements a tyrant ſway'd?
In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Soft ſhow'rs diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in vain;
The ſwain with tears his fruſtrate labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beaſt or ſubject ſlain,
Were equal crimes, in a deſpotick reign?

Both

Both doom'd alike, for ſportive tyrants bled,
But while the ſubject ſtarv'd, the beaſt was fed.
Proud Nimrod firſt the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boaſts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game.
The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er,
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar,
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd,
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind,
The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred choirs.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curs'd,
Th' oppreſſor rul'd tyrannick where he durſt;
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And ſerv'd alike his vaſſals and his God.
Whom e'en the Saxon ſpar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his ſport remain.
But, ſee! the man who ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts, himſelf deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chaſer, and at once the prey:
Lo, Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the ſubjects cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread,
The foreſt wonder'd at th' unuſual grain,
And ſecret tranſport touch'd the conſcious ſwain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddeſs, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous ſwains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,

Now

Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds:
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avails his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold!
Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo!)
With slaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:

Oft,

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapour breathes along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold;
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
Hang o'er their courlers heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen;
Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;

Here

Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw, and lov'd; and, burning with desire,
Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on Father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
'Ah, Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
'Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
'My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.'

She ſaid; and melting as in tears ſhe lay,
In a ſoft ſilver ſtream diſſolv'd away.
The ſilver ſtream her virgin coldneſs keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapleſs virgin bore,
And bathes the foreſt where ſhe rang'd before.
In her chaſte current oft the goddeſs laves,
And with celeſtial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glaſs the muſing ſhepherd ſpies
The headlong mountains and the downward ſkies,
The wat'ry landſcape of the pendant woods,
And abſent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are ſeen,
And floating foreſts paint the waves with green,
Thro' the fair ſcene roll ſlow the ling'ring ſtreams,
Then foaming pour along, and ruſh into the Thames.
  Thou, too, great father of the Britiſh floods!
With joyful pride ſurvey'ſt our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy ſhores appear,
Not Neptune's ſelf, from all her ſtreams, receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No ſeas ſo rich, ſo gay no banks appear,
No lake ſo gentle, and no ſpring ſo clear.
Nor Po ſo ſwells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the ſkies his current ſtrays,
As thine, which viſits Windſor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the manſion of our earthly gods:
Nor all his ſtars above a luſtre ſhow,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, ſubdu'd by mortal paſſion ſtill,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
  Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His ſov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to theſe ſhades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muſe inſpires;

Whom

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
Succeſſive ſtudy, exerciſe, and eaſe.
He gathers health from herbs the foreſt yields,
And of their fragrant phyſick ſpoils the fields:
With chymick art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatick ſouls of flow'rs:
Now marks the courſe of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned ſtore,
Conſults the dead, and lives paſt ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the ſilent wood,
Attends the duties of the wife and good,
T' obſerve a mean, be to himſelf a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free ſoul expatiate in the ſkies,
Amid her kindred ſtars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confeſs her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd.
Ye ſacred Nine! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
Whoſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions bleſs,
Bear me, O bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and ſurrounding greens;
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye muſes ſport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreathes ſhall grow,
While laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall flow)
I ſeem thro' conſecrated walks to rove,
I hear ſoft muſick die along the grove:
Led by the ſound, I roam from ſhade to ſhade,
By god-like poets venerable made.
Here his firſt lays majeſtick Denham ſung;
There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
O early loſt! what tears the river ſhed,
When the ſad pomp along his banks was led!

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When the ſad pomp along his banks was led!

His drooping ſwans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each muſe's lyre.
Since fate relentleſs ſtopp'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the foreſts ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades where Cowley ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty Denham ſung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the foreſt rings!
Are theſe reviv'd? or is it Granville ſings?
'Tis yours, my lord, to bleſs our ſoft retreats,
And call the muſes to their ancient ſeats;
To paint anew the flow'ry ſylvan ſcenes,
To crown the foreſts with immortal greens,
Make Windſor hills in lofty numbers riſe,
And lift her turrets nearer to the ſkies;
To ſing thoſe honours you deſerve to wear,
And add new luſtre to her ſilver ſtar.
Here noble Surrey felt the ſacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchleſs his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the liſts, and graceful in the dance:
In the ſame ſhades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the ſame notes, of love, and ſoft deſire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.
Oh, would'ſt thou ſing what heroes Windſor bore,
What kings firſt breath'd upon her winding ſhore,
Or raiſe old warriors, whoſe ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the ſhining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
Draw monarch's chain'd, and Creſſi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal ſhield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy ſong ſhould vanquiſh'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's ſpear.

Let

Let ſofter ſtrains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flouriſh round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, faſt beſide him, once-fear'd Edward ſleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where e'en the great find reſt,
And blended lie th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt!
Make ſacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obſcure the place, and un-inſcrib'd the ſtone)
Oh, faſt accurs'd! what tears has Albion ſhed!
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She ſaw her ſons with purple deaths expire,
Her ſacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful ſeries of inteſtine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and diſhoneſt ſcars;
At length, great Anna ſaid—'Let diſcord ceaſe!'
She ſaid, the world obey'd, and all was peace!
In that bleſs'd moment, from his oozy bed,
Old Father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.
His treſſes dropp'd with dews, and o'er the ſtream
His ſhining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His ſwelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
And on their banks Auguſta roſe in gold.
Around his throne the ſea-born brothers ſtood,
Who ſwell with tributary urns his flood!
Firſt, the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Iſis, and the fruitful Thame:
The Kennet ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd;
The Loddon ſlow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whoſe dark ſtreams his flow'ry iſlands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, tranſparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his ſedgy treſſes rears;

And ſullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And ſilent Darent, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.
High in the midſt, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windſor domes and pompous turrets riſe;
Then bow'd, and ſpoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the huſh'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.
'Hail, ſacred Peace! hail, long-expected days,
'That Thames's glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
'Tho' Tiber's ſtreams immortal Rome behold,
'Tho' foaming Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
'From heav'n itſelf the ſev'n-fold Nilus flows,
'And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
'Theſe now no more ſhall be the muſe's themes,
'Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.
'Let Volga's banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
'And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
'Let barb'rous Ganges arm a ſervile train,
'Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign;
'No more my ſons ſhall dye with Britiſh blood
'Red Iber's ſands, or Iſter's foaming flood:
'Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
'Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
'The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
'Of war or blood, but in the ſylvan chace;
'The trumpet ſleep, while chearful horns are blown,
'And arms employ'd on birds and beaſts alone.
'Behold! th' aſcending villa's on my ſide,
'Project long ſhadows o'er the cryſtal tide.
'Behold! Auguſta's glitt'ring ſpires encreaſe,
'And temples riſe, the beauteous works of peace.
'I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
'Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend!
'There mighty nations ſhall enquire their doom,
'The world's great oracle in times to come;

'There

'There kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant ſtates be ſeen
'Once more to bend before a Britiſh queen.
'Thy trees, fair Windſor! now ſhall leave their woods
'And half thy foreſts ruſh into the floods;
'Bear Britain's thunder, and her croſs diſplay,
'To the bright regions of the riſing day;
'Tempt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
'Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
'Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
'Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales!
'For me the balm ſhall bleed, and amber flow,
'The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
'The pearly ſhell it's lucid globe infold,
'And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
'The time ſhall come, when free as ſeas or wind,
'Unbounded Thames ſhall flow for all mankind,
'Whole nations enter with each ſwelling tide,
'And ſeas but join the regions they divide;
'Earth's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
'And the new world launch forth to ſeek the old.
'Then ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tide,
'And feather'd people croud my wealthy ſide,
'And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
'Our ſpeech, our colour, and our ſtrange attire!
'Oh, ſtretch thy reign, fair Peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till conqueſt ceaſe, and ſlav'ry be no more;
'Till the freed Indians, in their native groves,
'Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves,
'Peru once more a race of kings behold,
'And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold!
'Exil'd by thee, from earth to deepeſt hell,
'In brazen bonds, ſhall barb'rous diſcord dwell;
'Gigantick pride, pale terror, gloomy care,
'And mad ambition, ſhall attend her there:
'There purple vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
'Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:

'There

'There hateful envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
'And perſecution mourn her broken wheel:
'There faction roar, rebellion bite her chain,
'And gaſping furies thirſt for blood in vain.'
Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of op'ning fate to light:
My humble muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace deſcending bids her olives ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing.
E'en I more ſweetly paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe;
Enough for me, that to the liſt'ning ſwains
First in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

BY THE REV. MR. MERRICK.

GOD of my health! whoſe bounteous care
First gave me power to move,
How ſhall my thankful heart declare
The wonders of thy love!

While void of thought and ſenſe I lay,
Duſt of my parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the ſleeping clay,
And call'd me into birth.

From thee my parts their faſhion took,
And ere my life begun,
Within the volume of thy book
Were written one by one.

Thy

Thy eye beheld in open view
The yet unfinish'd plan;
The shadowy lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

O may this frame, that rising grew
Beneath thy plastick hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands!

The soul that moves this earthly load,
Thy semblance let it bear,
Nor lose the traces of the God
That stamp'd his image there!

THE PLEASURES OF CONTEMPLATION.

BY MRS. DARWAL, FORMERLY MISS WHATLEY.

QUEEN of the halcyon breast, and heaven-ward eye,
Sweet Contemplation, with thy ray benign
Light my lone passage thro' this vale of life,
And raise the siege of Care! This silent hour
To thee is sacred, when the star of eve,
Like Dian's virgins trembling ere they bathe,
Shoots o'er the Hesperian wave it's quivering ray.
All nature joins to fill my labouring breast
With high sensations: aweful silence reigns
Above, around; the sounding winds no more
Wild thro' the fluctuating forest fly
With gust impetuous; Zephyr scarcely breathes
Upon the trembling foliage; flocks and herds,
Retir'd beneath the friendly shade repose,
Fann'd by oblivion's wing. Ha! is not this,

This the dread hour, as ancient fables tell,
When flitting ſpirits, from their priſons broke,
By moon-light glide along the duſky vales,
The ſolemn church-yard, or the dreary grove;
Fond to reviſit their once-lov'd abodes,
And view each friendly ſcene of paſt delight!
Satyrs, and fawns, that in ſequeſter'd woods
And deep-embowering ſhades delight to dwell;
Quitting their caves, where in the reign of day
They ſleep in ſilence, o'er the daiſied green
Purſue their gambols, and with printleſs feet
Chaſe the fleet ſhadows o'er the waving plains.
Dryads, and Naiads, from each ſpring and grove,
Trip blithſome o'er the lawns; or, near the ſide
Of moſſy fountains, ſport in Cynthia's beams.
The fairy elves, attendant on their queen,
With light ſteps bound along the velvet mead,
And leave the green impreſſion of their dance
In rings myſterious to the paſſing ſwain;
While the pellucid glow-worm kindly lends
Her ſilver lamp to light the feſtive ſcene.
From yon majeſtick pile, in ruin great,
Whoſe lofty towers once on approaching foes
Look'd ſtern defiance, the ſad bird of night,
In mournful accent, to the moon complains:
Thoſe towers with venerable ivy crown'd,
And mouldering into ruin, yield no more
A ſafe retirement to the hoſtile bands;
But there the lonely bat, that ſhuns the day,
Dwells in dull ſolitude; and ſcreaming thence
Wheels the night raven ſhrill, with hideous note
Portending death to the dejected ſwain.
Each plant and flow'ret bath'd in evening dews,
Exhale refreſhing ſweets: from the ſmooth lake,
On whoſe ſtill boſom ſleeps the tall tree's ſhade,
The moon's ſoft rays reflected mildly ſhine.

Now

Now towering Fancy takes her airy flight
Without reſtraint, and leaves this earth behind;
From pole to pole, from world to world ſhe flies;
Rocks, ſeas, nor ſkies, can interrupt her courſe.
Is this what men, to thought eſtrang'd, miſcal
Deſpondence? this dull melancholy's ſcene?
To trace the Eternal Cauſe thro' all his works,
Minutely and magnificently wiſe?
Mark the gradations which thro' Nature's plan
Join each to each, and form the vaſt deſign?
And tho' day's glorious guide withdraws his beams
Impartial, chearing other ſkies and ſhores;
Rich intellect, that ſcorns corporeal bands,
With more than mid-day radiance gilds the ſcene:
The mind, now reſcu'd from the cares of day,
Roves unreſtrain'd thro' the wide realms of ſpace;
Where (thought ſtupendous!) ſyſtems infinite,
In regular confuſion taught to move,
Like gems beſpangle yon etherial plains!
Ye ſons of pleaſure, and ye foes to thought,
Who ſearch for bliſs in the capacious bowl,
And blindly woo intemperance for joy;
Durſt ye retire, hold converſe with yourſelves,
And in the ſilent hours of darkneſs court
Kind Contemplation with her peaceful train;
How would the minutes dance on downy feet,
And unperceiv'd the midnight taper waſte,
While intellectual pleaſure reign'd ſupreme!
Ye muſes, graces, virtues, heaven-born maids!
Who love in peaceful ſolitude to dwell
With meek-ey'd innocence, and radiant truth,
And bluſhing modeſty; that frighted fly
The dark intrigue, and midnight maſquerade;
What is this pleaſure which enchants mankind?
'Tis noiſe, 'tis toil, 'tis frenzy; like the cup

Of Circé, fam'd of old; who tafte it finds
Th' etherial ſpark divine to brute transform'd.
And now, methinks, I hear the libertine
With ſupercilious leer cry, 'Preach no more
'Your muſty morals; hence, to deſarts fly,
'And in the gloom of ſolitary caves
'Auſterely dwell: what's life, debarr'd from joy?
'Crown, then, the bowl; let Muſick lend her aid,
'And Beauty her's, to ſoothe my wayward cares.'
Ah! little does he know the nymph he ſtyles
A foe to pleaſure; pleaſure is not more
His aim than her's; with him ſhe joins to blame
The hermit's gloom, and ſavage penances;
Each ſocial joy approves. Oh! without thee,
Fair Friendſhip, life were nothing; without thee,
The page of fancy would no longer charm,
And ſolitude diſguſt e'en penſive minds.
Nought I condemn, but that exceſs which clouds
The mental faculties, to ſoothe the ſenſe:
Let Reaſon, Truth, and Virtue, guide thy ſteps,
And every bleſſing Heav'n beſtows, be thine!

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES*.

BY MR. J. MACAULAY.

WHILE gen'ral plaudits of deſerv'd renown
(The hero's glory, and the patriot's crown)
Proclaim the day to Britiſh virtue dear,
And hail the produce of an added year;

* Theſe Verſes were preſented at Windſor to His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, on the morning of his late birth-day, Auguſt 12. 1780, when he entered his nineteenth year.

Permit

Permit the muſe, in no fedtitive ſtrains,
From rural ſhades and ſummer-ſmiling plains,
To ſpeak the wiſh that fires each gen'rous breaſt,
Of joy the ſounder, and of love the teſt.
Ere yet bright Phœbus gilds the ruddy eaſt,
To ſloth a ſtranger, and a foe to reſt,
Why does the ſwain, with unremitting toil,
Guide the ſharp plough-ſhare thro' the yielding ſoil?
Why does his nervous frame each ſhock defy,
And dare the rigour of th' inclement ſky;
Ere yet confirm'd the doubtful ſpring is ſeen,
And the chill blaſt ſweeps o'er the dewy green?
Does not his eye in future ſcene behold
The ſpacious fields enrich'd with waving gold?
Does not the bliſsful hope inſpire his breaſt,
Of riſing barns with plenteous harveſt preſs'd?
Swift to his view in gay ſucceſſion riſe,
The bright productions of autumnal ſkies.
Deck'd in their richeſt dreſs the plains appear,
And all the glories of the ripen'd year.
'Tis thus, great Sir, with hopes like theſe poſſeſs'd,
(Each fond emotion kindling in her breaſt)
Has Britain view'd her prince with anxious eyes,
And joy'd to ſee each genuine virtue riſe.
From tend'reſt infancy to childhood brought,
She bade each grace inform the riſing thought:
More vig'rous grown, ſhe hail'd the blooming ſhoot,
And the rich promiſe of the riper fruit.
But now matur'd ſhe ſees her proſpect riſe,
Beneath the genial warmth of Britiſh ſkies.
Sees the long courſe of gen'rous culture paſt,
And hopes the harveſt of her toils at laſt:
To future glories lifts her dazzl'd view,
And bids thoſe future glories reſt on You.
Nor vain her hopes—for ſure, if aught can charm
The human ſoul; if gen'rous thought can warm

The youthful breaſt, and bid each virtue there
Sprout forth redundant to th'enlivening air,
'Tis Publick Love! by nobleſt deeds expreſs'd!
The god-like tenant of the hero's breaſt!
By this inſpir'd, each ancient chief of fame
Gain'd the vaſt honour of a deathleſs name;
By this upheld, amidſt her patriot-band,
What ſplendid triumphs grac'd the Argive land!
By this Imperial Rome was taught to riſe,
And Eaſtern grandeur ſhone in Latian ſkies.
Beneath this ſun, emerging to the day,
Each glory ſhining with redoubl'd ray,
Majeſtick Britain roſe—Hail, native land!
Strong to ſubdue, and ſkilful to command.
No hoſtile force ſhall ſhake thy ſtedfaſt baſe,
Nor ſecret guile thy well-form'd plans deface;
While thine own ſons, by publick virtue fir'd,
By glory charm'd, by liberty inſpir'd,
Stand forth thy guardians, nations league in vain,
Britain ſhall ſway the trident of the main;
And wond'ring foes, in deep conviction, ſee
The force of Britiſh unanimity.
Be this, O George! be this thy nobleſt aim;
By this aſcent purſue the heights of fame!
Princes, like Heav'n, ſhould wide around diſpenſe
The rich profuſion of benevolence.
Great in their people's love, and wiſely juſt,
The beſt depoſits of the nobleſt truſt.
While, by each virtue rais'd, each grace refin'd,
Bv Heav'n advanc'd, they prove what Heav'n deſign'd,
The rulers and the ſaviours of mankind.

Thus, when by hoary age and toil oppreſs'd,
Your gracious Sire ſhall ſeek immortal reſt;
When, call'd by Heav'n, he joyfully lays down
A temp'ral circlet for an endleſs crown;

Your

Your virtues then ſhall Britain's loſs ſupply,
And bid affliction dry the ſtreaming eye:
Brunſwick again ſhall grace Britannia's throne,
Great in paternal fame, and ſpotleſs in his own!

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

BY MRS. MADAN.

Vitis ut arboribus decori eſt, ut vitibus uvæ;
Ut gregibus tauri, ſegetes ut pinguibus arvis;
Tu decus omne tuis. VIRG.

UNEQUAL, how ſhall I the ſearch begin,
Or paint with artleſs hand the awful ſcene?
Thro' paths divine with ſteps adventurous tread,
And trace the muſes to their fountain-head?
Ye ſacred Nine, your mighty aid impart,
Aſſiſt my numbers, and enlarge my heart!
Direct my lyre, and tune each trembling ſtring,
While Poetry's exalted charms I ſing;
How, free as air, her ſtrains ſpontaneous move,
Kindle to rage, or melt the ſoul to love:
How her firſt emanations dawn'd, diſcloſe;
And where, great ſource of verſe! bright Phœbus firſt aroſe.
Where nature warmth and genius has deny'd,
In vain are art's ſtiff languid powers apply'd.
Unforc'd the muſes ſmile, above controul:
No art can tune the inharmonius ſoul.
Some rules, 'tis true, unerring, you may cull,
And void of life, be regularly dull;
Correctly flat may flow each ſtudied rhime,
And each low period indolently chime.
A common ear, perhaps, or vulgar heart,
Such lays may pleaſe—the labour'd work of art!

Far

Far other ſtrains delight the poliſh'd mind,
The ear well judging, and the taſte refin'd.
To blend in heavenly numbers ſenſe and fire,
An Addiſon will aſk, a Pope require;
Genius alone can force, like theirs, beſtow,
As ſtars, unconſcious of their brightneſs, glow.
Hail Greece! from whence the ſpark etherial came,
That wide o'er earth diffus'd it's ſacred flame;
There the firſt laurel form'd a deathleſs ſhade,
And ſprung immortal for thy Homer's head.
There the great bard the riſing wonder wrought,
And plann'd the Iliad in his boundleſs thought;
By no mean ſteps to full perfection grew,
But burſt at once refulgent to the view.
Who can unmov'd the warm deſcription read,
Where the wing'd ſhaft repels the bounding ſteed?
Where the torn ſpoils of the rapacious war,
With ſhocking pomp adorn the victor's car?
When, from ſome hoſtile arm diſmiſs'd, the reed
On the mark'd foe directs it's thirſty ſpeed,
Such ſtrength, ſuch action, ſtrikes our eager ſight,
We view, and ſhudder at it's fatal flight;
We hear the ſtraighten'd yew recoiling ſtart,
And ſee thro' air glide ſwift the whizzing dart!
When higher themes a bolder ſtrain demand,
Life waits the poet's animating hand:
There, where majeſtick, to the ſangui'n'd field,
Stern Ajax ſtalks behind his ſeven-fold ſhield;
Or where, in poliſh'd arms ſeverely bright,
Pelides dreadful ruſhes to the fight;
With martial ardour breathes each kindling page
The direful havock and unbounded rage,
The claſh of arms tumultuous from afar,
And all that fires the hero's ſoul to war!
Bold Pindar next, with matchleſs force and fire
Divinely careleſs, wak'd the ſounding lyre,

Unbound

Unbound by rule, he urg'd each vigorous lay,
And gave his mighty genius room to play:
The Grecian games employ his daring strings,
In numbers rapid as the race he sings.
Mark, Muse, the conscious shade and vocal grove,
Where Sappho tun'd her melting voice to love,
While Echo each harmonious strain return'd,
And with the soft-complaining Lesbian mourn'd.
With roses crown'd, on flowers supinely laid,
Anacreon next the sprightly lyre essay'd,
In light fantastick measures beat the ground,
Or dealt the mirth-inspiring juice around.
No care, no thought, the tuneful Teian knew,
But mark'd with bliss each moment as it flew.
Behold the soil, where smooth Clitumnus glides,
And rolls thro' smiling fields his ductile tides;
Where swoln Eridanus in state proceeds,
And tardy Mincio wanders thro' the meads;
Where breathing flowers ambrosial sweets distil,
And the soft air with balmy fragrance fill.
O Italy! tho' joyful plenty reigns,
And Nature laughs amid thy bloomy plains;
Tho' all thy shades poetick warmth inspire,
Tune the rapt soul, and fan the sacred fire;
Those plains and shades shall reach th' appointed date,
And all their fading honours yield to fate:
Thy wide renown, and ever-blooming fame,
Stand on the basis of a nobler claim;
In thee his harp immortal Virgil strung,
Of shepherds, flocks, and mighty heroes sung.
See Horace, shaded by the lyrick wreathe,
Where every grace and all the muses breathe;
Where courtly ease adorns each happy line,
And Pindar's fire and Sappho's softness join.
Politely wise, with calm well-govern'd rage,
He lash'd the reigning follies of the age;

With wit, not ſpleen, indulgently ſevere,
To reach the heart he charm'd the liſtening ear.
When ſoothing themes each milder note employ,
Each milder note ſwells ſoft to love and joy;
Smooth as the fame-preſaging doves * that ſpread
Prophetick wreathes around his infant head.
Ye numerous bards unſung (whoſe various lays
A genius equal to your own ſhould praiſe)
Forgive the Muſe, who feels an inbred flame
Reſiſtleſs, to exalt her country's fame;
A foreign clime ſhe leaves—and turns her eyes
Where her own Britain's favourite towers ariſe;
Where Thames rolls deep his plenteous tides around,
His banks with thick-aſcending turrets crown'd;
Yet not theſe ſcenes th' impartial muſe could boaſt,
Were liberty, thy great diſtinction, loſt.
Britannia, hail! o'er whoſe luxuriant plain,
For the free natives waves the rip'ning grain:
'Twas ſacred Liberty's celeſtial ſmile
Firſt lur'd the muſes to thy generous iſle;
'Twas Liberty beſtow'd the power to ſing,
And bid the verſe-rewarding laurel ſpring.
Here Chaucer firſt his comick vein diſplay'd,
And merry tales in homely guiſe convey'd;
Unpoliſh'd beauties grac'd the artleſs ſong,
Tho' rude the diction, yet the ſenſe was ſtrong.
To ſmoother ſtrains chaſtiſing tuneleſs proſe,
In plain magnificence great Spencer roſe;
In forms diſtinct, in each creating line,
The virtues, vices, and the paſſions ſhine:
Subſervient Nature aids the poet's rage,
And with herſelf inſpires each nervous page.
Exalted Shakeſpeare, with a boundleſs mind,
Rang'd far and wide; a genius unconfin'd!

* Vide Hor. Lib. iii. Ode iv.

The

The paſſions ſway'd, and captive led the heart,
Without the critick's rules, and void of art:
So ſome fair clime, by ſmiling Phœbus bleſs'd,
And in a thouſand charms by Nature dreſs'd,
Where limpid ſtreams in wild meanders flow,
And on the mountains tow'ring foreſts grow,
With lovely landſcapes lures the raviſh'd ſight,
While each new ſcene ſupplies a new delight:
No induſtry of man, no needleſs toil,
Can mend the rich uncultivated ſoil.

While Cowley's lays with ſprightly vigour move,
Around him wait the gods of verſe and love;
So quick the crouding images ariſe,
The bright variety diſtracts our eyes;
Each ſparkling line, where fire with fancy flows,
The rich profuſion of his genius ſhows.

To Waller, next, my wandering view I bend,
Gentle, as flakes of feather'd ſnow deſcend:
Not the ſame ſnow, it's ſilent journey done,
More radiant glitters in the riſing ſun.
O happy nymph! who could thoſe lays demand,
And claim the care of this immortal hand:
In vain might age thy heavenly form invade,
And o'er thy beauties caſt an envious ſhade;
Waller the place of youth and bloom ſupplies,
And gives exhauſtleſs luſtre to thy eyes;
Each muſe aſſiſting riſles every grace,
To paint the wonders of thy matchleſs face.
Thus, when at Greece, divine Apelles ſtrove
To give to earth the radiant queen of love,
From each bright nymph ſome dazzling charm he took,
This fair-one's lips, another's lovely look;
Each beauty pleas'd, a ſmile, or air beſtows,
Till all the goddeſs from the canvas roſe.

Immortal Milton, hail! whoſe lofty ſtrain
With conſcious ſtrength does vulgar themes diſdain;

Sublime aſcended thy ſuperior ſoul,
Where neither lightnings flaſh, nor thunders roll;
Where other ſuns drink deep th' eternal ray,
And thence to other worlds tranſmit the day;
Where, high in ether, countleſs planets move,
And various moons, attendant, round them rove.
O bear me to thoſe ſoft, delightful ſcenes,
Where ſhades far-ſpreading boaſt immortal greens;
Where paradiſe unfolds her fragrant flowers,
Her ſweets unfading, and celeſtial bowers;
Where Zephyr breathes amid the blooming wild,
Gentle as Nature's infant-beauty ſmil'd;
Where gaily reigns one ever-laughing ſpring;
Eden's delights! which thou alone couldſt ſing.
Yet not theſe ſcenes could bound his daring flight;
Born to the taſk, he roſe a nobler height.
While o'er the lyre his hallow'd fingers fly,
Each wonderous touch awakens raptures high.
Thoſe glorious feats he boldly durſt explore,
Where faith alone, till then, had power to ſoar.
Smooth glide thy waves, O Thames, while I rehearſe
The name that taught thee firſt to flow in verſe *;
Let ſacred ſilence huſh thy grateful tides,
The oſier ceaſe to tremble on thy ſides;
Let thy calm waters gently ſteal along;
Denham this homage claims, while he inſpires my ſong.
Far as thy billows roll, diſpers'd away
To diſtant climes, the honour'd name convey:
Not Xanthus can a nobler glory boaſt,
In whoſe rich ſtream a thouſand floods are loſt.
The ſtrong, the ſoft, the moving, and the ſweet,
In artful Dryden's various numbers meet;
Aw'd by his lays, each rival bard retir'd:
So fades the moon, pale, lifeleſs, unadmir'd,

* Sir John Denham's Cooper's Hill.

When

When the bright ſun burſts glorious on the ſight,
With radiant luſtre, and a flood of light,
The comick muſe, with lively humour gay,
In Congreve's ſtrains does all her charms diſplay.
She rallies each abſurd impertinence,
And without labour laughs us into ſenſe.
The follies of mankind ſhe ſets to view,
In ſcenes ſtill pleaſing, and for ever new.
Sure Heaven, that deſtin'd William to be great,
The mighty bulwark of the Britiſh ſtate,
The ſcourge of tyrants, guardian of the law,
Beſtow'd a Garth, deſigning a Naſſau!
Wit, eaſe, and life, in Prior blended, flow,
Polite as Granville, ſoft as moving Rowe;
Granville, whoſe lays unnumber'd charms adorn,
Serene and ſprightly as the opening morn:
Rowe, who the ſpring of every paſſion knew,
And from our eyes call'd forth the opening dew;
Still ſhall his gentle muſe our ſouls command,
And our warm'd hearts confeſs his ſkilful hand.
Be this the leaſt of his ſuperior fame,
Whoſe happy genius caught great Lucan's flame,
Where noble Pompey dauntleſs meets his doom,
And each free ſtrain breathes Liberty and Rome.
O Addiſon, lamented, wond'rous bard!
The god-like hero's great, his beſt reward:
Not all the laurels reap'd on Blenheim's plains
A fame can give like thy immortal ſtrains *,
While Cato dictates in thy awful lines,
Cæſar himſelf with ſecond luſtre ſhines:
As our rais'd ſouls the great diſtreſs purſue,
Triumphs and crowns ſtill leſſen in our view;
We trace the victor with diſdainful eyes,
And all that made a Cato bleed, deſpiſe.

* The Campaign.

The

The bold pindarick, and ſoft lyrick muſe,
Breath'd all her energy in tuneful Hughes!
Muſick herſelf did on his lines beſtow
The poliſh'd luſtre, and enchanting flow!
His ſweet cantatas, and melodious ſong,
Shall ever warble on the ſkilful tongue!
When nobler themes a loftier ſtrain require,
His boſom glow'd with more than mortal fire!
Not Orpheus' ſelf* could in ſublimer lays
Have ſung th' omnipotent Creator's praiſe.
Damaſcus' moving fate, diſplay'd to view,
From every eye the ready tribute drew:
Th' attentive ear the bright Eudocia † charms,
And with the generous love of virtue warms;
She ſeems above the ills ſhe greatly bears,
While Phocyas' † woes command our guſhing tears.
Abudah † ſhines a pattern to mankind!
In him the hero and the man are join'd!
High on the radiant liſt, ſee! Pope appears,
With all the fire of youth, and ſtrength of years;
Where'er ſupreme he points the nervous line,
Nature and art in bright conjunction ſhine.
How juſt the turns! how regular the draught!
How ſmooth the language! how refin'd the thought!
Secure beneath the ſhade of early bays,
He dar'd the thunder of great Homer's lays;
A ſacred heat inform'd his heaving breaſt,
And Homer in his genius ſtands confeſs'd:
To heights ſublime he rais'd the pond'rous lyre,
And our cold iſle grew warm with Grecian fire!
Fain would I now th' excelling bard reveal,
And point the ſeat where all the muſes dwell;

* See Mr. Hughes's Ode, entitled, An Ode to the Creator of the World, occaſioned by the Fragments of Orpheus.

† Characters in his tragedy entitled The Siege of Damaſcus.

Where

Where Phœbus has his warmeſt ſmiles beſtow'd,
And who moſt labours with th' inſpiring god:
But while I ſtrive to fix the ray divine,
And round that head the laurel'd triumph twine,
Unnumber'd bards diſtract my dazzled ſight,
And my firſt choice grows faint with rival light.
So the white road that ſtreaks the cloudleſs ſkies,
When ſilver Cynthia's temperate beams ariſe,
Thick ſet with ſtars, o'er our admiring heads
One undiſtinguiſh'd ſtreamy twilight ſpreads;
Pleas'd we behold from heaven's unbounded height,
A thouſand orbs pour forth promiſcuous light:
While all around the ſpangled luſtre flows,
In vain we ſtrive to mark which brighteſt glows;
From each the ſame enlivening ſplendors fly,
And the diffuſive glory charms the eye.

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD,

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtilneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envy'd kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to it's mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unrol;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste it's sweetness on the desart air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool, ſequeſter'd vale of life,
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet e'en theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtick moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd;
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him, at the peep of dawn,
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes it's old fantaſtick roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove:
'Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

'The next, with dirges due, in ſad array,
'Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne:
'Approach, and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to miſ'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY W. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Arbuſta humileſque myricæ. VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo chearful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam,
Should Corydon's happen to ſtray,
Oh, call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.

Ah,

Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel:
Alas! I am faint and forlorn;
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewel.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine!
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain!
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journies all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus,

Thus, widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottoes are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limped and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.
Oh, how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As—ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear;
She will ſay, 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of it's young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold,
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold;
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught in her abſence could pleaſe.

But where does my Phyllida ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is every way pleaſing to me.

To ſee, as my fair-one goes by,
Some hermit peep out of his cell,
How he thinks on his youth with a ſigh!
How fondly he wiſhes her well!
On him ſhe may ſmile if ſhe pleaſe,
'Twill warm the cold boſom of age;
But ceaſe, gentle Phyllida, ceaſe!
Such ſoftneſs would ruin the ſage.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.

When

When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is beſtudded around;
And his pipe—O may Phyllis beware
Of a magick there is in the ſound!

'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
'How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
'And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold:
'How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
'With the notes of his charmer to vie;
'How they vary their accents in vain,
'Repine at her triumphs, and die.'

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then ſuiting the wreathe to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
'O Phyllis,' he whiſpers, 'more fair,
'More ſweet than the jeſſamine's flower!
'What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
'What is eglantine after a ſhower?

'Then the lily no longer is white;
'Then the roſe is depriv'd of it's bloom;
'Then the violets die with deſpite,
'And the woodbines give up their perfume.'

Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
—Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a ſtranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo compleat would be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inſpire;
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire,
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone!
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain,
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain,
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes;
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe!
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flower, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
Henceforth ſhall be Corydon's theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known!

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound thro' the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it began;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

THE PARTRIDGES.

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST OF AUGUST.

BY THE REV. MR. PRATT.

HARD by yon copſe that ſkirts the flow'ry vale,
As late I walk'd to taſte the ev'ning breeze,
A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
And notes of ſorrow echo'd thro' the trees.

Touch'd by the penſive ſound, I nearer drew;
But my rude ſtep increas'd the cauſe of pain!
Soon o'er my head the whirring partridge flew,
Alarm'd; and with her flew an infant train.

But ſhort th' excurſion; for, unus'd to play,
Feebly the unfledg'd wings th' eſſay could make:
The parent, ſhelter'd by the cloſing day,
Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there ſhe amply ſpread,
And huſh'd th' affrighted family to reſt;
But ſtill the late alarm ſuggeſted dread,
And cloſer to their feath'ry friend they preſs'd.

She, wretched parent! doom'd to various woe,
Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's care;
With grief foreſaw the dawn's impending blow,
And, to avert it, thus preferr'd her pray'r.

'O Thou! who e'en the ſparrow doſt befriend;
'Whoſe providence protects the harmleſs wren;
'Thou, God of birds! theſe innocents defend,
'From the vile ſport of unrelenting men.

'For

'For ſoon as dawn ſhall dapple yonder ſkies,
'The ſlaught'ring gunner, with the tube of fate,
'While the dire dog the faithleſs ſtubble tries,
'Shall perſecute our tribe with annual hate.

'O may the ſun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
'Parch with unuſual heat th' undewy ground;
'So ſhall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,
'So ſhall the ſportſman leave my babes unfound.

'Then ſhall I fearleſs guide them to the mead;
'Then ſhall I ſee with joy their plumage grow;
'Then ſhall I ſee (fond thought!) their future breed,
'And every tranſport of a parent know!

'But if ſome victim muſt endure the dart,
'And fate marks out that victim from my race,
'Strike, ſtrike the leaden vengeance thro' this heart,
'Spare, ſpare my babes; and I the death embrace!'

THE SQUIRE AND THE PARSON.

AN ECLOGUE.

BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

BY his hall chimney, where in ruſty grate
Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
In elbow-chair the penſive ſquire reclin'd,
Revolving debts and taxes in his mind:
A pipe juſt fill'd, upon a table near
Lay by the London Evening ſtain'd with beer,
With half a bible, on whoſe remnants torn
Each pariſh round was annually forſworn.
The gate now claps, as evening juſt grew dark,
Tray ſtarts, and with a growl prepares to bark;

But

But soon discerning, with sagacious nose,
The well-known savour of the parson's toes,
Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose.
The doctor entering, to the tankard ran,
Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began:

PARSON.

Why sit'st thou, thus forlorn and dull, my friend,
Now war's rapacious reign is at an end?
Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight!
See, bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night!

SQUIRE.

What's peace, alas! in foreign parts, to me?
At home, nor peace nor plenty can I see;
Joyless, I hear drums, bells, and fiddles sound,
'Tis all the same—four shillings in the pound.
My wheels, tho' old, are clogg'd with a new tax;
My oaks, tho' young, must groan beneath the axe:
My barns are half unthatch'd, untiled my house,
Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows:
See, there's the bill my late damn'd law-suit cost!
Long as the land contended for—and lost:
E'en Ormond's Head I can frequent no more,
So short my pocket is, so long the score;
At shops all round I owe for fifty things—
This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

I must confess the times are bad, indeed!
No wonder—when we scarce believe our creed;
When purblind Reason's deem'd the surest guide,
And heaven-born Faith at her tribunal try'd:
When all church-power is thought to make men slaves,
Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools and knaves.

SQUIRE.

Come, preach no more, but drink and hold your tongue.
I'm for the church: but think the parsons wrong.

PAR-

PARSON.

See there! Free-thinking now so rank is grown,
It spreads infection thro' each country town;
Deistick scoffs fly round at rural boards,
Squires, and their tenants too, prophane as lords.
Vent impious jokes on every sacred thing—

SQUIRE.

Come, drink!—

PARSON.

Here's to you, then; to church and king.

SQUIRE.

Here's church and king; I hate the glass should stand,
Tho' one takes tithes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heaven with new plagues will scourge this sinful nation,
Unless we soon repeal the toleration,
And to the church restore the convocation.

SQUIRE.

Plagues we should feel sufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houses, priest-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honest Plaids been trick'd by France.

PARSON.

Is not most gracious George our faith's defender?
You love the church, yet wish for the Pretender!

SQUIRE.

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean;
Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a dean:
But you must first learn how to treat your betters.
What's here? sure some strange news; a boy with letters!
O ho! here's one, I see, from Parson Sly:
'My reverend neighbour Squab being like to die,
'I hope, if Heaven should please to take him hence,
'To ask the living would be no offence.'

PARSON.

Have you not swore, that I should Squab succeed?
Think how for this I taught your sons to read;

How

How oft discover'd pufs on new-plough'd land;
How oft supported you with friendly hand,
When I could scarcely go, nor could your worship stand.

SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honest, wife, or civil;
Now e'en go court the bishops—or the devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die; —
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
Like that old presbyterian rascal Sly.
I am, you know, a right true-hearted Tory,
Love a good glass, a merry song, or story.

SQUIRE.

Thou art an honest dog, that's truth, indeed;
Talk no more nonsense, then, about the creed.
I can't, I think, deny thy first request:
'Tis thine; but first, a bumper to the best.

PARSON.

Most noble squire, more generous than your wine,
How pleasing's the condition you assign!
Give me the sparkling glass, and here, d'ye see,
With joy I drink it on my bended knee.
Great Queen †! who governest this earthly ball,
And makest both kings, and kingdoms, rise and fall;
Whose wondrous power in secret all things rules,
Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools;
Dispenses mitres, coronets, and staves;
Involves far distant realms in bloody wars,
Then bids the snaky tresses cease to hiss,
And gives them peace again—nay, giv'st us this;
Whose health does health to all mankind impart:—
Here's to thy much-lov'd health!

SQUIRE, *rubbing his hands.*

——With all my heart.

† Madam de Pompadour.

THE

THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN IN MDCC LXVI.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

BY DR. ROBERTS.

AMIDST the more important toils of ſtate,
The counſels labouring in thy patriot ſoul,
Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole:

O Chatham! nurs'd in ancient Virtue's lore,
To theſe ſad ſtrains incline a favouring ear;
Think on the God, whom thou and I adore,
Nor turn unpitying from the poor man's prayer!

Ah, me! how bleſs'd was once a peaſant's life!
No lawleſs paſſion ſwell'd my even breaſt:
Far from the ſtormy waves of civil ſtrife,
Sound were my ſlumbers, and my heart at reſt.

I ne'er for guilty, painful pleaſures rov'd,
But taught by Nature, and by choice, to wed,
From all the hamlet cull'd whom beſt I lov'd,
With her I ſhar'd my heart, with her my bed.

To gild her worth, I aſk'd no wealthy power,
My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
In youth, or age, in pain, or pleaſure's hour,
The ſame fond huſband, father, brother, friend.

And she, the faithful partner of my care,
When ruddy evening streak'd the western sky,
Look'd tow'rds the uplands, if her mate was there,
Or thro' the beech-wood cast an anxious eye:

Then, careful matron, heap'd the maple board
With savoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
From such plain food as Nature could afford,
Ere simple Nature was debauch'd by Art;

While I, contented with my homely chear,
Saw round my knees my prattling children play;
And oft, with pleas'd attention, sat to hear
The little history of their idle day.

But ah! how chang'd the scene! On the cold stones
Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
Pale Famine sits, and counts her naked bones,
Still sighs for food, still pines with vain desire.

My faithful wife, with ever-streaming eyes,
Hangs on my bosom her dejected head;
My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honest love,
On that bare bed behold your brother lie:
Three tedious days with pinching want he strove,
The fourth, I saw the helpless cherub die.

Nor long shall ye remain. With visage sour
Our tyrant lord commands us from our home;
And arm'd with cruel Law's coercive power,
Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet never, Chatham, have I paſs'd a day
In riot's orgies, or in idle eaſe;
Ne'er have I ſacrific'd to ſport and play,
Or wiſh'd a pamper'd appetite to pleaſe.

Hard was my fate, and conſtant was my toil;
Still with the morning's orient light I roſe,
Fell'd the ſtout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
Parch'd in the ſun, in dark December froze.

Is it that Nature with a niggard hand
Witholds her gifts from theſe once-favour'd plains?
Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
Sent dearth and famine to her labouring ſwains?

Ah, no! yon hill, where daily ſweats my brow,
A thouſand flocks, a thouſand herds adorn;
Yon field, where late I drove the painful plough,
Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.

But what avails that o'er the furrow'd ſoil
In autumn's heat the yellow harveſts riſe,
If artificial want elude my toil,
Untaſted plenty wound my craving eyes?

What profits, that at diſtance I behold
My wealthy neighbour's fragrant ſmoke aſcend,
If ſtill the griping cormorants withold
The fruits which rain and genial ſeaſons ſend?

If thoſe fell vipers of the publick weal
Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey;
If ſtill the curſe of penury we feel,
And in the midſt of plenty pine away?

In every port the veſſel rides ſecure,
That wafts our harveſt to a foreign ſhore:
While we the pangs of preſſing want endure,
The ſons of ſtrangers riot on our ſtore.

O generous Chatham! ſtop thoſe fatal ſails,
Once more with out-ſtretch'd arm thy Britons ſave;
Th' unheeding crew but wait for favouring gales,
O ſtop them, ere they ſtem Italia's wave!

From thee alone I hope for inſtant aid,
'Tis thou alone canſt ſave my children's breath;
O deem not little of our cruel meed!
O haſte to help us! for delay is death.

So may nor ſpleen nor envy blaſt thy name,
Nor voice prophane thy patriot acts deride;
Still may'ſt thou ſtand the firſt in honeſt fame,
Unſtung by folly, vanity, or pride!

So may thy languid limbs with ſtrength be brac'd,
And glowing health ſupport thy active ſoul;
With fair renown thy publick virtue grac'd,
Far as thou bad'ſt Britannia's thunder roll.

Then 'Joy to thee, and to thy children peace,'
The grateful hind ſhall drink from Plenty's horn:
And while they ſhare the cultur'd land's increaſe,
The poor ſhall bleſs the day when Pitt was born!

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

FROM

LORD WILLIAM RUSSEL, TO LORD WILLIAM CAVENDISH *.

BY GEORGE CANNING, ESQ.

LOST to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,
Still for my country's weal my heart beats high.
Tho' rattling chains ring peals of horror round,
While night's black ſhades augment the ſavage ſound,
'Midſt bolts and bars the active ſoul is free,
And flies, unfetter'd, Cavendiſh, to thee!
Thou dear companion of my better days,
When hand in hand we trod the paths of praiſe;
When, leagu'd with patriots, we maintain'd the cauſe
Of true religion, liberty, and laws;
Diſdaining down the golden ſtream to glide,
But bravely ſtemm'd Corruption's rapid tide;
Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,
Or melt thy generous ſoul with tales of woe!
No! view me firm, unſhaken, undiſmay'd,
As when the welcome mandate I obey'd.
Heavens! with what pride that moment I recal!
Who would not wiſh, ſo honour'd, thus to fall!
When England's Genius, hovering o'er, inſpir'd
Her choſen ſons, with love of Freedom fir'd,
Spite of an abject, ſervile, penſion'd train,
Minions of power, and worſhippers of gain,

* This Epiſtle is ſuppoſed to have been written by Lord Ruſſel, on Friday night, July 20, 1683, in Newgate; that priſon having been the place of his confinement for ſome days immediately preceding his execution.

To

To ſave from bigotry it's deſtin'd prey,
And ſhield three nations from tyrannick ſway.
'Twas then my Cavendiſh caught the glorious flame,
The happy omen of his future fame;
Adorn'd by Nature, perfected by Art,
The cleareſt head, and warmeſt, nobleſt heart,
His words, deep ſinking in each captiv'd ear,
Had power to make e'en Liberty more dear.
While I, unſkill'd in oratory's lore,
Whoſe tongue ne'er ſpeaks but when the heart runs o'er,
In plain blunt phraſe my honeſt thoughts expreſs'd,
Warm from the heart, and to the heart addreſs'd.
Juſtice prevail'd; yes, Juſtice, let me ſay,
Well pois'd her ſcales on that auſpicious day.
The watchful ſhepherd ſpies the wolf afar,
Nor truſts his flock to try th' unequal war:
What tho' the ſavage crouch in humble guiſe,
And check the fire that flaſhes from his eyes,
Should once his barbarous fangs the fold invade,
Vain were their cries, too late the ſhepherd's aid;
Thirſting for blood, he knows not how to ſpare,
His jaws diſtend, his fiery eye-balls glare,
While ghaſtly Deſolation, ſtalking round,
With mangled limbs beſtrews the purple ground.
Now, memory, fail! nor let my mind revolve,
How England's peers annull'd the juſt reſolve,
Againſt her boſom aim'd a deadly blow,
And laid at once her great Palladium low!
Degenerate nobles! Yes; by Heaven I ſwear,
Had Bedford's ſelf appear'd delinquent there,
And join'd, forgetful of his country's claims,
To thwart th' excluſion of apoſtate James,
All filial ties had then been left at large,
And I myſelf the firſt to urge the charge!
Such the fix'd ſentiments that rule my ſoul,
Time cannot change, nor tyranny controul;

While free, they hung upon my penſive brow,
Then my chief care, my pride and glory now;
Foil'd, I ſubmit, nor think the meaſure hard,
For conſcious virtue is it's own reward.
Vain then is force, and vain each ſubtle art,
To wring retraction from my tortur'd heart;
There lie, in marks indelible engrav'd,
The means whereby my country muſt be ſav'd:
Are to thine eyes thoſe characters unknown?
To read my inmoſt heart, conſult thine own;
There wilt thou find this ſacred truth reveal'd,
Which ſhall to-morrow with my blood be ſeal'd,
'Seek not infirm expedients to explore,
'But baniſh James, or England is no more.'
Friendſhip her tender offices may ſpare,
Nor ſtrive to move the unforgiving pair,
Hopeleſs the tyrant's mercy-ſeat to climb—
Zeal for my country's freedom, is my crime!
Ere that meets pardon, lambs with wolves ſhall range,
Charles be a ſaint, and James his nature change.
Preſs'd by my friends, and Rachael's fond deſires *,
(Who can deny what weeping love requires!)
Frailty prevail'd, and for a moment quell'd
Th' indignant pride that in my boſom ſwell'd;
I ſu'd—the weak attempt I bluſh to own—
I ſu'd for mercy, proſtrate at the throne.
O! blot the foible out, my noble friend!
With human firmneſs, human feelings blend!
When love's endearments ſofteſt moments ſeize,
And love's dear pledges hang upon the knees,
When Nature's ſtrongeſt ties the ſoul entral,
(Thou canſt conceive, for thou haſt felt them all!)
Let him reſiſt their prevalence who can;
He muſt, indeed, be more or leſs than man!

* Lady Rachael Ruſſel, his wife. See her Letters.

Yet

Yet let me yield my Rachael honour due,
The tendereſt wife, the nobleſt heroine too!
Anxious to ſave her huſband's honeſt name,
Dear was his life, but dearer ſtill his fame!
When ſuppliant prayers no pardon could obtain,
And, wond'rous ſtrange! e'en Bedford's gold prov'd vain,
The informer's part her generous ſoul abhorr'd,
Tho' life preſerv'd had been the ſure reward;
Let impious Eſcrick act ſuch treacherous ſcenes,
And ſhrink from death by ſuch opprobrious means.
O my lov'd Rachael! all-accompliſh'd fair!
Source of my joy, and ſoother of my care!
Whoſe heavenly virtues, and unfading charms,
Have bleſs'd thro' happy years my peaceful arms!
Parting with thee into my cup was thrown;
It's harſheſt dregs elſe had not forc'd a groan!
But all is o'er—theſe eyes have gaz'd their laſt—
And now the bitterneſs of death is paſt.
Burnet and Tillotſon, with pious care,
My fleeting ſoul for heavenly bliſs prepare;
Wide to my view the glorious realms diſplay,
Pregnant with joy, and bright with endleſs day.
Charm'd, as of old when Iſrael's prophet ſung,
Whoſe words diſtill'd like manna from his tongue,
While the great bard ſublimeſt truths explor'd,
Each raviſh'd hearer wonder'd and ador'd;
So rapt, ſo charm'd, my ſoul begins to riſe,
Spurns the baſe earth, and ſtrains to reach the ſkies!
But when, deſcending from the ſacred theme,
Of boundleſs power, and excellence ſupreme,
They would, for man, and his precarious throne,
Exact obedience, due to Heaven alone,
Forbid reſiſtance to his worſt commands,
And place God's thunderbolts in mortal hands;
The viſion ſinks to life's contracted ſpan,
And riſing paſſion ſpeaks me ſtill a man.

What!

What! ſhall a tyrant trample on the laws,
And ſtop the ſource whence all his power he draws!
His country's rights to foreign foes betray,
Laviſh her wealth, yet ſtipulate for pay!
To ſhameful falſhoods venal ſlaves ſuborn,
And dare to laugh the virtuous man to ſcorn!
Deride religion, juſtice, honour, fame,
And hardly know of honeſty the name!
In luxury's lap lie ſcreen'd from cares and pains,
And only toil to forge his ſubjects chains!
And ſhall he hope the publick voice to drown,
The voice which gave, and can reſume his crown!
When Conſcience bares her horrors, and the dread
Of ſudden vengeance, burſting o'er his head,
Wrings his black ſoul; when injur'd nations groan,
And cries of millions ſhake his tottering throne;
Shall flattering churchmen ſoothe his guilty ears,
With tortur'd texts, to calm his growing fears;
Exalt his power above th' etherial climes,
And call down Heaven to ſanctify his crimes!
O impious doctrine!—Servile prieſts away!
Your prince you poiſon, and your God betray.
Hapleſs the monarch, who, in evil hour,
Drinks from your cup the draught of lawleſs power!
The magick potion boils within his veins,
And locks each ſenſe in adamantine chains;
Reaſon revolts, infatiate [illegible] enſues,
The wild delirium each freſh draught renews;
In vain his people urge him to refrain,
His faithful ſervants ſupplicate in vain;
He quaffs at length, impatient of controul,
The bitter dregs that lurk within the bowl.
Zeal your pretence, but wealth and power your aims,
You e'en could make a Solomon of James.
Behold the pedant, thron'd in awkward ſtate,
Abſorb'd in pride, ridiculouſly great;

His courtiers ſeem to tremble at his nod,
His prelates call his voice, the voice of God;
Weakneſs and vanity with them combine,
And James believes his majeſty divine.
Preſumptuous wretch! Almighty Power to ſcan,
While every action proves him leſs than man!
By your deluſions to the ſcaffold led,
Martyr'd by you, a royal Charles has bled.
Teach, then, ye ſycophants! O teach his ſon,
The gloomy paths of tyranny to ſhun!
Teach him to prize religion's ſacred claim,
Teach him how virtue leads to honeſt fame;
How freedom's wreathe a monarch's brows adorns,
Nor, baſely fawning, plant his couch with thorns.
Point to his view his people's love alone,
The ſolid baſis of his ſtedfaſt throne;
Choſen by them their deareſt rights to guard,
The bad to puniſh, and the good reward,
Clement and juſt let him the ſceptre ſway,
And willing ſubjects ſhall with pride obey,
Shall vie to execute his high commands,
His throne their hearts, his ſword and ſhield their hands.
Happy the prince! thrice firmly fix'd his crown!
Who builds on publick good his chaſte renown;
Studious to bleſs, who knows no ſecond aim,
His people's intereſt, and his own, the ſame;
The eaſe of millions reſts upon his cares,
And thus Heav'n's high prerogative he ſhares.
Wide from the throne the bleſs'd contagion ſpreads,
O'er all the land it's gladdening influence ſheds;
Faction's diſcordant ſounds are heard no more,
And foul Corruption flies th' indignant ſhore.
His miniſters with joy their courſes run,
And borrow luſtre from the royal ſun.
But ſhould ſome upſtart, train'd in Slavery's ſchool,
Learn'd in the maxims of deſpotick rule,

Full fraught with forms, and grave pedantick pride,
(Myſterious cloak, the minds defects to hide!)
Sordid in ſmall things, prodigal in great,
Saving for minions, ſquandering for the ſtate—
Should ſuch a miſcreant, born for England's bane,
Obſcure the glories of a proſperous reign;
Gain, by the ſemblance of each praiſeful art,
A pious prince's unſuſpecting heart;
Envious of worth, and talents not his own,
Chaſe all experienc'd merit from the throne;
To guide the helm a motley crew compoſe,
Servile to him, the king's and country's foes;
Meanly deſcend each paultry place to fill,
With tools of power, and panders to his will;
Brandiſhing high the ſcorpion ſcourge o'er all,
Except ſuch ſlaves as bow the knee to Baal—
Should Albion's fate decree the baneful hour,
Short be the date of his deteſted power!
Soon may his ſovereign break his iron rods,
And hear his people—for their voice is God's!
Ceaſe then your wiles, ye fawning courtiers, ceaſe!
Suffer your rulers to repoſe in peace:
By reaſon led, give proper names to things,
God made them men, the people made them kings;
To all their acts but legal powers belong,
Thus England's monarch never can do wrong;
Of right divine let fooliſh Filmer dream,
The publick welfare is the law ſupreme.
Lives there a wretch, whoſe baſe degen'rate ſoul
Can crouch beneath a tyrant's ſtern controul?
Cringe to his nod, ignobly kiſs the hand
In galling chains that binds his native land?
Purchas'd by gold, or aw'd by ſlaviſh fear,
Abandon all his anceſtors held dear?
Tamely behold that fruit of glorious toil,
England's Great Charter, made a ruffian's ſpoil;

Hear, unconcern'd, his injur'd country groan,
Nor ſtretch an arm to hurl him from the throne?
Let ſuch to Freedom forfeit all their claims,
And Charles's minions be the ſlaves of James!
But ſoft awhile—Now, Cavendiſh, attend
The warm effuſions of thy dying friend;
Fearleſs who dares his inmoſt thoughts reveal,
When thus to Heaven he makes his laſt appeal.
'All-gracious God, whoſe goodneſs knows no bounds!
'Whoſe power the ample univerſe ſurrounds!
'In whoſe great balance, infinitely juſt,
'Kings are but men, and men are only duſt;
'At thy tribunal, low thy ſuppliant falls,
'And here condemn'd, on thee for mercy calls!
'Thou hear'ſt not, Lord, an hypocrite complain!
'And ſure with thee hypocriſy were vain;
'To thy all-piercing eye the heart lies bare,
'Thou know'ſt my ſins, and, knowing, ſtill canſt ſpare!
'Though partial power it's miniſters may awe,
'And murder here by ſpecious forms of law;
'The axe, which executes the harſh decree,
'But wounds the fleſh, to ſet the ſpirit free!
'Well may the man a tyrant's frown deſpiſe,
'Who, ſpurning earth, to heaven for refuge flies;
'And on thy mercy, when his foes prevail,
'Builds his firm truſt—that rock can never fail!
'Hear then, Jehovah! hear thy ſervant's prayer!
'Be England's welfare thy peculiar care!
'Defend her laws, her worſhip, chaſte and pure,
'And guard her rights while heaven and earth endure!
'O let not ever fell tyrannick ſway
'His blood-ſtain'd ſtandard on her ſhores diſplay!
'Nor fiery zeal uſurp thy holy name,
'Blinded with blood, and wrapt in rolls of flame!
'In vain let Slavery ſhake her threat'ning chain,
'And Perſecution wave her torch in vain!

'Ariſe,

'Ariſe, O Lord! and hear thy people's call!
'Nor for one man let three great kingdoms fall!
'O that my blood may glut the barbarous rage
'Of Freedom's foes, and England's ills aſſuage!
'Grant but that prayer, I aſk for no repeal,
'A willing victim for my country's weal!
'With rapt'rous joy the crimſon ſtream ſhall flow,
'And my heart leap to meet the friendly blow!
'But ſhould the fiend, tho' drench'd with human gore,
'Dire Bigotry, inſatiate, thirſt for more;
'And, arm'd from Rome, ſeek this devoted land;
'Death in her eye, and bondage in her hand:
'Blaſt her fell purpoſe! blaſt her foul deſires!
'Break ſhort her ſword, and quench her horrid fires!
'Raiſe up ſome champion, zealous to maintain
'The ſacred compact by which monarchs reign!
'Wiſe to foreſee all danger from afar,
'And brave to meet the thunders of the war!
'Let pure religion, not to forms confin'd,
'And love of freedom, fill his generous mind!
'Warm let his breaſt with ſparks celeſtial glow,
'Benign to man, the tyrant's deadly foe!
'While ſinking nations reſt upon his arm,
'Do thou the great Deliverer ſhield from harm!
'Inſpire his councils! aid his righteous ſword!
'Till Albion rings with Liberty reſtor'd!
'Thence let her years in bright ſucceſſion run!
'And Freedom reign coeval with the ſun!'
'Tis done, my Cavendiſh; Heav'n has heard my pray'r:
So ſpeaks my heart, for all is rapture there.
To Belgia's coaſt advert thy raviſh'd eyes,
That happy coaſt whence all our hopes ariſe!
Behold the Prince, perhaps thy future king!
From whoſe green years matureſt bleſſings ſpring;
Whoſe youthful arm, when all-o'erwhelming power
Ruthleſs march'd forth his country to devour,

With

With firm-brac'd nerve repell'd the brutal force,
And ſtopp'd th' unweildy giant in his courſe.
Great William, hail! who ſceptres could deſpiſe,
And ſpurn a crown with unretorted eyes!
O when will princes learn to copy thee,
And leave mankind, as Heaven ordain'd them, free!
Haſte, mighty chief! our injur'd rights reſtore!
Quick ſpread thy ſails for Albion's longing ſhore!
Haſte, mighty chief! ere millions groan enſlav'd;
And add three realms to one already ſav'd!
While Freedom lives, thy memory ſhall be dear,
And reap freſh honours each returning year;
Nations preſerv'd ſhall yield immortal fame,
And endleſs ages bleſs thy glorious name!
Then ſhall my Cavendiſh, foremoſt in the field,
By juſtice arm'd, his ſword conſpicuous wield;
While willing legions croud around his car,
And ruſh impetuous to the righteous war.
On that great day be every chance defy'd,
And think thy Ruſſel combats by thy ſide;
Nor, crown'd with victory, ceaſe thy generous toil,
Till firmeſt peace ſecure this happy iſle.
Ne'er let thine honeſt, open heart, believe
Profeſſions ſpecious, forg'd but to deceive;
Fear may extort them, when reſources fail,
But O! reject the baſeleſs, flattering tale.
Think not that promiſes or oaths can bind,
With ſolemn ties, a Rome-devoted mind;
Which yields to all the holy juggler ſaith,
And deep imbibes the bloody, damning faith.
What tho' the bigot raiſe to heaven his eyes,
And call th' Almighty witneſs from the ſkies!
Soon as the wiſh'd occaſion he explores,
To plant the Roman croſs on England's ſhores,
All, all will vaniſh, while his prieſts applaud,
And ſaint the perjurer for the pious fraud!

Far let him fly theſe freedom-breathing climes,
And ſeek proud Rome, the foſterer of his crimes;
There let him ſtrive to mount the Papal chair,
And ſcatter empty thunders in the air,
Grimly preſide in ſuperſtition's ſchool,
And curſe thoſe kingdoms he could never rule.
Here let me pauſe, and bid the world adieu,
While heaven's bright manſions open to my view!
Yet ſtill one care, one tender care remains;
My bounteous friend, relieve a father's pains!
Watch o'er my ſon, inform his waxen youth,
And mould his mind to virtue and to truth;
Soon let him learn fair liberty to prize,
And envy him who for his country dies;
In one ſhort ſentence to comprize the whole,
Transfuſe to his the virtues of thy ſoul.
Preſerve thy life, my too, too generous friend,
Nor ſeek with mine thy happier fate to blend!
Live for thy country, live to guard her laws;
Proceed, and proſper, in the glorious cauſe;
While I, tho' vanquiſh'd, ſcorn the field to fly,
But boldly face my foes, and bravely die!
Let princely Monmouth courtly wiles beware,
Nor truſt too far to fond paternal care;
Too oft dark deeds deform the midnight cell,
Heaven only knows how noble Eſſex fell!
Sidney yet lives, whoſe comprehenſive mind
Ranges at large thro' ſyſtems unconfin'd;
Wrapt in himſelf, he ſcorns the tyrant's power,
And hurls defiance even from the Tower;
With tranquil brow awaits th' unjuſt decree,
And, arm'd with virtue, looks to follow me.
Cavendiſh, farewel! May Fame our names entwine!
Thro' life I lov'd thee—dying, I am thine;
With pious rites let duſt to duſt be thrown,
And thus inſcribe my monumental ſtone:

'Here RUSSEL lies, enfranchis'd by the grave!
'He priz'd his birthright, nor would live a ſlave.
'Few were his words, but honeſt and ſincere,
'Dear were his friends, his country ſtill more dear;
'In parents, children, wife, ſupremely bleſs'd,
'But that one paſſion ſwallow'd all the reſt;
'To guard her freedom was his only pride;
'Such was his love, and for that love he dy'd.
'Yet fear not thou, when Liberty diſplays
'Her glorious flag, to ſteer his courſe to praiſe;
'For know, (whoe'er thou art that read'ſt his fate,
'And think'ſt, perhaps, his ſufferings were too great!)
'Bleſs'd as he was, at her imperial call,
'Wife, children, parents, he reſign'd them all;
'Each fond affection then forſook his ſoul,
'And Amor Patriæ occupied the whole;
'In that great cauſe he joy'd to meet his doom,
'Bleſs'd the keen axe, and triumph'd o'er the tomb!"
The hour draws near—But what are hours to me?
Hours, days, and years hence undiſtinguiſh'd flee!
Time, and his glaſs, unheeded paſs away,
Abſorb'd and loſt in one vaſt flood of day!
On Freedom's wings my ſoul is borne on high,
And ſoars exulting to it's native ſky!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary proſpects round us riſe;
The naked hill, the leafleſs grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning ſkies!

Nor

Nor only through the waſted plain,
Stern winter, is thy force confeſs'd;
Still wider ſpreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power uſurp my breaſt.

Enlivening hope, and fond deſire,
Reſign the heart to ſpleen and care;
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture ſaddens to deſpair.

In groundleſs hope, and cauſeleſs fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The ſlave of ſunſhine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and falſe alarms,
With mental and corporeal ſtrife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And ſcreen me from the ills of life!

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT

OF HIS

JOURNEY TO IRELAND.

TO MR. JOHN ELLIS.

BY MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, July 5, 1744.

BY the lyre of Apollo, the locks of the muſes,
And the pure lucid ſtream Aganippe produces,
My Ellis, I love thee, then pay me in kind,
Let the thought of a friend never ſlip from your mind;

So may fancy and judgment together combine,
And thy boſom be fill'd with an ardour divine;
That thy brows may the laurel with juſtice ſtill claim,
And the temple of liberty mount thee to fame.
If it e'er can give pleaſure to know my career,
When proud London I left with intentions ſo queer,
Accept it in verſe.—On the very firſt day
When the queen of warm paſſions precedes the fair May;
When, ſo cuſtom preſcribes, and, to follow old rules,
One half of mankind makes the other half fools;
From the town I firſt breath'd in, I ſally'd in haſte,
Thro' Highgate, and Finchley, and Barnet, I paſs'd:
At St. Alban's I din'd with a laughing gay crew,
Not compleat was the ſet without Tucker and you.
Where * the Eighth of our Harries deſerted his mate,
And procur'd a full ſentence againſt his old Kate,
Our briſk company ſupp'd, while our wine gave a ſpring,
And tho' at the Crown, we ne'er thought of the King.
The morrow ſucceeding I got from my bed,
As a ſheet, all the roads were with ſnows overſpread;
But the gods, who will never abandon a poet,
As oft has been ſaid, condeſcended to ſhow it:
In a coach and ſix horſes the ſtorm I defy'd;
And, left by my friends, thro' the tempeſt I ride.
Newport-Pagnel receiv'd me, and gave me a dinner,
And a bed at Northampton was preſs'd by a ſinner:
No ſigns of fair weather, the Weſt-Cheſter coach
At nine the next morning, a welcome approach,
Preſents freſh example; I travell'd all day,
At Crick eat my dinner, at Coventry lay;
I tremble whene'er I reflect on the roads
That led to thoſe dirty worm-eaten abodes,
Where a woman † rode naked their taxes to clear,
And a tayl[illegible] for peeping paid damnably dear;

* Dunſtable. † Lady Godina.

For

For two parliaments fam'd *, which intail a diſgrace,
And have left their foul manners to poiſon the place.
Next morning the ſun, with a face of red hue,
Had clear'd up th' expanſe, and array'd it in blue,
When I left the vile town, 'gainſt which ever I'll rail,
While Meriden † offers no humble regale;
But near Mixal Park din'd at houſe of mean fame,
And at night to the field of ſlain carcaſſes came ‡;
Tho' full old are thy tow'rs, yet receive my juſt praiſe,
May the ale be recorded, and live in my lays!
Thy Gothick cathedral new homage ſtill claims,
Nor refuſe I thy due, tho' repair'd by King James §.
I forgot to adviſe you, the ſky being clear,
'Twas at Coventry firſt I aſcended my chair,
But, alas! on the morrow, how diſmal the ſight!
For the day had aſſum'd all the horrors of night;
The clouds their gay viſage had chang'd to a frown,
And in a white mantle cloath'd Litchfield's old town;
But at noon all was o'er, when intrepid and bold
As a train-band commander, or Falſtaff of old,
And proudly defying the wind and the ſnow,
When the danger was paſt, I determin'd to go.
At Stone I repos'd, but at Ouſley I din'd,
Where our reck'ning was cheap, and the landlord was kind:
Next morning we ſally'd, and Staffordſhire loſt;
But not ill entertain'd by a Ceſtrian hoſt.
On the banks of the Wever, at Namptwich, renown'd
For an excellent brine pit, our dinner we found;

* A parliament was held here in the reign of Henry IV. called *Parliamentum Indoctorum*; and another in that of Henry VI. called *Diabolicum*.

† Meriden is famous for ale.

‡ *Campus Cadaverum*, was the ancient name for Litchfield, on account of a perſecution there in the days of Diocleſian.

§ King James II.

The wine was not bad, tho' the ale did diſpleaſe,
And an unctuous deſert was ſerv'd up of old cheeſe;
But as time will not tarry, our courſe we reſume,
And St. George's dragoons take their ſeats in our room *;
So travelling onwards, with pleaſure we ſee
Old Caerleon ſo famous o'er-looking the Dee;
Four days there we reſted; and, blitheſome and gay,
Forgot the bad weather we met on the way;
Then old Cheſter, farewel, till I ſee thee again,
And can ſtroll thro' thy ſtreets without dreading the rain †;
May thy river ſtill ſwell ‡, better pleas'd with his charge,
Than when Edgar was row'd by eight kings in his barge!
Be the maidens all virtuous who drink of thy tide,
And each virgin in bloom be affianc'd a bride!
May the heart and the hand at the altar be join'd,
And no matron complain that a huſband's unkind!
Let their bounty to ſtrangers reſound in each ſong;
Be Barnſtone § their copy, they cannot go wrong.
O'er the cuts of the river our track we purſue,
And old Flint in the proſpect now riſes to view;
How ſtrange to behold! here our language is fled;
To converſe with theſe people 's to talk to the dead;
And a Turk or Chineſe is as well underſtood
By theſe roiſters, who boaſt of Cadwalladar's blood,
As an Engliſhman here, who is certainly undone,
If he thinks to make uſe of the language of London.
From Flint we depart with our landlord and guide,
Who ſhew'd us that kindneſs which courts never try'd;

* General St. George's dragoons were marching up to London, and a party of them juſt came in when we were leaving it.

† The ſtreets of Cheſter have ſhops on each ſide covered over; which, if not beautiful to the eye, at leaſt preſerve one from the rain.

‡ People are now employed to make the River Dee navigable up to the town.

§ Robert Barnſtone, Eſq. who uſed me with the utmoſt hoſpitality.

The

The caſtle where Richard * his grandeur laid down,
And betray'd his own life by ſurrend'ring the crown:
Now the well † we ſurvey, where a virgin ‡ of old
To all flame but religion's was lifeleſs and cold;
When in vain princely Cradoc had offer'd his bed,
The mercileſs heathen e'en chopp'd off her head:
Hence the ſtones are diſtain'd with the colour of blood,
And each cripple is cur'd who will bathe in the flood.
Thus the rankeſt abſurdity brain can conceive,
Superſtition impoſes, and crowds will believe!
Turn from legends and nonſenſe to ſee a gay ſight,
Where the meadows of Clewyn § the ſenſes delight,
And excuſe that I aim not to point out the place,
Leſt my numbers too lowly the landſcape diſgrace.
At Rhyland we dine, and a caſtle we view,
Whoſe founder I'd name if the founder I knew;
But our hoſt gives the word, and we hurry away,
Leſt the length of the journey out-run the ſhort day;
Now aſcend Penmenroſe, oh! beware as you riſe,
What a proſpect of horror, what dreadful ſurprize!
See that height more ſublime, which no footſteps e'er try'd!
There the ocean roars loudly; how awful his pride!
How narrow the path! obſerve where you tread,
Nor ſtumble the feet, nor grow dizzy the head;
If you ſlip, not mankind can avert your ſad doom,
Daſh againſt the rough rocks, and the ſea for your tomb!
The danger is paſt, and now Conway's broad beach,
Fatigu'd and diſmay'd, with great gladneſs we reach;
In a leaky old boat we were wafted ſafe o'er
(Tho' two drunkards our ſteerſmen) to th' oppoſite ſhore.

* It was at this place that Richard was prevailed upon to reſign the crown.
† Holywell.
‡ St. Winifred, patroneſs of Wales.
§ The vale of Clewyn.

Here

Here the town and the river are both of a name,
And boaſt the Firſt Edward, who rais'd her to fame:
There a ſupper was order'd, which no one could touch,
This too little was boil'd, and that roaſted too much;
To his chamber full hungry each pilgrim retreats,
And forgets his loſt meal 'twixt a pair of Welch ſheets.
A caſtle hard by I with pleaſure behold,
Which kings had long dwelt in, or giants of old;
But the daw, and each night-bird, now builds up her neſt,
And with clamours and ſhrieks the old manſion infeſt.
We waken'd at four, and our hoſt left us here,
As the worſt ways were paſt, ſo but ſmall was our fear;
We follow'd our route, and croſs'd Penmenmaur's ſide,
Where the prudent will walk, but the bolder will ride.
Still above us old rocks ſeem to threaten a fall,
And preſent to ſpectators the form of a wall.
Now Bangor we reach—oh! if e'er thou hadſt fame,
Tho' lawn ſleeves thou beſtow'ſt, on my life, 'tis a ſhame!
There we croſs o'er an arm of the ſea, and carouſe
On the oppoſite ſhore at an excellent houſe;
Thro' Angleſea's iſland we rattle our chaiſe,
While the goats all in wonder ſeem on us to gaze;
For be pleas'd to obſerve, and with diligence note,
That 'twas here firſt in Wales that I met with a goat.
O'er roads rough and craggy our journey we ſped,
Nor baited again till we reach'd Holyhead.
The next day, at noon, in the Wyndham we ſail,
And the packet danc'd briſk with a proſperous gale.
We at ten paſs'd the Bar *; in the wherry confin'd,
Which ſwims on no water, and ſails with no wind.
Till near two we ſat curſing; in vain they may row,
Not a ſnail is ſo ſluggiſh, nor tortoiſe ſo ſlow;
Till a boat took us in, and at length ſet us down
At the quay of St George in St. Patrick's chief town:

* Dublin Bar.

Thence

Thence I wrote to my friend, nor believe what thoſe ſay,
Or too fond to find fault, or too wantonly gay,
Who with taunts contumelious this iſland o'erload,
As with bogs and with blunders and nonſenſe full flow'd;
For, believe me, they live not unbleſs'd with good air,
And their daughters are beauteous, and ſons debonair:
Here tho' Bacchus too often diſplays his red face,
Yet Minerva he holds in the ſtricteſt embrace;
Nor the maiden is coy ev'ry charm to reſign;
And the ivy and laurel peep forth from the vine.
Thus I've told you in verſe the whole progreſs I took,
As true as if ſworn in full court on the book:
Let me know how in London you meaſure your time;
'Twill be welcome in proſe, but twice welcome in rhyme.

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary:
For once, I'll ſeek my wiſh to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton ſprite,
Who lurk'ſt in woods unſeen;
And oft by Cynthia's ſilver light,
Trip'ſt gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient ſtories tell;
And for th' Athenian maid * who lov'd,
Thou ſought'ſt a wondrous ſpell;

* See Midſummer Night's Dream.

O deign

O deign once more t' exert thy power!
Haply ſome herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice of weſtern flower *,
Compels a balm for me.

I aſk no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to pleaſe;
Far from the heart thoſe gifts remove,
That ſigh for peace and eaſe!

Nor peace, nor eaſe, the heart can know,
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe;
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as diſtreſs the ſoul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliſs but to a certain bound;
Beyond, is agony.

Then take this treach'rous ſenſe of mine,
Which dooms me ſtill to ſmart;
Which pleaſure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

O, haſte to ſhed the ſovereign balm,
My ſhatter'd nerves new ſtring;
And for my gueſt, ſerenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring!

At her approach, ſee Hope, ſee Fear,
See Expectation fly!
And Diſappointment in the rear,
That blaſts the promis'd joy.

* See Midſummer Night's Dream.

The tear which Pity taught to flow,
  The eye ſhall then diſown;
The heart that melts for others woe,
  Shall then ſcarce feel it's own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
  Each moment then ſhall cloſe;
And tranquil days ſhall ſtill ſucceed
  To nights of calm repoſe.

O Fairy Elf! but grant me this,
  This one kind comfort ſend;
And ſo may never-fading bliſs
  Thy flow'ry paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
  Thy tiny footſteps lead
To ſome new region of delight,
  Unknown to mortal tread!

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
  With heav'n's ambroſial dew;
From ſweeteſt, freſheſt flow'rs diſtill'd,
  That ſhed freſh ſweets for you!

And what of life remains for me,
  I'll paſs in ſober eaſe;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
  Content but half to pleaſe.

THE FAIRY'S ANSWER

TO MRS. GREVILLE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF C——.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend,
These hasty lines I'm bid to send,
Or give, if I am able;
I dare not hesitate to say,
Tho' I have trembled all the day,
It looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme,
And should it strike you as a dream,
Yet soon it's high import
Must make you own the matter such,
So delicate, it were too much
To be compos'd in sport.

The moon did shine serenely bright,
And every star did deck the night,
While Zephyr fann'd the trees;
No more assail'd my mind's repose,
Save that yon stream, which murmuring flows,
Did echo to the breeze.

Enrapt in solemn thought, I sate,
Revolving o'er the turns of Fate,
Yet void of hope or fear;
When, lo! behold an airy throng,
With lightest steps, and jocund song,
Surpriz'd my eye and ear.

A form ſuperior to the reſt,
His little voice to me addreſs'd,
And gently thus began:
'I've heard ſtrange things from one of you,
'Pray tell me if you think 'tis true,
'Explain it if you can.

'Such incenſe has perfum'd my throne,
'Such eloquence my heart has won,
'I think I gueſs the hand!
'I know her wit and beauty too,
'But why ſhe ſends a prayer ſo new
'I cannot underſtand.

'To light ſome flames, and ſome revive,
'To keep ſome others juſt alive,
'Full oft I am implor'd;
'But, with peculiar power to pleaſe,
'To ſupplicate for nought but eaſe,
''Tis odd, upon my word!

'Tell her, with fruitleſs care I've ſought;
'And tho' my realms, with wonders fraught,
'In remedies abound,
'No grain of cold Indifference
'Was ever yet ally'd to Senſe,
'In all my Fairy round.

'The regions of the ſky I'd trace,
'I'd ranſack every earthly place,
'Each leaf, each herb, each flower,
'To mitigate the pangs of Fear,
'Diſpel the clouds of black Deſpair,
'Or lull the reſtleſs hour!

'I would be generous, as I'm juſt,
'But I obey, as others muſt,
'Thoſe laws which Fate has made:
'My tiny kingdom how defend,
'And what might be the horrid end
'Should man my ſtate invade!

'Twould put your mind into a rage,
'And ſuch unequal war to wage
'Suits not my regal duty!
'I dare not change a firſt decree,
'She's doom'd to pleaſe, nor can be free!
'Such is the lot of Beauty.'

This ſaid, he darted o'er the plain,
And after follow'd all his train;
No glimpſe of him I find:
But ſure I am, the little ſprite,
Theſe words, before he took his flight,
Imprinted on my mind.

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

BY MR. TICKEL.

OH! form'd by Nature, and refin'd by Art,
With charms to win, and ſenſe to fix the heart!
By thouſands ſought, Clotilda, can'ſt thou free
Thy crowd of captives, and deſcend to me?
Content in ſhades obſcure to waſte thy life,
A hidden beauty, and a country wife!
O liſten while thy ſummers are my theme!
Ah, ſoothe thy partner in his waking dream!

In

In ſome ſmall hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames, thro' meadows, rolls his mazy train;
Or where high Windſor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks, and ſpreads his ample ſhade,
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat:
Already, round the viſionary ſeat,
Our limes begin to ſhoot, our flow'rs to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing.
Where doſt thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green;
Thou nameleſs lawn, and village yet unſeen;
Where ſons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travel farther than ten furlongs round;
And the tann'd peaſant, and his ruddy bride,
Were born together, and together died!
Where early larks beſt tell the morning-light,
And only Philomel diſturbs the night!
'Midſt gardens here my humble pile ſhall riſe,
With ſweets ſurrounded of ten thouſand dyes;
All ſavage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes ſhall my woods aſcend;
And, O! if Heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
A rill ſhall warble croſs the gloomy grove;
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Guſh down the ſteep, and glitter thro' the glade!
What chearing ſcents thoſe bord'ring banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thruſh, how ſhrill! his note ſo clear, ſo high,
He drowns each feather'd minſtrel of the ſky.
Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the ſprightly horn;
Or lure the trout with well-diſſembled flies,
Or fetch the flutt'ring partridge from the ſkies:
Nor ſhall thy hand diſdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
Or rob the bee-hive of it's golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.

Some-

Sometimes my books by day ſhall kill the hours,
While from thy needle riſe the ſilken flow'rs;
And thou, by turns, to eaſe my feeble ſight,
Reſume the volume, and deceive the night.
O! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppreſs'd,
Soft whiſp'ring, let me warn my love to reſt;
Then watch thee, charm'd, while ſleep locks every ſenſe,
And to ſweet Heav'n commend thy innocence.
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wiſe, hale, and honeſt, in the days of old;
Till courts aroſe, where ſubſtance pays for ſhow,
And ſpecious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants, large, well ſpread, and right;
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night:
Mark how th' embroider'd col'nel ſneaks away,
To ſhun the with'ring dame that made him gay.
That knave, to gain a title, loſt his fame;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's ſhame:
This coxcomb's ribband coſt him half his land;
And oaks unnumber'd bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his ſorrows were too few,
Acquires ſtrange wants that Nature never knew!
By midnight-lamps he emulates the day,
And ſleeps, perverſe, the chearful ſuns away;
From goblets high emboſs'd his wine muſt glide;
Round his clos'd ſight the gorgeous curtain ſlide;
Fruits, ere their time, to grace his pomp, muſt riſe,
And three untaſted courſes glut his eyes.
For this are Nature's gentle calls withſtood,
The voice of conſcience, and the bonds of blood!
This, Wiſdom, thy reward for ev'ry pain!
And this, gay Glory, all thy mighty gain!
Fair phantoms, woo'd and ſcorn'd from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh, or prieſts to rage:
And yet, juſt curſe on man's aſpiring kind,
Prone to ambition, to example blind,

Our children's children ſhall our ſteps purſue,
And the ſame errors be for ever new!
Meanwhile, in hope a guiltleſs country ſwain,
My reed with warblings chears th' imagin'd plain.
Hail, humble ſhades, where truth and ſilence dwell!
Thou, noiſy town, and faithleſs court, farewel!
Farewel ambition, once my darling flame!
The thirſt of lucre, and the charm of fame!
In life's bye-road, that winds thro' paths unknown,
My days, tho' number'd, ſhall be all my own!
Here ſhall they end (O might they twice begin!)
And all be white the fates intend to ſpin.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY-BOX.

BY MR. ROBERT LLOYD.

Vos ſapere et ſolos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. HOR.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wiſhes for the rural ſhade,
And buckles to his one-horſe chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in cloſely by his ſide,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a ſtool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce paſt the turnpike half a mile,
'How all the country ſeems to ſmile!'
And as they ſlowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry houſe ſhe ſees,

Admires

Admires it's views, it's ſituation,
And thus ſhe opens her orations:
'What ſignifies the loads of wealth,
'Without that richeſt jewel, health?
'Except the fondneſs of a wife,
'Who doats upon your precious life!
'Such eaſeleſs toil, ſuch conſtant care,
'Is more than human ſtrength can bear:
'One may obſerve it in your face—
'Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
'And nothing can your health repair,
'But exerciſe, and country air.
'Sir Traffick has a houſe, you know,
'About a mile from Cheney Row:
'He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true,
'But not ſo warm, my dear, as you;
'And folks are always apt to ſneer—
'One would not be out-done, my dear!'
Sir Traffick's name ſo well apply'd,
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmoſt deference to his wife,
Confeſs'd her arguments had reaſon;
And by th' approaching ſummer ſeaſon,
Draws a few hundreds from the ſtocks,
And purchaſes his Country-box.
Some three or four miles out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And ſo convenient does it lay,
The ſtages paſs it ev'ry day:
And then ſo ſnug, ſo mighty pretty,
To have a houſe ſo near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're ſet down at the very door.

Well

Well then, ſuppoſe them fix'd at laſt,
White-waſhing, painting, ſcrubbing paſt;
Hugging themſelves in eaſe and clover,
With all the fuſs of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head!
'Well; to be ſure, it muſt be own'd,
'It is a charming ſpot of ground:
'So ſweet a diſtance for a ride,
'And all about ſo countrify'd!
''Twould come to but a trifling price
'To make it quite a paradiſe!
'I cannot bear thoſe naſty rails,
'Thoſe ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
'Suppoſe, my dear, inſtead of theſe,
'We build a railing all Chineſe;
'Altho' one hates to be expos'd,
''Tis diſmal to be thus enclos'd:
'One hardly any object ſees—
'I wiſh you'd fell thoſe odious trees.
'Objects continual paſſing by,
'Were ſomething to amuſe the eye;
'But to be pent within the walls,
'One might as well be at St. Paul's.
'Our houſe, beholders would adore,
'Was there a level lawn before,
'Nothing it's views to incommode,
'But quite laid open to the road;
'While ev'ry trav'ller in amaze,
'Should on our little manſion gaze;
'And pointing to the choice retreat,
'Cry, "That's Sir Thrifty's country-ſeat!"
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.
Bleſs'd age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoiſſeur;

When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a ſingle word;
Tho', like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Chriſtian names—
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je ne ſçai quoi, Virtù:
Which appellations all deſcribe
TASTE, and the modern taſteful tribe.
Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chineſe artiſts and deſigners,
Produce their ſchemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The uſeful dome, which ſecret ſtood,
Emboſom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ller with amazement ſees
A temple Gothick or Chineſe,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And creſted with a ſprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent aſtride
A ditch of water, four feet wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact deſigns:
In front, a level lawn is ſeen,
Without a ſhrub upon the green;
Where Taſte would want it's firſt great law,
But for the ſkulking, ſly ha-ha;
By whoſe miraculous aſſiſtance
You gain a proſpect two fields diſtance.
And now from Hyde-Park-Corner come
The gods of Athens and of Rome.
Here ſquabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumſy Graces;
Apollo there, with aim ſo clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus compleatly grac'd,
All own, that Thrifty has a taſte;
And Madam's female friends and couſins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the ſeat,
To ſtare about them, and to eat.

THE HOUSE OF SUPERSTITION.

A VISION.

BY MR. DENTON.

I.

WHEN Sleep's all-ſoothing hand, with fetters ſoft,
Ties down each ſenſe, and lulls to balmy reſt,
Th' internal pow'r, creative Fancy, oft
Broods o'er her treaſures in the formful breaſt.
Thus, when no longer daily cares engage,
The buſy mind purſues the darling theme;
Hence angels whiſper'd to the ſlumb'ring ſage,
And gods of old inſpir'd the hero's dream:
Hence, as I ſlept, theſe images aroſe
To Fancy's eye; and join'd, this fairy ſcene compoſe.

II.

As, when fair morning dries her pearly tears,
The mountain lifts o'er miſts it's lofty head;
Thus, new to ſight, a Gothick dome appears
With the grey ruſt of rolling years o'erſpread.
Here Superſtition holds her dreary reign,
And her lip-labour'd oriſons ſhe plies
In tongue unknown, when morn bedews the plain,
Or ev'ning ſkirts with gold the weſtern ſkies;
To the dumb ſtock ſhe bends, or ſculptur'd wall,
And many a croſs ſhe makes, and many a bead lets fall.

III.

Near to the dome a magick pair reſide,
Prompt to deceive, and practis'd to confound;
Here hoodwink'd Ignorance is ſeen to bide,
Stretching in darkſome cave along the ground.
No object e'er awakes his ſtupid eyes,
Nor voice articulate arreſts his ears,
Save when beneath the moon pale ſpectres riſe,
And haunt his ſoul with viſionary fears;
Or when hoarſe winds incavern'd murmur round,
And babbling echo wakes, and iterates the ſound.

IV.

Where boughs entwining form an artful ſhade,
And in faint glimm'rings juſt admit the light,
There Error ſits in borrow'd white array'd,
And in Truth's form deceives the tranſient ſight.
A thouſand glories wait her op'ning day,
Her beaming luſtre when fair Truth imparts:
Thus Error would pour forth a ſpurious ray,
And cheat th' unpractis'd mind with mimick arts;
She cleaves with magick wand the liquid ſkies,
Bids airy forms appear, and ſcenes fantaſtick riſe.

V.

A porter deaf, decrepid, old, and blind,
Sits at the gate, and lifts a lib'ral bowl
With wine of wond'rous pow'r to lull the mind,
And check each vig'rous effort of the ſoul:
Who'er un'wares ſhall ply his thirſty lip,
And drink in gulps the luſcious liquor down,
Shall hapleſs from the cup deluſion ſip,
And objects ſee in features not their own.
Each way-worn traveller that hither came,
He lav'd with copious draughts, and Prejudice his name.

VI. Within

VI.

Within a various race are ſeen to wonne,
Props of her age, and pillars of her ſtate,
Which erſt were nurtur'd by the wither'd crone,
And born to Tyranny, her griſly mate:
The firſt appear'd in pomp of purple pride,
With triple crown erect, and throned high;
Two golden keys hang dangling by his ſide,
To lock or ope the portals of the ſky;
Crouching and proſtrate there (ah! ſight unmeet!)
The crowned head would bow, and lick his duſty feet.

VII.

With bended arm he on a book reclin'd,
Faſt lock'd with iron claſps from vulgar eyes;
Heav'n's gracious gift to light the wand'ring mind,
To lift fall'n man, and guide him to the ſkies!
A man no more, a god he would be thought,
And 'mazed mortals blindly muſt obey;
With ſlight of hand he lying wonders wrought,
And near him loathſome heaps of reliques lay:
Strange legends would he read, and figments dire
Of Limbus' priſon'd ſhades, and purgatory fire.

VIII.

There meagre Penance ſate, in ſackcloth clad,
And to his breaſt cloſe hugg'd the viper, Sin;
Yet oft, with brandiſh'd whip would gaul, as mad,
With voluntary ſtripes his ſhrivell'd ſkin.
Counting large heaps of o'er-abounding good
Of ſaints that dy'd within the church's pale,
With gentler aſpect there Indulgence ſtood,
And to the needy culprit would retail;
There too, ſtrange merchandize! he pardons ſold,
And treaſon would abſolve, and murder purge with gold!

IX. With

IX.

With ſhaven crown, in a ſequeſter'd cell,
A lazy lubbard there was ſeen to lay;
No work had he, ſave ſome few beads to tell,
And indolently ſnore the hours away.
The nameleſs joys that bleſs the nuptial bed,
The myſtick rites of Hymen's hallow'd tye,
Impure he deems, and from them ſtarts with dread,
As crimes of fouleſt ſtain, the deepeſt dye:
No ſocial hopes hath he, no ſocial fears,
But ſpends in lethargy devout the ling'ring years.

X.

Gnaſhing his teeth in mood of furious ire,
Fierce Perſecution ſate, and with ſtrong breath
Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,
And feaſts on murders, maſſacres, and death.
Near him was plac'd Procruſtes' iron bed
To ſtretch or mangle to a certain ſize:
To ſee their writhing pains each heart muſt bleed,
To hear their doleful ſhrieks and piercing cries;
Yet he beholds them with unmoiſten'd eye,
Their writhing pains his ſport, their moans his melody.

XI.

A gradual light diffuſing o'er the gloom,
And ſlow approaching with majeſtick pace,
A lovely maid appears in beauty's bloom,
With native charms and unaffected grace:
Her hand a clear reflecting mirrour ſhows,
In which all objects their true features wear;
And on her cheek a bluſh indignant glows
To ſee the horrid ſorc'ries practis'd there:
She ſnatch'd the volume from the tyrant's rage,
Unlock'd it's iron claſps, and op'd the heav'nly page.

XII. 'My

XII.

'My name is Truth, and you, each holy ſeer,
'That all my ſteps with ardent gaze purſue,
'Unveil,' ſhe ſaid, 'the ſacred myſt'ries here,
'Give the celeſtial boon to publick view.
'Tho' blatant Obloquy, with lep'rous mouth,
'Shall blot your fame, and blaſt the generous deed,
'Yet in revolving years ſome lib'ral youth
'Shall crown your virtuous act with glory's meed;
'Your names adorn'd in Gilpin's * poliſh'd page
'With each hiſtorick grace, ſhall ſhine thro' ev'ry age!

XIII.

'With furious hate, tho' fierce relentleſs pow'r
'Exert of torment all her horrid ſkill;
'Tho' your lives meet too ſoon the fatal hour,
'Scorching in flames, or writhing on the wheel;
'Yet when the dragon † in the deep abyſs
'Shall lie, faſt bound in adamantine chain,
'Ye with the Lamb ſhall riſe to ceaſeleſs bliſs,
'Firſt-fruits of death, and partners of his reign;
'Then ſhall repay the momentary tear,
'The great ſabbatick reſt, the Millennary Year!'

* The Rev. Mr. William Gilpin, author of the Lives of Bernard Gilpin and Biſhop Latimer, and of the Lives of Wickliffe and the principal of his followers.

† See Rev. chap. xx. and the learned and ingenious Biſhop of Briſtol's comment upon it, in the third volume of his Diſſertation on the Prophecies.

DUN-

DUNNOTTER CASTLE.

BY MISS SCOTT.

DUNNOTTER's ruin'd pride, and falling towers,
I ſing, O Walker * ! and the ſong is yours.
With you I wander'd o'er the moſs-grown domes;
Still o'er the ſcene with you my fancy roams;
Still the idea riſes to my view,
With gloomy grandeur, pleaſure ever new!
The rolling main, the rock's ſtupendous height,
A ſtriking proſpect! ſwim before my ſight.
In flowing verſe now be the ſcene diſplay'd,
Muſe, Fancy, Memory, I crave your aid!
High on a rock, projecting from the land,
The caſtle ſtood, and ſtill it's ruins ſtand;
Wide o'er the German main the proſpect bent,
Steep is the path, and rugged the aſcent;
And when with labour climb'd the narrow way,
Long ſounding-vaults receive you from the day.
There hung the huge port-cullis, there the bar,
Drawn on the iron-gate, defy'd the war.
Ah, great Dunnotter! once of ſtrength the ſeat!
Once deem'd impregnable! thou yield'ſt to Fate!
Nor rocks, nor ſeas, nor arms, thy gates defend;
Thy pride is fallen, thy ancient glories end!
Up from the gate we climb the ſlipp'ry way,
Still falling turrets, mould'ring towers, ſurvey;
The walls and caves with various moſs o'ergrown,
And threat'ning nods on high the looſen'd ſtone.
Slowly we mount, thro' broken arches creep,
And gain at laſt the ſummit of the ſteep;

W.N.H. 8vo Book. HARDING.

* The Rev. Mr. Walker, miniſter of the pariſh of Dunnotter.

Curious

Curious around the airy height we gaze,
There the great well it's ample round diſplays,
A vaſt circumference, and depth profound,
Now fill'd with ruins of the falling mound.
There ſtood the palace, rais'd in air ſublime,
On rows of vaults that ſeem'd to mock at Time;
Yet he aſſerts his power, and claims his prey;
They break, they fall! what can reſiſt his ſway!
Here, thro' innumerable vaults we run,
Cold, dreary, damp, impervious to the ſun,
Brown with the ruſt of years; and from their tops
Inceſſantly the oozing moiſture drops.
We leave the gloom, the wheeling ſteps aſcend,
Our walk along the roofleſs palace bend;
Here, thro' the long apartments as we paſs,
The ſoft wind whiſtles thro' the waving graſs,
That cloaths the pavement, crowns the naked walls,
Of broken turrets and deſerted halls.
Here, once the ſeat of many a mighty name,
The jack-daws chatter, and the ſea-fowl ſcream!
Here dwelt great Ogilvie, and held the tower,
The laſt that yielded to th' uſurper's power;
By honeſt craft from hence the crown convey'd,
And Caledonia's gems in ſafety laid:
Nor hopes of favour, nor the threats of power,
Could ſhake his ſoul, or his fix'd heart allure.
Firm as the rocks, he and his daring wife
Endur'd the torture, ſcorning ſhameful life;
And kept the charge, till Heav'n their king reſtor'd;
Then ſent, uninjur'd, to their rightful lord.
Glorious defenders of the regal gold,
Illuſtrious Caledonians, patriots bold!
With joy your heroiſm I rehearſe,
And give your mem'ry all I can—a verſe.
O may this land your guardian care engage,
Your great example fire with gen'rous rage,
And rouze to glorious deeds each future age!

Thou, Barras, hear! and deign t' approve the lays,
That aim thy valiant anceſtors to praiſe!
Now turning from the walls, high o'er the ſteep
Impending cliff, we view the boundleſs deep;
All round the winding coaſt, black rocks ariſe,
And with uncouth variety ſurprize:
The waves roll ſlow and ſilent to the ſhore,
Then laſh the craggy beach, and ſullen roar;
From rock to rock the breaking ſurge rebounds,
While endleſs echoes catch and ſwell the ſounds.
The green ſea here with ceaſeleſs fury raves,
And toſſes high in air her raging waves;
Burſting they fall with loud repeated ſhock,
And in white torrents pour along the rock;
Whilſt oft from ſhore in peace the ocean lies,
Ting'd with the colour of the glowing ſkies,
The gentle breezes ſport upon the deep,
And, murm'ring ſoft, the vaſt expanſion ſweep;
Refulgent Phœbus, in meridian height,
Enrobes the lucid waves with mellow light;
The ſparkling beams on the ſmall ſurface play,
And ſtreams of foam float on the wat'ry way.
Here let deſcription ceaſe; but ſtill prolong
Thy taſk, O Muſe! and moralize the ſong.
Think, all who gaze on fam'd Dunnotter's wall,
Like it ſhall all terreſtrial glories fall!
Youth flies apace, frail beauty meets decay;
The mighty's ſtrength, like ice, ſhall melt away.
Riches take wings; and Fame's far-ſounding boaſt,
Shall die away—the pride of pow'r be loſt.
Health, pleaſure, life, ſhall paſs, a fading flow'r,
Sport of a day, and pageant of an hour!
Fix not on theſe thy heart; but riſe ſublime,
And ſeek a bliſs, unmov'd by fate or time:
Virtue alone can give eternal joy,
No chance can alter, no poſſeſſion cloy!

Virtue,

Virtue, like this great rock, ſtands firmly brave,
And ſcorns the ebb or flow of Fortune's wave;
Unmov'd the ſtorms of life can calmly bear,
Collected in itſelf, and void of fear!
E'en when theſe rocks and ſeas ſhall paſs away,
And that bright orb no longer rule the day,
Virtue ſhall ſtand the teſt, like gold refin'd,
And beam immortal radiance on the mind;
Thro' endleſs ages gain increaſing ſtore
Of light and life, of joy, and active pow'r,
And bloom when time and nature are no more!

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF LADY COVENTRY.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLX.

BY MR. MASON.

THE midnight clock has toll'd; and hark, the bell
Of death beats ſlow! heard ye the note profound?
It pauſes now; and now, with riſing knell,
Flings to the hollow gale it's ſullen ſound.
Yes; Coventry is dead. Attend the ſtrain,
Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantaſtick train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair;
For ſhe was fair beyond your brighteſt bloom;
(This Envy owns, ſince now her bloom is fled;)
Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light viſion round the poet's head.
Whene'er with ſoft ſerenity ſhe ſmil'd,
Or caught the orient bluſh of quick ſurprize,
How ſweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid luſtre darted from her eyes!

Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form it's tranſient glory caſt:
Some lovelier wonder ſoon uſurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm ſtill lovelier than the laſt.
That bell again! It tells us what ſhe is;
On what ſhe was, no more the ſtrain prolong:
Luxuriant Fancy pauſe! an hour like this,
Demands the tribute of a ſerious ſong.
Maria claims it from that ſable bier,
Where cold and wan the ſlumb'rer reſts her head;
In ſtill ſmall whiſpers to Reflection's ear,
She breathes the ſolemn dictates of the dead.
O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud!
Proclaim the theme, by ſage, by fool rever'd;
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
'Tis Nature ſpeaks, and Nature will be heard.
Yes; ye ſhall hear, and tremble as you hear,
While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap;
E'en in the midſt of Pleaſure's mad career,
The mental monitor ſhall wake and weep!
For ſay, than Coventry's propitious ſtar,
What brighter planet on your births aroſe;
Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler ſhare,
In life to laviſh, or by death to loſe!
Early to loſe; while borne on buſy wing,
Ye ſip the nectar of each varying bloom:
Nor fear, while baſking in the beams of ſpring,
The wint'ry ſtorm that ſweeps you to the tomb.
Think of her fate! revere the heav'nly hand
That led her hence, tho' ſoon, by ſteps ſo ſlow:
Long at her couch Death took his patient ſtand,
And menac'd oft, and oft witheld the blow;
To give Reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond deluſion from her ſoul to ſteal;
Teach her from Folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world ſhe lov'd ſo well.

Say,

Say, are ye ſure his mercy ſhall extend
To you ſo long a ſpan? Alas, ye ſigh!
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
And learn with equal eaſe to ſleep or die!
Nor think the Muſe, whoſe ſober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot-frown her ſullen brow;
Caſts round Religion's orb the miſts of fear,
Or ſhades with horrors, what with ſmiles ſhould glow.
No; ſhe would warm you with ſeraphick fire,
Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aſpire,
Not ſink and ſlumber in your cells of clay.
Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon etherial founts of bliſs to lave;
Force then, ſecure in Faith's protecting ſhield,
The ſting from Death, the vict'ry from the Grave!
Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye Vain,
Your hopes, your fears in doubt, in dulneſs ſteep:
Go ſoothe your ſouls in ſickneſs, grief, or pain,
With the ſad ſolace of eternal ſleep!
Yet will I praiſe you, triflers as ye are,
More than thoſe preachers of your fav'rite creed,
Who proudly ſwell the brazen throat of war,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed;
Nor wiſh for more: who conquer, but to die.
Hear, Folly, hear! and triumph in the tale!
Like you they reaſon, not like you enjoy
The breeze of bliſs that fills your ſilken ſail:
On Pleaſure's glitt'ring ſtream ye gaily ſteer
Your little courſe to cold Oblivion's ſhore;
They dare the ſtorm, and thro' th' inclement year,
Stem the rough ſurge, and brave the torrent's roar.
Is it for glory? That juſt Fate denies:
Long muſt the warrior moulder in his ſhroud,
Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents riſe,
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd!

Is it his graſp of empire to extend?
To curb the fury of inſulting foes?
Ambition, ceaſe; the idle conteſt end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou canſt win or loſe.
And why muſt murder'd myriads loſe their all!
(If life be all;) why Deſolation lour,
With famiſh'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
That thou may'ſt flame the meteor of an hour?
Go, wiſer ye, that flutter life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high;
Weave the light dance, with feſtive freedom gay,
And live your moment, ſince the next ye die!
Yet know, vain ſcepticks, know, th' Almighty mind,
Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
Bade his free ſoul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To heav'n, to immortality aſpire.
Nor ſhall the pile of hope his mercy rear'd,
By vain philoſophy be e'er deſtroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wiſh'd or fear'd,
Shall be, by all, or ſuffer'd or enjoy'd!

NOTE, In a book of French verſes, intitled, *Oeuvres du Philoſophe de ſans Souci*, and lately reprinted at Berlin by authority, under the title of *Poeſies Diverſes*, may be found an Epiſtle to Marſhal Keith, written profeſſedly againſt the immortality of the ſoul. By way of ſpecimen of the whole, take the following lines,

De l'avenir, cher Keith, jugeons par le paſſé:
Comme avant que je fuſſe il n'avoit point penſé;
De meme, aprés ma mort, quand toutes mes parties
Par la corruption ſeront aneanties,
Par un meme deſtin il ne penſera plus!
Non, rien n'eſt plus certain, ſoyons-en convaincu.

It is to this Epiſtle, that the latter part of the Elegy alludes.

THE

THE SEASONS.

IN FOUR PASTORALS.

BY MR. BRERewood.

I. SPRING.

WHEN, approach'd by the fair dewy fingers of Spring,
Swelling buds open firſt, and look gay;
When the birds on the boughs by their mates ſit and ſing,
And are danc'd by the breeze on each ſpray:

When gently deſcending, the rain in ſoft ſhowers,
With it's moiſture refreſhes the ground;
And the drops, as they hang on the plants and the flowers,
Like rich gems beam a luſtre around:

When the wood-pigeons ſit on the branches and coo;
And the cuckoo proclaims with his voice,
That Nature marks this for the ſeaſon to woo,
And for all that can love to rejoice:

In a cottage at night may I ſpend all my time,
In the fields and the meadows all day,
With a maiden whoſe charms are as yet in their prime,
Young as April, and blooming as May!

When the lark with ſhrill notes ſings aloft in the morn,
May my faireſt and I ſweetly wake,
View the far diſtant hills, which the ſun-beams adorn,
Then ariſe, and our cottage forſake.

When

When the ſun ſhines ſo warm, that my charmer and I
May recline on the turf without fear,
Let us there all vain thoughts and ambition defy,
While we breathe the firſt ſweets of the year.

Be this ſpot on a hill, and a ſpring from it's ſide
Bubble out, and tranſparently flow,
Creep gently along in meanders, and glide
Thro' the vale ſtrew'd with daiſies below.

While the bee flies from bloſſom to bloſſom, and ſips,
And the violets their ſweetneſs impart,
Let me hang on her neck, and ſo taſte from her lips
The rich cordial that thrills to the heart.

While the dove ſits lamenting the loſs of it's mate,
Which the fowler has caught in his ſnares,
May we think ourſelves bleſs'd that it is not our fate
To endure ſuch an abſence as theirs.

May I liſten to all her ſoft, tender, ſweet notes,
When ſhe ſings, and no ſounds interfere,
But the warbling of birds, which in ſtretching their throats
Are at ſtrife to be louder than her.

When the daiſies, and cowſlips, and primroſes blow,
And chequer the meads and the lawns,
May we ſee bounding there the ſwift light-footed doe,
And purſue with our eye the young fawns.

When the lapwings, juſt fledg'd, o'er the turf take their run,
And the firſtlings are all at their play,
And the harmleſs young lambs ſkip about in the ſun,
Let us then be as frolick as they.

When

When I talk of my love, ſhould I chance to eſpy
That ſhe ſeems to miſtruſt what I ſay,
By a tear that is ready to fall from her eye,
With my lips let me wipe it away.

If we ſit, or we walk, may I caſt round my eyes,
And let no ſingle beauty eſcape;
But ſee none to create ſo much love and ſurprize,
As her eyes, and her face, and her ſhape.

Thus each day let us paſs, till the buds turn to leaves,
And the meadows around us are mown;
When the laſs on the ſweet-ſmelling haycock receives
What ſhe afterwards bluſhes to own.

When evenings grow cool, and the flow'rs hang their heads
With the dew, then no longer we'll roam;
With my arm round her waiſt, in a path thro' the meads,
Let us haſten to find our way home.

When the birds are at rooſt, with their heads in their wings,
Each one by the ſide of it's mate;
When a miſt that ariſes, a drowſineſs brings
Upon all but the owl and the bat:

When ſoft reſt is requir'd, and the ſtars lend their light,
And all nature lies quiet and ſtill;
When no ſound breaks the ſacred repoſe of the night,
But, at diſtance, the clack of a mill:

With peace for our pillow, and free from all noiſe,
So that voices in whiſpers are known;
Let us give and receive all the nameleſs ſoft joys
That are mus'd on by lovers alone.

II. SUMMER.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
With my fair-one as blooming as May,
Undiſturb'd by all ſound, but the ſighs of the breeze,
Let me paſs the hot noon of the day.

When the ſun, leſs intenſe, to the weſtward inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forſake,
And ſee the rays dance as inverted he ſhines,
On the face of ſome river or lake:

Where my faireſt and I, on it's verge as we paſs,
(For 'tis ſhe that muſt ſtill be my theme)
Our two ſhadows may view on the watery glaſs,
While the fiſh are at play in the ſtream.

May the herds ceaſe to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
When ſhe ſings me ſome amorous ſtrain;
All be ſilent, and huſh'd, unleſs echo repeat
The kind words and ſweet ſounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we ſauntering ſtray,
Let the moon's ſilver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
Juſt direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble it's notes in our walk,
As thus gently and ſlowly we move;
And let no ſingle thought be expreſs'd in our talk,
But of friendſhip improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with theſe rural delights,
And ſecure from ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repoſe ſhall divide all our nights,
And each morning ſhall riſe with new charms.

III. AUTUMN.

THO' the ſeaſons muſt alter, ah! yet let me find,
What all muſt confeſs to be rare,
A female ſtill chearful, and faithful and kind,
The bleſſings of Autumn to ſhare.

Let one ſide of our cottage, a flouriſhing vine
Overſpread with it's branches and ſhade;
Whoſe cluſters appear more tranſparent and fine,
As it's leaves are beginning to fade.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with it's load,
In our orchard furrounded with pales;
In a bed of clean ſtraw let our apples be ſtow'd,
For a tart that in winter regales.

When the vapours that riſe from the earth in the morn
Seem to hang on it's ſurface like ſmoke,
Till diſpers'd by the ſun that gilds over the corn,
Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we ſee clear all the hues of the leaves,
And at work in the fields are all hands,
Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the ſheaves,
Let us careleſsly ſtroll o'er the lands.

How pleaſing the ſight of the toiling they make,
To collect what kind Nature has ſent!
Heaven grant we may not of their labour partake;
But, oh! give us their happy content.

And ſometimes on a bank, under ſhade, by a brook,
Let us ſilently ſit at our eaſe,
And there gaze on the ſtream, till the fiſh on the hook
Struggles hard to procure it's releaſe.

And now, when the huſbandman ſings harveſt-home,
And the corn's all got into the houſe;
When the long wiſh'd-for time of their meeting is come,
To frolick, and feaſt, and carouſe;

When the leaves from the trees are begun to be ſhed,
And are leaving the branches all bare,
Either ſtrew'd at the roots, ſhrivell'd, wither'd, and dead,
Or elſe blown to and fro in the air:

When the ways are ſo miry, that bogs they might ſeem,
And the axle-tree's ready to break,
While the waggoner whiſtles in ſtopping his team,
And then claps the poor jades on the neck:

In the morning let's follow the cry of the hounds,
Or the fearful young covey beſet;
Which tho' ſkulking in ſtubble and weeds on the grounds,
Are becoming a prey to the net.

Let's enjoy all the pleaſure retirement affords,
Still amus'd with theſe innocent ſports,
Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,
With their grand entertainments in courts.

In the ev'ning, when lovers are leaning on ſtyles,
Deep engag'd in ſome amorous chat,
And 'tis very well known by his grin and her ſmiles,
What they both have a mind to be at:

To our dwelling, tho' homely, well-pleas'd to repair,
Let our mutual endearments revive;
And let no ſingle action or look but declare,
How contented and happy we live.

Should ideas ariſe that may ruffle the ſoul,
Let ſoft muſick the phantoms remove;
For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
And unite all the paſſions in love.

With her eyes but half open, her cap all awry,
When the laſs is preparing for bed,
And the ſleepy dull clown, who ſits nodding juſt by,
Sometimes rouſes and ſcratches his head:

In the night when 'tis cloudy, and rainy, and dark,
And the labourers ſnore as they lie,
Not a noiſe to diſturb us, unleſs a dog bark
In the farm, or the village hard by:

At the time of ſweet reſt, and of quiet like this,
Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,
Let us welcome the ſeaſon, and taſte of that bliſs
Which the ſun-ſhine and day-light forbids!

IV. WINTER.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be ſeen,
And the meadows their beauty have loſt;
When Nature's diſrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the ſtreams are faſt bound with the froſt:

While the peaſant inactive ſtands ſhivering with cold,
As bleak the winds northernly blow;
And the innocent flocks run for warmth to the fold,
With their fleeces beſprinkled with ſnow:

In the yard, when the cattle are fodder'd with ſtraw,
And they ſend forth their breath in a ſteam;
And the neat-looking dairy-maid ſees ſhe muſt thaw
Flakes of ice that ſhe finds in the cream:

When

When the ſweet country-maiden, as freſh as a roſe,
As ſhe careleſsly trips often ſlides,
And the ruſticks laugh loud, if by falling ſhe ſhows
All the charms that her modeſty hides:

When the lads and the laſſes for company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghoſts, till they're all in a ſweat:

Heav'n grant, in this ſeaſon, it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire;
While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
I may thither in ſafety retire!

Where in neatneſs and quiet—and free from ſurprize,
We may live, and no hardſhips endure;
Nor feel any turbulent paſſions ariſe,
But ſuch as each other may cure!

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY MR. J. MACAULAY.

IN vain, dear Flavilla, in vain ſtill you try,
Inconſtant, each feminine art:
Thoſe flutt'ring deluſions may catch the fond eye,
But they ne'er will entangle the heart.

The fetters too ſlender affection to bind,
Our reaſon will break with diſdain:
The heart that to beauty it's freedom reſign'd,
From caprice ſhall receive it again.

While

While down the light dance, in Pleaſure's gay court,
Fantaſtick you trip it along;
The faireſt allow'd, where the fair ones reſort,
The gayeſt of all the gay throng;

O why in that face, where each beauty is ſeen,
Should Folly her ſtandard diſplay?
Or wild Affectation diſfigure that mien,
Where the Graces conſpicuouſly play?

Ah, no! to your greater perfections be juſt;
By theſe you may charm at your will:
To youth, wit, and beauty, your conqueſts entruſt,
Which levity only can kill.

For pleaſure in vain the inconſtant may rove
Thro' all the wide regions of art:
Their happineſs only can permanent prove,
Whoſe tranſports ariſe from the heart.

RETIREMENT.

AN ODE.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

SHOOK from the purple wings of even
When dews impearl the grove,
And from the dark'ning verge of heaven
Beams the ſweet ſtar of Love;
Laid on a daiſy-ſprinkled green,
Beſide a plaintive ſtream,
A meek-ey'd youth of ſerious mien
Indulg'd this ſolemn theme.

'Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd
'High o'er the glimmering dale!
'Ye groves, along whoſe windings wild
'Soft ſighs the ſadd'ning gale!
'Where oft lone Melancholy ſtrays,
'By wilder'd Fancy ſway'd,
'What time the wan moon's yellow rays
'Gleam thro' the chequer'd ſhade!

'To you, ye waſtes, whoſe artleſs charms
'Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
'To your retreats I fly:
'Deep in your moſt ſequeſter'd bower,
'Let me my woes reſign;
'Where Solitude, mild modeſt power,
'Leans on her ivy'd ſhrine.

'How ſhall I woo thee, matchleſs fair,
'Thy heavenly ſmile how win!
'Thy ſmile, that ſmoothes the brow of Care,
'And ſtills each ſtorm within!
'O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
'Thine ardent votary bring,
'And bleſs his hours, and bid them move
'Serene on ſilent wing!

'Oft let Remembrance ſoothe his mind
'With dreams of former days,
'When ſoft on Leiſure's lap reclin'd,
'He caroll'd ſprightly lays:
'Bleſs'd days! when Fancy ſmil'd at Care,
'When Pleaſure toy'd with Truth,
'Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
'Had harm'd his ſimple youth.

'Twas

'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart ſincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the ſhade.
Ah! why did Fate his ſteps decoy
In thorny paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!
O take thy wanderer home!

Henceforth thy awful haunts be mine!
The long abandon'd hill;
The hollow cliff, whoſe waving pine
O'erhangs the darkſome rill;
Whence the ſcar'd owl, on pinions grey,
Breaks from the ruſtling boughs,
And down the lone vale ſails away
To ſhades of deep repoſe.

O while to thee the woodland pours
It's wildly warbling ſong,
And fragrant from the waſte of flowers
The Zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude ſound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flaſh on the ſtartled eye!

Yet if ſome pilgrim, 'mid the glade,
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And liſten to his lore!
For he of joys divine ſhall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty ſpell
That chains this heart below.

'For me no more the path invites
'Ambition loves to tread;
'No more I climb thoſe toilſome heights,
'By guileful Hope miſled:
'Leaps my fond flutt'ring heart no more
'To Mirth's enlivening ſtrain;
'For preſent pleaſure ſoon is o'er,
'And all the paſt is vain!'

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA;

OR, THE HERMIT.

IN THREE CANTOS.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

TO MRS. MALLET.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,
Whoſe pain or pleaſure ſprings from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compaſſion kind,
That in ſweet union harmonize thy mind;
Here, while thy eyes for ſad Amyntor's woe,
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wiſh, to Heav'n preferr'd
For thee, for him by gracious Heav'n be heard!
So her fair hour of fortune ſhall be thine
Unmix'd, and all Amyntor's fondneſs mine:
So thro' long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall Love light up, and Friendſhip cloſe our day;
Till ſummon'd late this lower heav'n to leave,
One ſigh ſhall end us, and one earth receive!

CANTO I.

FAR in the wat'ry waſte, where his broad wave
From world to world the vaſt Atlantick rolls
On from the piny ſhores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé eaſt, her airy height

Aloft

Aloft to heav'n remoteſt Kilda liſts,
Laſt of the ſea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent coaſt.
Thrice happy land! tho' freezing on the verge
Of Arctick ſkies, yet blameleſs ſtill of arts
That poliſh to deprave each ſofter clime,
With ſimple nature, ſimple virtue, bleſs'd!
Beyond Ambition's walk, where never War
Uprear'd his ſanguine ſtandard, nor unſheath'd,
For wealth or pow'r, the deſolating ſword;
Where Luxury, ſoft Syren, who around
To thouſand nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleaſing bane, that ſoothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown; but calm content,
That lives to reaſon, ancient faith, that binds
The plain community of guileleſs hearts
In love and union, innocence of ill,
Their guardian genius; theſe the pow'rs that rule
This little world, to all it's ſons ſecure,
Man's happieſt life; the ſoul ſerene and ſound
From paſſion's rage, the body from diſeaſe,
Red on each cheek behold the roſe of health,
Firm in each ſinew Vigour's pliant ſpring,
By temp'rance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they ſtem, or on the ſteep
Of upright rocks their ſtraining ſteps ſurmount,
For food or paſtime; theſe light up their morn,
And cloſe their eve in ſlumber ſweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling ſwell
Of ocean's raging ſound; but laſt and beſt,
What Av'rice, what Ambition, ſhall not know,
True Liberty is theirs, the heav'n-ſent gueſt,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With Independence dwells and peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their ſun that never ſets.
Daughter of Heav'n and Nature, deign thy aid,

Spontaneous Muſe! O, whether from the depth
Of ev'ning foreſt, brown with broadeſt ſhade,
Or from the brow ſublime of vernal Alp
As morning dawns, or from the vale at noon,
By ſome ſoft ſtream that ſlides with liquid foot
Thro' bow'ry groves, where Inſpiration ſits
And liſtens to thy lore, auſpicious come!
O'er theſe wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd ſhore,
Thy wing high-hovering ſpread, and to the gale,
The Boreal ſpirit breathing lib'ral round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With anſw'ring cadence free, as beſt beſeems
The tragick theme my plaintive verſe unfolds.
  Here good Aurelius—and a ſcene more wild
The world around, or deeper ſolitude,
Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
(By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the ſacred vale
That ſaw him bleſs'd, now wretched and unknown!)
Wore out the ſlow remains of ſetting life
In bitterneſs of thought; and with the ſurge,
And with the ſounding ſtorm, his murmur'd moan
Would often mix—Oft as remembrance ſad
Th' unhappy paſt recall'd, a faithful wife,
Whom love firſt choſe, whom reaſon long endear'd,
His ſoul's companion and his ſofter friend,
With one fair daughter, in her roſy prime,
Her dawn of op'ning charms, defenceleſs left
Within a tyrant's graſp! his foe profeſs'd,
By civil madneſs, by intemp'rate zeal
For diff'ring rites, imbitter'd into hate
And cruelty remorſeleſs!—Thus he liv'd,
If this was life! to load the blaſt with ſighs,
Hung o'er it's edge, to ſwell the flood with tears,
At midnight hour; for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, deſolate of heart,

Pour all the huſband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguiſh, ſtretch'd along
The naked beach, or ſhiv'ring on the cliff,
Smote with the wint'ry pole in bitter ſtorm,
Hail, ſnow, and ſhow'r, dark-drifting round his head!
Such were his hours, till time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great phyſician, ſkill'd alone to cloſe,
Where ſorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each ſullen ſpectre chaſe, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, thro' every fever'd pulſe
With gentleſt hand infus'd. A penſive calm
Aroſe, but unaſſur'd; as after winds
Of ruffling wing the ſea ſubſiding flow
Still trembles from the ſtorm. Now Reaſon firſt
Her throne reſuming, bid Devotion raiſe
To heav'n his eye, and thro' the turbid miſts,
By ſenſe dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cauſe Supreme,
All-juſt, All-wiſe, who bids what ſtill is beſt
In cloud or ſunſhine; whoſe ſevereſt hand
Wounds but to heal, and chaſtens to amend.
Thus in his boſom, ev'ry weak exceſs,
The rage of grief, the fellneſs of revenge,
To healthful meaſure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand, and in her bright'ning beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before th' aſcending ſun; thro' faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks
Of Sin and Death: anticipating heav'n
In pious hope, he ſeems already there,
Safe on her ſacred ſhore; and ſees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where Peace delights to dwell; where one fair morn
Still orient ſmiles, and one diffuſive ſpring,
That fears no ſtorm, and ſhall no winter know,

Th' im-

Th' immortal year empurples. If a ſigh
Yet murmurs from his breaſt, 'tis for the pangs
Thoſe deareſt names, a wife, a child, muſt feel,
Still ſuff'ring in his fate; 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himſelf to mercy, may of Heav'n
That mercy, when moſt wanted, aſk in vain.
The ſun, now ſtation'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er ev'ry ſouthern clime had pour'd profuſe
The roſy year, and in each pleaſing hue
That greens the leaf, or thro' the bloſſom glows
With florid light, his faireſt month array'd;
While Zephyr, while the ſilver-footed dews,
Her ſoft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Freſh ſpirit breathe, and ſhed perfuming balm:
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of winter's waſte dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the riſe
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild thyme flow'ring, betony and balm,
Blue lavender, and carmel's ſpicy root *,
Song, fragrance, health, ambroſiate ev'ry breeze.
But high above, the ſeaſon full exerts
It's vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whoſe wild ſolitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of paſſage tranſmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature's ſummons, their aerial ſtate
Annual to found, and in bold voyage ſteer
O'er this wide ocean, thro' yon pathleſs ſky,
One certain flight to one appointed ſhore,
By Heav'n's directive ſpirit here to raiſe
Their temporary realm, and form ſecure,

* The root of this plant, otherwiſe named *argatilis ſylvatica*, is aromatick, and by the natives reckoned cordial to the ſtomach. See Martin's Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 180.

Where

Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And ſhelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues;
Each tribe apart, and all on taſks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpleſs infants, piouſly intent.
Led by the day abroad, with lonely ſtep,
And ruminating ſweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the weſtern bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amuſive ſcene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now caſt with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderneſs of waves,
From pole to pole thro' boundleſs ſpace diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where at large
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of ſea-born kinds, ten thouſand thouſand tribes,
Finds endleſs range for paſture and for ſport.
Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
The Hand Almighty, who it's channell'd bed
Immeaſurable ſunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds the fluid ſphere,
With ev'ry wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, conſociate ſever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourſe and love
Earth's univerſal family. Now roſe
Sweet ev'ning's ſolemn hour: the ſun declin'd
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament,
Whoſe broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy viſage to the ſky
With ſplendour undiminiſh'd, and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aerial landſcape. Here, alone,
On earth's remoteſt verge Aurelius breath'd
The healthful gale, and felt the ſmiling ſcene
With awe-mix'd pleaſure muſing as he hung
In ſilence o'er the billows huſh'd beneath;
When, lo! a ſound amid the wave-worn rocks,

Deaf-

Deaf-murmuring roſe, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern, as the breath of winds,
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
Thro' wintry pines high waving o'er the ſteep
Of ſky-crown'd Apenine: the ſea-pie ceas'd
At once to warble; ſcreaming from his neſt
The fulmar ſoar'd, and ſhot a weſtward flight
From ſhore to ſea; on came, before her hour,
Invading Night, and hung the troubled ſky
With fearful blackneſs round *; ſad Ocean's face
A curling undulation ſhiv'ry ſwept
From wave to wave; and now impetuous roſe
Thick cloud and ſtorm, and ruin on his wing,
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad deſcending blaſt.
Aloft, and ſafe beneath a ſhelt'ring cliff,
Whoſe moſs-grown ſummit on the diſtant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius ſtood appall'd,
His ſtunn'd ear ſmote with all the thund'ring main,
His eye with mountains ſurging to the ſtars,
Commotion infinite! Where yon laſt wave
Blends with the ſky it's foam, a ſhip in view
Shoots ſudden forth, ſteep-falling from the clouds,
Yet diſtant ſeen and dim, till onward borne
Before the blaſt, each growing ſail expands,
Each maſt aſpires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye diſtinct: with ſharpen'd ken
It's courſe he watches, and in awful thought
That Pow'r invokes whoſe voice the wild winds hear,
Whoſe nod the ſurge reveres, to look from heav'n,
And ſave who elſe muſt periſh, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyſs,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compaſs'd round!
But, O! ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!

* See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

For

For Death beſtrides the billow, nor your own
Nor others offer'd vows can ſtay the flight
Of inſtant Fate. And, lo! his ſecret ſeat,
Where never ſun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidſt
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vaſt,
The ſtormy Genius of the deep forſakes,
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Aſcending baleful, bids the tempeſt ſpread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
It's blackeſt pinion, pour it's loud'ning blaſts
In whirlwind forth, and from their loweſt depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ſhip, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl; her guiding helm
Breaks ſhort; her maſts in craſhing ruin fall,
And each rent ſail flies looſe in diſtant air.
Now, fearful moment! o'er the found'ring hull
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve
Steep from the clouds with horrid ſhade impends—
Ah! ſave them, Heav'n! it burſts in deluge down
With boundleſs undulation! ſhore and ſky
Rebellow to the roar: at once ingulph'd,
Veſſel and crew beneath it's torrent ſweep
Are ſunk, to riſe no more! Aurelius wept
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek:
He turn'd his ſtep; he fled the fatal ſcene,
And brooding in ſad ſilence o'er the ſight
To him alone diſcloſs'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to Heav'n in ſighs: 'Thy will be done,
'Not mine, Supreme Diſpoſer of Events!
'But death demands a tear, and man muſt feel
'For human woes: the reſt ſubmiſſion checks.'
Not diſtant far, where this receding bay *
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch

* See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

Expands it's ſelf-pois'd concave; as the gate
Ample, and broad, and pillar'd maſſy-proof,
Of ſome unfolding temple: on it's height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That o'er the green roof ſpread, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As thro' this cavern'd path,
Involv'd in penſive thought, Aurelius paſs'd,
Struck with ſad echoes from the ſounding vault
Remurmur'd ſhrill, he ſtopp'd, he rais'd his head,
And ſaw th' aſſembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A ſhipwreck'd man. All motionleſs on earth
He lay: the living luſtre from his eye,
The vermil hue extinguiſh'd from his cheek,
And in their place, on each chill feature ſpread,
The ſhadowy cloud and ghaſtlineſs of death
With pale ſuffuſion ſate. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, thro' hov'ring miſts at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Faſt from his hairs diſtill'd
The briny wave, and cloſe within his graſp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had ſtemm'd the flood with agonizing breaſt,
And ſtruggled ſtrong for life. Of youthful prime
He ſeem'd, and built by Nature's nobleſt hand,
Where bold proportion and where ſoft'ning grace
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.
Aurelius from the breathleſs clay his eye
To Heav'n, imploring, rais'd; then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unſeen, diminiſh'd but not quench'd,
He bid tranſport it ſpeedy thro' the vale
To his poor cell, that lonely ſtood and low,
Safe from the north, beneath a ſloping hill;
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude; it's roof with rev'rend moſs
Light-ſhaded o'er; it's front in ivy hid,

That



Plate III. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Feb. 1, 1781. Page 226, line 26.

That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
The vap'ry air with aromatick ſmells;
Then drops of ſov'reign efficacy, drawn
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of direful viſion, ſhudd'ring he awakes,
While life to ſcarce-felt motion faintly lifts
His flutt'ring pulſe, and gradual o'er his cheek
The roſy current wins it's reſluent way.
Recov'ring to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on heav'n, on the ſurrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown,
Diſſolv'd in tears around, then clos'd again,
As loathing light and life. At length, in ſounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breaſt
Diſtraction ſpoke—'Down, down with ev'ry ſail!
'Mercy, ſweet Heav'n!—Ha! now whole ocean ſweeps
'In tempeſt o'er our heads—My ſoul's laſt hope!
'We will not part—Help! help! yon wave, behold!
'That ſwells betwixt, has borne her from my ſight!
'O for a ſun to light this black abyſs!
'Gone—loſt—for ever loſt!' He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale aſſiſtants fell;
Whom now with greeting and the words of peace
Aurelius bid depart. A pauſe enſu'd,
Mute, mournful, ſolemn. On the ſtranger's face
Obſervant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard;
Watchful, his ear each murmur, ev'ry breath,
Attentive ſeiz'd; now eager to begin
Conſoling ſpeech, now doubtful to invade
The ſacred ſilence due to grief ſupreme;
Then thus at laſt: 'O, from devouring ſeas
'By miracle eſcap'd! if, with thy life,
'Thy ſenſe, return'd, can yet diſcern the Hand,
'All-wonderful, that thro' yon raging ſea,

'Yon whirling weſt of tempeſt, led thee ſafe,
'That Hand divine with grateful awe confeſs,
'With proſtrate thanks adore! When thou, alas!
'Waſt number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
'Th' unfathom'd gulph; when human hope was fled,
'And human help in vain—th' Almighty Voice
'Then bade Deſtruction ſpare, and bade the deep
'Yield up it's prey; that by his mercy ſav'd,
'That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
'A monument of wonder as of love,
'May juſtify to all the ſons of men,
'Thy brethren, ever preſent in their need!
'Such praiſe delights him moſt—
'He hears me not.
'Some ſecret anguiſh, ſome tranſcendent woe,
'Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
'Thro' the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter ſtream!
'Yet ſpeak thy ſoul, afflicted as thou art!
'For know, by mournful privilege, 'tis mine,
'Myſelf moſt wretched, and in ſorrow's ways
'Severely train'd, to ſhare in ev'ry pang
'The wretched feel, to ſoothe the ſad of heart,
'To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
'With ev'ry ſon and daughter of diſtreſs.
'Speak then, and give thy lab'ring boſom vent:
'My pity is, my friendſhip ſhall be, thine,
'To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
'Thro' reaſon's paths, to happineſs and heav'n!'
The Hermit thus: and, after ſome ſad pauſe
Of muſing wonder, thus the man unknown.
'What have I heard!—On this untravell'd ſhore,
'Nature's laſt limit, hemm'd with oceans round
'Howling and harbourleſs, beyond all faith
'A comforter to find, whoſe language wears
'The garb of civil life; a friend whoſe breaſt
'The gracious meltings of ſweet pity move!

'Amaze-

' Amazement all! my grief to ſilence charm'd,
' Is loſt in wonder. But, thou good unknown!
' If woes for ever wedded to deſpair,
' That wiſh no cure, are thine, behold in me
' A meet companion: one whom earth and Heav'n
' Combine to curſe; whom never future morn
' Shall light to joy, nor ev'ning with repoſe
' Deſcending ſhade—O, ſon of this wild world!
' From ſocial converſe tho' for ever barr'd,
' Tho' chill'd with endleſs winter from the pole,
' Yet warm'd by goodneſs, form'd to tender ſenſe
' Of human woes beyond what milder climes,
' By fairer ſuns attemper'd, courtly boaſt;
' O ſay, did e'er thy breaſt, in youthful life,
' Touch'd by a beam from beauty all-divine,
' Did e'er thy boſom her ſweet influence own,
' In pleaſing tumult pour'd thro' ev'ry vein,
' And panting at the heart, when firſt our eye
' Receives impreſſion? then, as paſſion grew,
' Did Heav'n, conſenting to thy wiſh, indulge
' That bliſs no wealth can bribe, no pow'r beſtow,
' That bliſs of angels, love by love repaid?
' Heart ſtreaming full to heart in mutual flow
' Of faith and friendſhip, tenderneſs and truth!—
' If theſe thy fate diſtinguiſh'd, thou wilt then,
' My joys conceiving, image my deſpair,
' How total! how extreme! for this, all this,
' Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
' Lies loſt and bury'd there!—O, awful Heav'n!
' Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
' Her blameleſs head devoted, thou alone
' Canſt tell what I have loſt!—O, ill-ſtarr'd maid!
' O, moſt undone Amyntor!'—Sighs and tears,
And heart-heav'd groans, at this his voice ſuppreſs'd:
The reſt was agony and dumb deſpair.
Now o'er their heads damp night her ſtormy gloom

Spread,

Spread, ere the glimm'ring twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horror cloſing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful ſcene,
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt;
And thus reply'd, as one in nature ſkill'd,
With ſoft-aſſenting ſorrow in his look,
And words to ſoothe, not combat hopeleſs love.
'Amyntor! by that Heav'n who ſees thy tears,
'By faith and friendſhip's ſympathy divine,
'Could I the ſorrows heal I more than ſhare,
'This boſom, truſt me, ſhould from thine transfer
'It's ſharpeſt grief. Such grief, alas! how juſt!
'How long in ſilent anguiſh to deſcend,
'When reaſon and when fondneſs o'er the tomb
'Are fellow-mourners! He who can reſign,
'Has never lov'd; and wert thou to the ſenſe,
'The ſacred feeling of a loſs like thine,
'Cold and inſenſible, thy breaſt were then
'No manſion for humanity, or thought
'Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love
'And tender pity, whoſe kind tear adorns
'The clouded cheek, and ſanctifies the ſoul
'They ſoften, not ſubdue. We both will mix,
'For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
'Our ſocial ſighs; and, ſtill as morn unveils
'The bright'ning hill, or ev'ning's miſty ſhade
'It's brow obſcures, her gracefulneſs of form,
'Her mind all lovely, each ennobling each,
'Shall be our frequent theme: then ſhalt thou hear
'From me, in ſad return, a tale of woes
'So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain'd heart,
'Amid it's own, will ſhudder at the ills
'That mine has bled with!—But, behold! the dark
'And drowſy hour ſteals faſt upon our talk:
'Here break we off; and thou, ſad mourner! try
'Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm

'With

'With timely ſleep: each gracious wing from heav'n,
'Of thoſe that miniſter to erring man,
'Near-hov'ring, huſh thy paſſions into calm;
'Serene thy ſlumbers with preſented ſcenes
'Of brighteſt viſion; whiſper to thy heart
'That holy peace which goodneſs ever ſhares;
'And to us both be friendly as we need!'

CANTO II.

NOW midnight roſe, and o'er the gen'ral ſcene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackeſt veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around th' unſleeping iſle
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd,
And in mix'd horror to Amyntor's ear
Borne thro' the gloom, his ſhrinking ſenſe appall'd.
Shook by each blaſt, and ſwept by ev'ry wave,
Again pale mem'ry labours in the ſtorm;
Again from her is torn whom more than life
His fondneſs lov'd. And now another ſhow'r
Of ſorrow o'er the dear unhappy maid
Effuſive ſtream'd, till late, thro' ev'ry pow'r
The ſoul ſubdu'd ſunk ſad to ſlow repoſe;
And all her dark'ning ſcenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night: a pauſe from pain
Not long to laſt; for Fancy, oft awake
While Reaſon ſleeps, from her illuſive cell
Call'd up wild ſhapes of viſionary fear,
Of viſionary bliſs, the hour of reſt
To mock with mimick ſhews. And, lo! the deeps
In airy tumult ſwell: beneath a hill
Amyntor heaves off overwhelming ſeas,
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back: anon, the ſhadowy world
Shifts to ſome boundleſs continent unknown,
Where ſolitary, o'er the ſtarleſs void,

Dumb

Dumb Silence broods. Thro' heaths of dreary length,
Slow on he drags his ſtagg'ring ſtep infirm
With breathleſs toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar thro' the wild; and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And bright'ning with their glow the brown abyſs,
Roſe Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sate, without cloud, the ſoft-conſenting ſoul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no with to hide;
A ſpring of ſudden myrtles flow'ring round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung ſpouſals, as along th' enamell'd turf
They ſeem'd to fly, and interchang'd their ſouls,
Melting in mutual ſoftneſs. Thrice his arms
The fair encircled; thrice ſhe fled his graſp,
And fading into darkneſs mix'd with air—
'O, turn! O, ſtay thy flight!'—ſo loud he cry'd,
Sleep and it's train of humid vapours fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around; his inward ſenſe
Yet glowing with the viſion's vivid beam,
Still on his eye the hov'ring ſhadow blaz'd;
Her voice ſtill murmur'd in his tinkling ear,
Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb freſh in ev'ry vein.
To frenzy ſtung, upſtarting from his couch,
The vale, the ſhore, with darkling ſtep he roam'd,
Like ſome drear ſpectre from the grave unbound;
Then ſcaling yonder cliff, prone o'er it's brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood,
Scarce from that height diſcern'd. Nor Reaſon's voice,
Nor ow'd ſubmiſſion to the will of Heav'n,
Reſtrains him; but as paſſion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance eſcap'd,

Tho'

Tho' paſſing all belief, the frailer ſkiff,
To which himſelf had borne th' unhappy fair,
May yet be ſeen. Around o'er ſea and ſhore
He roll'd his ardent eye, but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor ſkiff, nor floating corſe, on which to ſhed
The laſt ſad tear, and lay the cov'ring mold!
And now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
Heav'n's orient gate, forth on her progreſs comes
Aurora ſmiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and ſea; while, all unveil'd,
The vaſt horizon on Amyntor's eye
Pours full it's ſcenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this ſteep
Diffus'd immenſe, in rolling proſpect lay
The northern deep: amidſt, from ſpace to ſpace,
Her num'rous iſles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
As ſlow th' aſcending miſts diſperſe in air,
Shoot gradual from her boſom; and beyond,
Like diſtant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of ev'ning ſkies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thouſand landſcapes, barren ſome and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heav'n,
Of horrid grandeur: ſome with ſounding aſh,
Or oak broad ſhadowing, or the ſpiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd; and all beheld
More lovely in the ſun's adorning beam,
Who now, fair riſing o'er yon eaſtern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.
Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from ſweet repoſe,
Repoſe that Temp'rance ſheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful gueſt
Came forth to hail, as hoſpitable rites
And virtue's rule enjoin; but firſt to Him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly ſenſe to glow, his matin ſong,

Superior duty, thus the ſage addreſs'd:
' Fountain of light! from whom yon orient ſun
' Firſt drew his ſplendour! Source of life and love!
' Whoſe ſmile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
' The boundleſs bluſh of ſpring; O First and Beſt!
' Thy eſſence tho' from human ſight and ſearch,
' Tho' from the climb of all created thought
' Ineffably remov'd, yet man himſelf,
' Thy loweſt child of Reaſon, man may read
' Unbounded pow'r, intelligence ſupreme,
' The Maker's hand, on all his works impreſs'd
' In characters coëval with the ſun,
' And with the ſun to laſt; from world to world,
' From age to age, in ev'ry clime, diſclos'd,
' Sole revelation thro' all time the ſame.
' Hail, univerſal Goodneſs! with full ſtream
' For ever flowing from beneath the throne
' Thro' earth, air, ſea, to all things that have life;
' From all that live on earth, in air and ſea,
' The great community of Nature's ſons,
' To thee, firſt Father, ceaſeleſs praiſe aſcend!
' And in the rev'rent hymn my grateful voice
' Be duly heard, among thy works not leaſt,
' Nor loweſt, with intelligence inform'd,
' To know thee, and adore; with free-will crown'd,
' Where Virtue leads, to follow and be bleſs'd.
' O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
' To days of future life; or whether now
' The mortal hour is inſtant, ſtill vouchſafe,
' Parent and friend, to guide me blameleſs on
' Thro' this dark ſcene of error and of ill,
' Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to chear:
' All elſe, of me unaſk'd, thy will ſupreme
' Withold or grant, and let that will be done.'
This from the ſoul in ſilence breath'd ſincere,
The hill's ſteep ſide with firm elaſtick ſtep

He

He lightly scal'd; such health the frugal board,
The morn's fresh breath that exercise respires
In mountain walks, and conscience free from blame,
Our life's best cordial can thro' age prolong.
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown, nor heard approach his host,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius, mov'd
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began.

'O sight, that from the eye of Wealth or Pride,
'E'en in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
'A feeling tear! whom yesterday beheld
'By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess'd
'That fancy, tranc'd in fairest vision, dreams;
'Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,
'Each bliss that chears; there on the damp earth spread,
'Beneath a heav'n unknown, behold him now!
'And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
'The proud, be taught what now the wretched feel,
'The happy have to fear. O man forlorn!
'Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
'To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame
'It's tender anguish!'——
'Hear me, Heav'n'! exclaim'd
The frantick mourner. 'Could that anguish rise
'To madness and to mortal agony,
'I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang,
'From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
'For ever freed. To me the sun is lost;
'To me the future flight of days and years
'Is darkness, is despair—But who complains,
'Forgets that he can die. O, fainted maid!
'For such in heav'n thou art, if from thy seat
'Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,

'If names on earth moſt ſacred once and dear,
'A lover and a friend, if yet theſe names
'Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
'To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
'Thy lifeleſs limbs, that I—O grief ſupreme!
'O fate remorſeleſs! was thy lover ſav'd
'For ſuch a taſk!—that I thoſe dear remains,
'With maiden rites adorn'd, at laſt may lodge
'Beneath the hallow'd vault, and weeping there
'O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to cloſe
'Theſe eyes in peace, and mix this duſt with thine!'
'Such, and ſo dire,' reply'd the cordial friend
In Pity's look and language, 'ſuch, alas!
'Were late my thoughts: whate'er the human heart
'Can moſt afflict, grief, agony, deſpair,
'Have all been mine, and with alternate war
'This boſom ravag'd. Hearken then, good youth!
'My ſtory mark; and, from another's fate,
'Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
'Sad as it ſeems, to balance and to bear!
'In me, a man behold whoſe morn ſerene,
'Whoſe noon of better life, with honour ſpent,
'In virtuous purpoſe or in honeſt act,
'Drew fair diſtinction on my publick name
'From thoſe among mankind, the nobler few,
'Whoſe praiſe is fame; but there, in that true ſource
'Whence happineſs with pureſt ſtream deſcends,
'In home-found peace and love, ſupremely bleſs'd!
'Union of hearts, conſent of wedded wills,
'By friendſhip knit, by mutual faith ſecur'd,
'Our hopes and fears, our earth and heav'n, the ſame!
'At laſt, Amyntor, in my failing age
'Fall'n from ſuch height, and with the felon herd,
'Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that ſtill
'Stings deep the heart, and cloathes the cheek with ſhame!
'Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone ſhould fear,

'The

'The hand of publick vengeance; arm'd by rage,
'Not juſtice; rais'd to injure, not redreſs;
'To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend;
'And all, O ſov'reign Reaſon! all deriv'd
'From pow'r that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
'A right divine to violate unblam'd
'Each law, each rule, that, by himſelf obſerv'd,
'The God preſcribes whoſe ſanction kings pretend!
'O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
'Whole hopeleſs years th' oppreſſor's hand to know
'How hateful and how hard; thyſelf reliev'd,
'Now hear! thy people, groaning under wrongs
'Of equal load, adjure thee by thoſe days
'Of want and woe, of danger and deſpair,
'As Heav'n has thine, to pity their diſtreſs!
'Yet from the plain good meaning of my heart
'Be far th' unhallow'd licenſe of abuſe;
'Be far the bitterneſs of faintly zeal,
'That impious hid behind the patriot's name
'Maſques hate and malice to the legal throne,
'In juſtice founded, circumſcrib'd by laws,
'The prince to guard—but guard the people too;
'Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
'Soul of all worth, and ſum of human bliſs,
'Fair Freedom! birthright of all thinking kinds;
'Reaſon's Great Charter, from no king deriv'd,
'By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine;
'Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd!
'But if, diſclaiming this his heav'n-own'd right,
'This firſt, beſt tenure, by which monarchs rule;
'If, meant the bleſſing, he becomes the bane,
'The wolf, not ſhepherd, of his ſubject-flock,
'To grind and tear, not ſhelter and protect,
'Wide-waſting where he reigns—to ſuch a prince
'Allegiance kept were treaſon to mankind,
'And loyalty revolt from virtue's law:

'For say, Amyntor! does juſt Heaven enjoin
'That we ſhould homage hell? or bend the knee
'To earthquake or volcano, when they rage,
'Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundleſs grave
'Ingulph their thouſands? Yet, O grief to tell!
'Yet ſuch, of late, o'er this devoted land
'Was publick rule. Our ſervile ſtripes and chains,
'Our ſighs and groans reſounding from the ſteep
'Of wint'ry hill, or waſte untravell'd heath,
'Laſt refuge of our wretchedneſs, not guilt,
'Proclaim'd it loud to Heav'n: the arm of pow'r
'Extended fatal but to cruſh the head
'It ought to ſcreen, or with a parent's love
'Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
'The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.
'In this wide ruin were my fortunes ſunk;
'Myſelf, as one contagious to his kind,
'Whom Nature, whom the ſocial life, renounc'd,
'Unſummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
'To ſhameful death! adjudg'd; againſt my head
'The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
'Let looſe the murd'rous cry of human hounds:
'And this blind fury of commiſſion'd rage,
'Of party vengeance, to a fatal foe,
'Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direſt name,
'Was giv'n in charge; a foe whom blood-ſtain'd zeal
'For what—O hear it not, all-righteous Heav'n!
'Leſt thy rous'd thunder burſt—for what was deem'd
'Religion's cauſe, had ſavag'd to a brute
'More deadly fell than hunger ever ſtung
'To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
'Sons of perdition! miſcreants with all guilt
'Familiar, and in each dire art of death
'Train'd ruthleſs up: as tigers on their prey
'On my defenceleſs lands thoſe fiercer beaſts
'Devouring fell; nor that ſequeſter'd ſhade,

'That

'That ſweet receſs, where Love and Virtue long
'In happy league had dwelt, which War itſelf
'Behold with rev'rence, could their fury 'ſcape;
'Deſpoil'd, defac'd, and wrapp'd in waſteful flames:
'For flame and rapine their conſuming march
'From hill to vale by daily ruin mark'd.
'So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,
'Embody'd locuſts from the wing deſcend
'On herb, fruit, flow'r, and kill the rip'ning year;
'While, waſte behind, deſtruction on their track
'And ghaſtly famine wait. My wife and child
'He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O Heav'n! do I,
'A man, ſurvive to tell it! At the hour
'Sacred to reſt, amid the ſighs and tears
'Of all who ſaw and curs'd his coward rage,
'He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
'By menace, or by torture, from their fears
'My laſt retreat to learn, and ſtill detains
'Beneath his roof accurs'd, that beſt of wives,
'Emilia! and our only pledge of love,
'My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there
'And nature bleed.—Ah! let not buſy thought
'Search thither, but avoid the fatal coaſt:
'Diſcov'ry there, once more my peace of mind
'Might wreck, once more to deſperation ſink
'My hopes in Heav'n!' He ſaid: but, O ſad Muſe!
Can all thy moving energy of pow'r
To ſhake the heart, to freeze th' arreſted blood,
With words that weep, and ſtrains that agonize;
Can all this mournful magick of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels! 'O Heav'n! art thou—
'What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?—
'Confuſion! horror!—that moſt wrong'd of men!
'And, O moſt wretched too!—alas! no more,
'No more a father—on that fatal flood
'Thy Theodora—' At theſe words he fell;

A deadly

A deadly cold ran freezing thro' his veins;
And life was on the wing, her loath'd abode
For ever to forſake. As on his way
The traveller, from heav'n by lightning ſtruck,
Is fix'd at once immoveable, his eye
With terror glaring wild, his ſtiff'ning limbs
In ſudden marble bound; ſo ſtood, ſo look'd,
The heart-ſmote parent at this tale of death,
Half utter'd, yet too plain! No ſigh to riſe,
No tear had force to flow; his ſenſes all,
Thro' all their pow'rs ſuſpended, and ſubdu'd
To chill amazement. Silence for a ſpace—
Such diſmal ſilence ſaddens earth and ſky
Ere firſt the thunder breaks—on either ſide
Fill'd up this interval ſevere. At laſt,
As from ſome viſion that to frenzy fires
The ſleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—'Me, me!' he cry'd, 'on me
'Let all thy wrongs be viſited, and thus
'My horrors end!'—then madly would have plung'd
The weapon's hoſtile point. His lifted arm
Aurelius, tho' with deep diſmay, and dread,
And anguiſh ſhook, yet his ſuperior ſoul
Collecting, and reſuming all himſelf,
Seiz'd ſudden; then peruſing, with ſtrict eye,
And beating heart, Amyntor's blooming form,
Nor from his air or feature gath'ring aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length beſpoke:
'O dire attempt! who'er thou art, yet ſtay
'Thy hand ſelf-violent, nor thus to guilt,
'If guilt is thine, accumulating add
'A crime that Nature ſhrinks from, and to which
'Heav'n has indulg'd no mercy. Sov'reign Judge!
'Shall man firſt violate the law divine,
'That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,

'Reſign'd,

' Reſign'd, unmurm'ring, to await his hour
' Of fair diſmiſſion hence; ſhall man do this,
' Then dare thy preſence, ruſh into thy ſight,
' Red with the ſin, and recent from the ſtain,
' Of unrepented blood! Call home thy ſenſe;
' Know what thou art, and own his hand moſt juſt
' Rewarding or afflicting. But, ſay on:
' My ſoul, yet trembling at thy frantick deed,
' Recals thy words, recals their dire import;
' They urge me on, they bid me aſk no more.
' What would I aſk? My Theodora's fate,
' Ah, me! is known too plain. Have I then ſinn'd,
' Good Heav'n! beyond all grace! But ſhall I blame
' His rage of grief; and in myſelf admit
' It's wild exceſs? Heav'n gave her to my wiſh;
' That gift Heav'n has reſum'd; righteous in both:
' For both, his providence be ever bleſs'd!'
By ſhame repreſs'd, with riſing wonder fill'd,
Amyntor, ſlow-recovering into thought,
Submiſſive on his knee the good man's hand
Graſp'd cloſe, and bore with ardour to his lips.
His eye, where fear, confuſion, rev'rence, ſpoke,
Thro' ſwelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now roſe to meet, now ſhunn'd the Hermit's glance,
Shot awful at him, till the various ſwell
Of paſſion ebbing, thus he fault'ring ſpoke:
' What haſt thou done? why ſav'd a wretch unknown?
' Whom knowing, e'en thy goodneſs muſt abhor.
' Miſtaken man! the honour of thy name,
' Thy love, truth, duty, all muſt be my foes.
' I am—Aurelius! turn that look aſide,
' That brow of terror, while this wretch can ſay,
' Abhorrent ſay, he is—Forgive me, Heav'n!
' Forgive me, Virtue! if I would renounce
' Whom Nature bids me rev'rence—by her bond,
' Rolando's ſon; by your more ſacred ties,

'As to his crimes an alien to his blood;
'For crimes like his——'
'Rolando's ſon! Juſt Heav'n!
'Ha! here, and in my pow'r! A war of thoughts,
'All terrible ariſing, ſhakes my frame
'With doubtful conflict. By one ſtroke to reach
'The father's heart, tho' ſeas are ſpread between,
'Were great revenge!—Away! Revenge? on whom?
'Alas! on my own ſoul; by rage betray'd
'E'en to the crime my reaſon moſt condemns
'In him who ruin'd me!' Deep-mov'd he ſpoke,
And his own poniard o'er the proſtrate youth
Suſpended held; but as the welcome blow,
With arms diſplay'd, Amyntor ſeem'd to court,
Behold, in ſudden confluence gath'ring round,
The natives ſtood, whom kindneſs hither drew,
The man unknown with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
To ſuccour and to ſerve. Before them came
Montano, venerable ſage! whoſe head
The hand of Time with twenty winter's ſnow
Had ſhower'd, and to whoſe intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light diſclos'd. Him, after pauſe,
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor plac'd, to lodge him and ſecure;
To ſave him from himſelf, as one with grief
Tempeſtuous, and with rage, diſtemper'd deep:
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He fought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's ſouthern hills their ſummit lift
With triple fork to heav'n, the mounted ſun
Full, from the midmoſt, ſhot in dazzling ſtream

His

His noon-tide ray: and now, in lowing train,
Were ſeen ſlow-pacing weſtward o'er the vale,
The milky mothers, foot purſuing foot,
And nodding as thy move, their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the ſhore,
Around it's rocks to graze *; for, ſtrange to tell!
The hour of ebb, tho' ever varying found,
As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her courſe inconſtant, their ſure inſtinct feels,
Intelligent of times, by Heav'n's own hand,
To all it's creatures equal in it's care,
Unerring mov'd. Theſe ſigns obſerv'd, that guide
To labour and repoſe a ſimple race,
Theſe native ſigns to due repaſt at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temp'rate iſle,
All but Aurelius: he, unhappy man!
By Nature's voice ſolicited in vain,
Nor hour obſerv'd, nor due repaſt partook.
The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
Both in black proſpect riſing to his eye:
'Twas anguiſh there; 'twas here diſtracting doubt!
Yet after long and painful conflict borne,
Where nature, reaſon, oft the doubtful ſcale
Inclin'd alternate, ſummoning each aid
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior riſing, in the might of Him
Who ſtrength from weakneſs, as from darkneſs light,
Omnipotent can draw, again reſign'd,
Again he ſacrific'd to Heav'n's high will
Each ſoothing weakneſs of a parent's breaſt,

* The cows often feed on the *alga marina*, and they can diſtinguiſh exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood, though, at the ſame time, they are not within view of the ſhore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they ſteer their courſe directly to the neareſt ſhore, in their uſual order, one after another. I had occaſion to make this obſervation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 156.

The ſigh ſoft mem'ry prompts, the tender tear,
That ſtreaming o'er an object lov'd and loſt
With mournful magick tortures and delights,
Relieves us while it's ſweet oppreſſion loads,
And by admitting, blunts the ſting of woe.
As reaſon thus the mental ſtorm ſeren'd,
And thro' the darkneſs ſhot her ſun-bright ray
That ſtrengthens while it chears, behold from far
Amyntor ſlow approaching! on his front
O'er each ſunk feature ſorrow had diffus'd
Attraction ſweetly ſad: his noble port,
Majeſtick in diſtreſs, Aurelius mark'd;
And, unreſiſting, felt his boſom flow
With ſocial ſoftneſs. Straight before the door
Of his moſs-ſilver'd cell they ſate them down
In counterview; and thus the youth began:
'With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
'Amyntor's ſtory; then, as Juſtice ſees,
'On either hand her equal balance weigh,
'Abſolve him or condemn. But, oh! may I
'A father's name, when truth forbids to praiſe,
'Unblam'd pronounce! that name to ev'ry ſon
'By Heav'n made ſacred, and by Nature's hand,
'With honour, duty, love, her triple pale,
'Fenc'd ſtrongly round, to bar the rude approach
'Of each irrev'rent thought!—Theſe eyes, alas!
'The curs'd effects of ſanguinary zeal
'Too near beheld, it's madneſs how extreme,
'How blind it's fury! by the prompting prieſt,
'Each tyrant's ready inſtrument of ill,
'Train'd on to holy miſchief: ſcene abhorr'd!
'Fell Cruelty let looſe in Mercy's name;
'Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
'Her heavieſt chains were caſt, her iron ſcourge
'Severeſt hung, yet daring to appeal
'That Pow'r whoſe law is meekneſs, and for deeds

'That

' That outrage Heav'n, belying Heav'n's command!
' Flexile of will, misjudging, tho' sincere,
' Rolando caught the spread infection, plung'd
' Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd
' His course unjust to violence and rage;
' Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
' Of beauty, nor the matron's sacred age,
' Secure from wrongs, could innocence secure,
' Found rev'rence or distinction: yet, sustain'd
' By conscious worth within, the matchless pair
' Their threat'ning fate, imprisonment, and scorn,
' And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdu'd
' To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
' With patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
' Not built on pride, not courting vain applause;
' But calmly constant, without effort great,
' What Reason dictates, and what Heav'n approves.
' But how proceed, Aurelius? in what sounds
' Of gracious cadence, of assuasive pow'r,
' My farther story cloath? O could I steal
' From Harmony her softest-warbled strain
' Of melting air, or Zephyr's vernal voice,
' Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
' To liquid blandishment his ev'ning lay,
' All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
' Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell
' How unperceiv'd and secret thro' his breast,
' As morning rises o'er the midnight shade,
' What first was ow'd humanity to both,
' Assisting piety and tender thought,
' Grew swift and silent into love for one;
' My sole offence—if love can then offend,
' When virtue lights, and rev'rence guards it's flame.
' O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
' That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
' Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,

'Unmov'd could see! that dignity of ease,
'That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
'For all in thee was native; from within
'Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
'From it's unfailing source! and then, too, seen
'In milder lights; by Sorrow's shading hand
'Touch'd into pow'r more exquisitely soft,
'By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
'O sweetness without name! when Love looks on
'With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul
'Endears, ennobles, her whom Fate afflicts,
'Or Fortune leaves unhappy! passion then
'Refines to virtue; then a purer train
'Of heav'n-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
'By self-regard, or thought of due return,
'The breast expanding, all it's pow'rs exalt
'To emulate what Reason best conceives
'Of love celestial, whose prevenient aid
'Forbids approaching ill, or gracious draws,
'When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
'From pain it's sting, it's bitterness from woe!
'By this plain courtship of the honest heart
'To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
'The gentle maid, with unreluctant ear,
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
'With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
'In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
'To mutual love. O Fortune's fairest hour!
'O seen, but not enjoy'd; just hail'd, and lost
'It's flatt'ring brightness! Theodora's form,
'Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye;
'And Love, (if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
'By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
'Profanes not) Love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
'To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks back,
'Reluctant to proceed; and filial awe,

'With

'With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
'The veil of ſilence and oblivious night
'Permitted throw. His impious ſuit repell'd,
'Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip ſevere
'Daſh'd with indignant ſcorn each harbour'd thought
'Of ſoft emotion, or of ſocial ſenſe,
'Love, pity, kindneſs, alien to a ſoul
'That bigot rage emboſoms, fled at once,
'And all the ſavage re-aſſum'd his breaſt.
"'Tis juſt!" he cry'd; "who thus invites diſdain,
"Deſerves repulſe; he who, by ſlave-like arts,
"Would meanly ſteal what force may nobler take,
"And, greatly daring, dignify the deed:
"When next we meet, our mutual bluſh to ſpare,
"Thine from diſſembling, from baſe flatt'ry mine,
"Shall be my care." This threat, by brutal ſcorn
'Keen'd and imbitter'd, terrible to both,
'To one prov'd fatal. Silent-waſting grief,
'The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame
'Had prey'd unſeen, now deep thro' all her pow'rs
'It's poiſon ſpread, and kill'd their vital growth.
'Sick'ning, ſhe ſunk beneath this double weight
'Of ſhame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?
'Aurelius! O moſt injur'd of mankind!
'Shall yet my tale, exaſperating, add
'To woe new anguiſh! and to grief deſpair!
'She is no more!'——
'O Providence ſevere!'
Aurelius ſmote his breaſt, and groaning cry'd;
But curb'd a ſecond groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief, and to the Will Supreme,
In juſtice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor ſigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of Nature tho' aſſail'd,
Eſcap'd his lips. 'What! ſhall we from Heav'n's grace
'With life receiving happineſs, our ſhare

'Of

'Of ill refuſe? and are afflictions aught
'But mercies in diſguiſe? th' alternate cup,
'Medicinal tho' bitter, and prepar'd
'By Love's own hand for ſalutary ends.
'But, were they ills indeed, can fond complaint
'Arreſt the wing of time? Can grief command
'This noon-day ſun to roll his flaming orb
'Back to yon eaſtern coaſt, and bring again
'The hours of yeſterday? or from the womb
'Of that unfounded deep the bury'd corſe
'To light and life reſtore? Bleſs'd pair! farewel!
'Yet, yet a few ſhort days of erring grief,
'Of human fondneſs ſighing in the breaſt,
'And ſorrow is no more.—Now, gentle youth!
'And let me call thee ſon, (for, O that name
'Thy faith, thy friendſhip, thy true portion borne
'Of pains for me, too ſadly have deſerv'd!)
'On with thy tale: 'tis mine when Heav'n afflicts
'To hearken and adore.' The patient man
Thus ſpoke. Amyntor thus his ſtory clos'd:
'As dumb with anguiſh round the bed of death
'Weeping we knelt, to mine ſhe faintly rais'd
'Her cloſing eyes, then fixing, in cold gaze,
'On Theodora's face—"O ſave my child!"
'She ſaid; and, ſhrinking from her pillow, ſlept
'Without a groan, a pang! In hallow'd earth
'I ſaw her ſhrouded; bade eternal peace
'Her ſhade receive; and, with the trueſt tears
'Affection ever wept, her duſt bedew'd.
'What then remain'd for honour or for love?
'What, but that ſcene of violence to fly,
'With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death;
'Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
'When ſhade and ſilence o'er this nether orb
'With drowzieſt influence reign, the waining moon
'Aſcending mournful in the midnight ſphere,

'On

" On that drear ſpot, within whoſe cavern'd womb
" Emilia ſleeps, and by the turf that veils
" Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
" I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
" With ſacred terror, which the time, the place,
" Pour'd on us, ſadly-ſolemn, I too bent
" My trembling knee, and lock'd in her's my hand
" Acroſs her parent's grave.—" By this dread ſcene!
" By night's pale regent! by yon glorious train
" Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
" By Death's dark empire! by the ſheeted duſt
" That once was man, now mould'ring here below!
" But chief by her's, at whoſe nocturnal tomb
" Rev'rent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
" Th' unbody'd ſpirit hov'ring near, perhaps
" As witneſs to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
" Nor aught but Death's inevitable hand,
" Shall e'er divide our loves!"—I led her thence,
" To where, ſafe ſtation'd in a ſecret bay,
" Rough of deſcent, and brown with pendent pines
" That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
" We ſail'd: But, O my father! can I ſpeak
" What yet remains! Yon ocean, black with ſtorm,
" It's uſeleſs ſails rent from the groaning pine!
" The ſpeechleſs crew aghaſt! and that loſt fair!
" Still, ſtill I ſee her! feel her heart pant thick!
" And hear her voice, in ardent vows to Heav'n
" For me alone preferr'd! as on my arm
" Expiring, ſinking with her fears, ſhe hung!
" I kiſs'd her pale cold cheek; with tears adjur'd,
" And won at laſt with ſums of proffer'd gold,
" The boldeſt mariners this precious charge
" Inſtant to ſave, and in the ſkiff ſecur'd,
" Their oars acroſs the foamy flood to ply
" With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
" To follow her.—That moment from the deck

'A ſea ſwell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulph!
'Nor me alone; it's broad and billowing ſweep
'Muſt have involv'd her too. Myſterious Heav'n!
'My fatal love on her devoted head
'Drew down—it muſt be ſo!—the judgment due
'To me and mine; or was Amyntor ſav'd
'For it's whole quiver of remaining wrath!
'For ſtorms more fierce! for pains of ſharper ſting!
'And years of death to come!'—Nor farther voice
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief ſupply'd;
With arms outſpread, with eyes in hopeleſs gaze
To heav'n uplifted, motionleſs and mute
He ſtood, the mournful ſemblance of deſpair.
The lamp of day, tho' from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardour, ſhot on earth
Oppreſſive brightneſs round, till in ſoft ſteam,
From Ocean's boſom his light vapours drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the ſky
Their veil diffuſive ſpread, the ſcene abroad
Soft-ſhadowing, vale and plain and dazzling hill.
Aurelius with his gueſt the weſtern cliff
Aſcending ſlow, beneath it's marble roof,
From whence in double ſtream a lucid ſource
Roll'd ſounding forth, and where with dewy wing
Freſh breezes play'd, ſought refuge and repoſe,
Till cooler hours ariſe. The ſubject iſle
Her village capital, where Health and Peace
Are tutelary gods, her ſmall domain
Of arable and paſture, vein'd with ſtreams
That branching bear refreſhful moiſture on
To field and mead; her ſtraw-roof'd temple rood,
Where Piety, not Pride, adoring kneels;
Lay full in view: from ſcene to ſcene around
Aurelius gaz'd, and ſighing, thus began.
'Not we alone; alas! in ev'ry clime
'The human race are ſons of ſorrow born;

'Heirs

'Heirs of tranſmitted labour and diſeaſe,
'Of pain and grief, from ſire to ſon deriv'd,
'All have their mournful portion; all muſt bear
'Th' impos'd condition of their mortal ſtate,
'Viciſſitude of ſuff'ring. Caſt thine eye
'Where yonder vale, Amyntor, ſloping ſpreads
'Full to the noon-tide beam it's primroſe lap,
'From hence due eaſt.' Amyntor look'd, and ſaw,
Not without wonder at a ſight ſo ſtrange,
Where thrice three females, earneſt each, and arm'd
With rural inſtruments, the ſoil prepar'd
For future harveſt. Theſe the trenchant ſpade,
To turn the mould, and break th' adheſive clods,
Employ'd aſſiduous; thoſe, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, ſtrew'd it's freſh lap white
With fruitful Ceres; while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilſome taſk.
'Behold!' Aurelius thus his ſpeech renew'd,
'From that ſoft ſex, too delicately fram'd
'For toils like theſe, the taſk of rougher man,
'What yet neceſſity demands ſevere.
'Twelve ſuns have purpled theſe encircling hills
'With orient beams, as many nights along
'Their dewy ſummits drawn th' alternate veil
'Of darkneſs, ſince, in unpropitious hour,
'The huſbands of thoſe widow'd mates, who now
'For both muſt labour, launch'd, in queſt of food,
'Their iſland-ſkiff advent'rous on the deep:
'Them, while the ſweeping net ſecure they plung'd
'The finny race to ſnare, whoſe foodful ſhoals
'Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
'As annual on from ſhore to ſhore they move
'In wat'ry caravan; them, thus intent,
'Dark from the ſouth a guſt of furious wing,
'Upſpringing, drove to ſea, and left in tears

'This little world of brothers and of friends!
'But when, at ev'ning hour, disjointed planks,
'Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,
'To sight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
'The wreck before surmis'd, one gen'ral groan
'To heav'n ascending, spoke the gen'ral breast
'With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,
'Thro' these hoarse rocks on this resounding shore,
'At morn was heard; at midnight too, were seen,
'Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height
'The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
'With eager gaze; till from yon lesser isle,
'Yon round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam'd,
'Full north, behold! above the soaring lark
'It's dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
'With curling mists—at last, from yon hoar hills,
'Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze
'And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
'Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
'Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
'Successive kindled, and from night to night
'Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
'Took her gay turn to reign; and Nature now
'From rapture wept; yet ever and anon
'By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought,
'How from yon rocky prison to release
'Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
'Destroy'd) and whom th' inevitable siege
'Of hunger must assault.—But hope sustains
'The human heart; and now their faithful wives,
'With love-taught skill, and vigour not their own,
'On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare *.'

* The Author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

Amyntor,

Amyntor, who the tale diſtreſsful heard
With ſympathizing ſorrow on himſelf,
On his ſeverer fate, now pond'ring deep,
Rapt by ſad thought the hill unheeding left,
And reach'd, with ſwerving ſtep, the diſtant ſtrand.
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or ſailing level on the polar gale
That cool with ev'ning roſe, a thouſand wings,
The ſummer nations of theſe pregnant cliffs,
Play'd ſportive round, and to the ſun outſpread
Their various plumage, or in wild notes hail'd
His parent-beam that animates and chears
All living kinds: he, glorious from amidſt
A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantick flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er it's azure breaſt
Wav'd one unbounded bluſh; a ſcene to ſtrike
Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, loſt to outward ſenſe, Amyntor paſs'd
Regardleſs on, thro' other walks convey'd
Of baleful proſpect, which pale Fancy rais'd
Inceſſant to herſelf, and fabled o'er
With darkeſt night, meet region for deſpair!
Till northward, where the rock it's ſea-waſh'd baſe
Projects athwart, and ſhuts the bounded ſcene,
Rounding it's point, he rais'd his eyes, and ſaw,
At diſtance ſaw, deſcending on the ſhore,
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
A double band, who by their geſtures ſtrange
There fix'd with wond'ring; for at once they knelt
With hands upheld; at once to Heav'n, as ſeem'd,
One gen'ral hymn pour'd forth of vocal praiſe;
Then ſlowly riſing, forward mov'd their ſteps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either ſide ſupported, onward came,
Pale, and of piteous look, a penſive maid,
As one by waſting ſickneſs ſore aſſail'd,

Or

Or plung'd in grief profound. 'Oh! all ye Powers!'
Amyntor, ſtartling, cry'd, and ſhot his ſoul
In rapid glance before him on her face:
'Illuſion! no, it cannot be. My blood
'Runs chill; my feet are rooted here! and, ſee!
'To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form!
'The ſpirits who this ocean waſte and wild
'Still hover round, or walk theſe iſles unſeen,
'Preſenting oft in pictur'd viſion ſtrange
'The dead or abſent, have yon ſhape adorn'd
'So like my love, of unſubſtantial air,
'Embody'd, featur'd it with all her charms!
'And, lo! behold, it's eyes are fix'd on mine
'With gaze tranſported!—Ha! ſhe faints! ſhe falls!'
He ran, he flew! his claſping arms receiv'd
Her ſinking weight: 'O earth, and air, and ſea!
''Tis ſhe! 'tis Theodora! Pow'r Divine,
'Whoſe goodneſs knows no bound, thy hand is here,
'Omnipotent in mercy!' As he ſpoke,
Adown his cheek, thro' ſhiv'ring joy and doubt,
The tear faſt-falling ſtream'd. 'My love! my life!
'Soul of my wiſhes! ſav'd beyond all faith!
'Return'd to life and me!—O fly, my friends;
'Fly, and from yon tranſlucent fountain bring
'The living ſtream!—Thou dearer to my ſoul
'Than all the ſumleſs wealth this ſea entombs,
'My Theodora! yet awake; 'tis I,
''Tis poor Amyntor calls thee!' At that name,
That potent name, her ſpirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, ſhe, trembling, rais'd her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager graſp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name, then ſunk again;
Then ſwoon'd upon his boſom, thro' exceſs
Of bliſs unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The roſe-bud thus, that to the beams ſerene

Of

Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.
Moments of dread ſuſpenſe—but ſoon to ceaſe!
For now, while on her face theſe men unknown
The ſtream, with cool aſperſion, buſy caſt,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them, his friends! th' advent'rous few,
Who bore her to the ſkiff! whoſe daring ſkill
Had ſav'd her from the deep! As o'er her cheek
Rekindling life, like morn, it's light diffus'd
In dawning purple, from their lips he learn'd
How to yon iſle, yon round of moſs-clad hills,
Borera nam'd, before the tempeſt borne,
Theſe iſlanders, thrice three, then priſon'd there,
(So Heav'n ordain'd) with utmoſt peril run,
With toil invincible, from ſhelve and rock
Their boat preſerv'd, and to this happy coaſt
It's prow directed ſafe. He heard no more;
The reſt already known, his ev'ry ſenſe,
His full-collected ſoul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while theſe ſounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.
'Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
'My ſoul's deſpair and rapture!—Can this be!
'Am I on earth; and do theſe arms indeed
'Thy real form infold?—Thou dreadful deep!
'Ye ſhores unknown! ye wild-impending hills!
'Dare I yet truſt my ſenſe!—O yes, 'tis he!
''Tis he himſelf! My eyes, my bounding heart,
'Confeſs their living lord! What ſhall I ſay!
'How vent the boundleſs tranſport that expands
'My lab'ring thought! th' unutterable bliſs,
'Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
'The breaſt they charm!—Amyntor! O ſupport
'This ſwimming brain; I would not now be torn
'Again from life and thee, nor cauſe thy heart

'A ſecond

'A ſecond pang!' At this dilated high
The ſwell of joy, moſt fatal where it's force
Is felt moſt exquiſite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er it's charge,
With ſhelt'ring wing, ſolicitouſly brood,
The guardian Genius hovers; ſo the youth,
On her lov'd face aſſiduous and alarm'd,
In ſilent fondneſs dwelt, while all his ſoul
With trembling tenderneſs of hope and fear
Pleaſingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breaſt,
Attemp'ring, to compoſe, and gradual fit
For farther joy her ſoft impreſſive frame.
'O happy! tho' as yet thou know'ſt not half
'The bliſs that waits thee! But, thou gentle mind,
'Whoſe ſigh is pity, and whoſe ſmile is love,
'For all who joy or ſorrow, arm thy breaſt
'With that beſt temp'rance, which from fond exceſs,
'When rapture lifts to dang'rous height it's pow'rs,
'Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
'On wonder wait—ſafe refug'd in this iſle,
'Thy godlike father lives! and, lo!—but curb,
'Repreſs the tranſport that o'erheaves thy heart;
''Tis he—look yonder—he, whoſe rev'rend ſteps
'The mountain's ſide deſcend!' Abrupt from his
Her hand ſhe drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the ſpace between. He ſaw, he knew,
Aſtoniſh'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd
The loſt, lov'd fair, and in his boſom preſs'd.
'My father!'—'O my child!' at once they cry'd;
Nor more: the reſt extatick ſilence ſpoke;
And Nature from her inmoſt ſeat of ſenſe
Beyond all utt'rance mov'd. On this bleſs'd ſcene,
Where emulous in either boſom ſtrove

Adoring

Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with ſoft'ning aſpect ſeem'd to ſmile,
And Heav'n, approving, look'd delighted down.
Nor theirs alone this bliſsful hour; the joy,
With inſtant flow, from ſhore to ſhore along
Diffuſive ran, and all th' exulting iſle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long loſt! by miracle regain'd!
In each plain boſom Love and Nature wept;
While each a ſire, a huſband, or a friend,
Embracing, held and kiſs'd.
Now, while the ſong,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Beſt harmony, their grateful ſouls effus'd
Aloud to Heav'n, Montano, rev'rend ſeer!
(Whoſe eye prophetick, far thro' Time's abyſs,
Could ſhoot it's beam, and there the births of Fate,
Yet immature, and in their cauſes hid,
Illumin'd ſee) a ſpace abſtracted ſtood;
His frame with ſhiv'ry horror ſtirr'd, his eyes
From outward viſion held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding ſcene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror ſeen,
And glowing radiant to his mental ſight.
'They fly!' he cry'd; 'they melt in air away,
'The clouds that long fair Albion's heav'n o'ercaſt!
'With tempeſt delug'd, or with flame devour'd,
'Her drooping plains; while dawning roſy round
'A purer morning lights up all her ſkies!
'He comes! behold, the Great Deliv'rer comes!
'Immortal William! borne triumphant on,
'From yonder orient, o'er propitious ſeas,
'White with the ſails of his unnumber'd fleet,
'A floating foreſt, ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore!
'See! with ſpread wing Britannia's Genius flies

'Before his prow, commands the ſpeeding gales
'To waft him on, and o'er the hero's head,
'Inwreath'd with olive, bears the laurel crown;
'Bleſs'd emblem, peace with liberty reſtor'd!
'And, hark! from either ſtrand, which nations hide,
'To welcome in true Freedom's day renew'd,
'What thunders of acclaim!—Aurelius! man
'By Heav'n belov'd, thou, too, that ſacred ſun
'Shalt live to hail; ſhalt warm thee in his ſhine!
'I ſee thee on the flow'ry lap diffus'd
'Of thy lov'd vale, amid a ſmiling race
'From this bleſs'd pair to ſpring; whom equal faith,
'And equal fondneſs, in ſoft league ſhall hold
'From youth to rev'rend age, the calmer hours
'Of thy laſt day to ſweeten and adorn,
'Thro' life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!'

LAURA;

OR,

THE COMPLAINT.

AN ELEGY.

BY DR. MARRIOTT.

YE groves, with venerable moſs array'd,
That o'er yon caverns ſtretch your pendent ſhade,
Where ſacred Silence lulls the rural vale,
And Love in whiſpers tells his tender tale;
Ye lonely rocks; ye ſtreams that ever flow,
Still as my tears, and conſtant as my woe;
To you, behold, the wretched Laura flies,
And haunts thoſe ſeats from whence her ſorrows riſe;

Where,

Where, loſt to love, how often has ſhe ſtray'd!
When the fond lover led his bluſhing maid,
When his ſoft lips, too eloquent his art,
Pour'd the warm wiſh, and breath'd out all his heart!
Ah, once lov'd ſeats! your pleaſing ſcenes are o'er,
Nor can you charm, ſince he can love no more;
Tho' ſmile your lawns with vernal glories crown'd,
In vain gay Nature paints th' enamell'd ground;
While thro' your ſolitary paths I rove,
A prey to grief, to ſickneſs, and to love.
Tho' gentle zephyrs fan the bending bowers,
Tho' breathes the incenſe of your opening flowers,
Nor opening flowers, nor gentle zephyrs charm,
Nor beauteous ſcenes a grief like mine diſarm:
Fade every flower, and languiſh ev'ry ſenſe,
Ye have no ſweets for fallen innocence!
Torn by remorſe, ſad victim of deſpair,
Where ſhall I turn? or where addreſs my prayer?
Far as the morn it's early beam diſplays,
Or where the ſtar of evening darts it's rays;
Far as wide earth is ſtretch'd, or oceans roll,
Where blow the winds, or heaven inveſts the pole,
In vain my fluttering ſoul would wing it's way;
Stern Care purſues, where'er the wretched ſtray.
Soft God of Sleep, whoſe ever-peaceful reign
Lulls earth, and heav'n, and all th' extended main,
Powerful to give the labouring heart to reſt,
To wipe the tear, and heal the wounded breaſt,
Say, by what crime offended, flies from me,
Invok'd, thy unpropitious deity?
Or dooms, on racks of wildeſt Fancy torn,
In dreams, my agonizing ſoul to mourn?
Why am I oft on angry billows toſs'd,
Now in ſome wide and dreary deſart loſt?
Why yet in life infernal tortures feel,
Bound by fierce demons to ſome rapid wheel?

Now ſeem to climb, while hills on hills ariſe,
In vain; or fall in tempeſts from the ſkies:
Tread burning plains, or ſwim in ſeas of fire,
Juſt reach the ſhore, then ſee the ſhore retire!
As oft, dear youth! thy pleaſing form appears;
I ſtretch my arms, and wake diſſolv'd in tears;
Yet waking Fancy all that loſs ſupplies,
And ſtill I view thee with a lover's eyes;
Entranc'd in thought, o'er all thy charms I gaze,
See thy bright eyes diffuſe their ſofteſt rays,
Hang on thy hand, and on thy breaſt reclin'd,
Play with thy locks that waver with the wind;
Joy in thy joy, or in thy ſorrows join,
And on thy lips my ſpirit mix with thine.
Now o'er dark wilds or rugged rocks we ſtray,
Love lights the gloom, and ſmooths the dreary way;
Now on ſoft banks our weary limbs repoſe,
Where every flower of vernal beauty glows;
But light as air, each pleaſing viſion flew,
Swift as the ſun diſpels the morning dew;
While with the day returns the ſenſe of woe:
We wake more wretched when the cheat we know.
Imagination! miſtreſs of the ſoul,
What powers unſeen the active mind controul?
And fill the waving thought, or buſy ſleep?
Where not a breeze diſturbs the tranquil deep,
Nor lofty pines thro' all the foreſt move,
Why ſtir the motions of reſiſtleſs love?
Urg'd by the golden morn, the night recedes,
And year to year in changeful courſe ſucceeds;
Nor night, nor morn, nor years to me reſtore
The peace which Laura's heart poſſeſs'd before;
Involv'd in clouds one darkſome ſcene I view;
Bleed the ſame wounds, and all my pains renew.
O boaſt of Laura's long-forgotten praiſe!
Paſt are the triumphs of my happier days,

When

When plac'd ſupreme on Beauty's radiant throne,
I ſaw with conſcious pride each heart my own;
Where'er I turn'd, a thouſand nymphs admir'd;
Whene'er I ſmil'd, a thouſand ſwains expir'd:
I ſpoke, 'twas muſick dwelt upon my tongue;
I mov'd a goddeſs, and an angel ſung.
My careleſs ſteps in joys were taught to rove;
Each voice was flattery, and each look was love;
But Beauty's power, too mighty long to laſt,
Fled on the wings of rapid time, is paſt.

As ſome proud veſſel to the proſperous gale
Her ſtreamer waves, and ſpreads the ſilken ſail,
While ſilver oars, to flutes ſoft breathing, ſweep,
With meaſur'd ſtrokes, the ſcarcely heaving deep;
But ſoon tempeſtuous clouds the ſcene deform,
And the loud ſurge remurmurs to the ſtorm:
Thus big with hope, from dark ſuſpicion free,
I ſail'd with tranſport on Life's ſummer ſea;
The gay attendants of my happy ſtate,
The Smiles, the Graces round were ſeen to wait,
And all the moments, as they ſwiftly flew,
Shower'd down ſoft joys, and pleaſures ever new.
How chang'd this fleeting image of a day!
How ſets in awful gloom the ev'ning ray!
While, fix'd on earth her eye in ſad ſuſpenſe,
Pours the deep ſigh, inceſſant Penitence.

If youthful charms decay with age or pain,
Beauty, thy crouded worſhippers how vain!
Why then ſuch crowds of incenſe round aſcend?
Why proſtrate monarchs at thy altars bend?
Why earth's and ocean's mighty bounds explore
At once to win thee, and increaſe thy power?
Let ſad example Reaſon's dictates aid!
Here ſee what ruin grief and love have made;
E'en Love, who lives by Beauty's ſmiles careſs'd,
Baſks in her eyes, and wantons on her breaſt,

With cruel ſpree the fatal ſhaft employs,
And ſooneſt what he moſt adores deſtroys.
How cold I feel life's idle current flow,
Where once the dancing ſpirits lov'd to glow!
No more theſe eyes with youthful rapture ſhine,
Nor cheeks ſoft bluſhing ſpeak a warmth divine;
Graceful no more amid the feſtive dance
My ſteps with eaſy dignity advance,
And all the gloſſy locks, whoſe ringlets ſpread,
O'er my fair neck, the honours of my head,
Ceaſe the neat labours of my hand to know;
Ill ſuits the care of elegance with woe!
Why did not Nature, when ſhe gave to charm
With unrelenting pride my boſom arm?
Why was my ſoul it's tender pity taught,
Each ſoft affection, and each generous thought?
Hence ſpring my ſorrows, hence with ſighs I prove
How feeble woman, and how fierce is love!
In unavailing ſtreams my tears are ſhed;
Sad Laura's bliſs is with Lorenzo fled.
For thee, falſe youth, was every joy reſign'd,
Young health, ſweet peace, and innocence of mind;
Are theſe the conſtant vows thy tongue profeſs'd,
When firſt thy arms my yielding beauties preſs'd?
Thus did thy kiſs diſpel my empty fears,
Or winning voice delight my raptur'd ears;
Thus ſwore thy lips, by ocean, earth, and ſky;
By hell's dread powers, and Heaven's all-piercing eye?
Yawns not the grave for thee? why ſleeps the ſtorm
To blaſt thy limbs, and rend thy perjur'd form?
Unmov'd, O faithleſs! canſt thou hear my pain,
Like the proud rocks which brave th' unwearied main?
Sooner the ſhipwreck'd pilot ſhall appeaſe
With ſighs and howling winds, with tears the ſeas,
Than Laura's prayers thy heart unfeeling move,
O loſt to fame, to honour, and to love!

Nurs'd

Nurs'd in dark caverns, on ſome mountain wild,
To cruel manhood grew the daring child,
No female breaſt ſupply'd thy infant food,
But tygers growling o'er their ſavage brood.
Curs'd be that fatal hour thy charms were ſeen,
While yet this mind was guiltleſs and ſerene!
With thee, falſe man, I urg'd my haſty flight,
And dar'd the horrors of tempeſtuous night,
Nor fear'd with thee thro' plains unknown to rove,
Deaf to the dictates of paternal love.
In vain for me a parent's tears were ſhed,
And to the grave deſcends his hoary head!
When at my feet entranc'd my lover lay,
And pour'd in tender ſighs his ſoul away,
Fond, fooliſh heart! to think the tale divine;
Why ſtarted not my hands when preſs'd in thine?
Too well remembrance paints the fatal hour
When Love, great conqueror, ſummon'd all his power;
When bolder grown, your glances flaſh'd with fire,
And your pale l ps all trembled with deſire;
Back to my heart my blood tumultuous flew,
From every pore diſtill'd the chilling dew,
When Shame preſag n ſpoke each future pain,
And ſtruggling Virtue arm'd my ſoul in vain!
But, O let ſilence all my weakneſs veil,
And burnin luſhes only tell the tale!
Ah, faithleſs man! and thou more wretched maid!
To guilt, and grief, and miſery betray'd!
Far flies thy lov r: to ſome diſtant plain
Now cleaves it's bounding bark the peaceful main;
Avenging Heaven, that heard the vows he ſwore,
Bid howl the blackening ſtorm, and thunder roar,
Till waves on waves in tumbling mountains roll,
Now ſink to hell, and now aſcend the pole;
Then on ſome plan o'er foaming billows borne,
Trembling, his perjur'd faith the wretch ſhall mourn;

But mourn in vain—his vigorous arm ſhall fail,
Guilt ſink him down, and angry Heav'n prevail;
No friendly hand to earth his limbs convey,
But dogs and vultures tear the bloated prey!
Yet, ah, fond heart! avert, kind Heaven, the ſtroke,
My heart denies what trembling lips have ſpoke.
The varying accents real nature prove,
And only ſhew how wild a thing is love.
Go, much-lov'd youth! with every bleſſing crown'd,
And Laura's wiſhes ever guard thee round.
Me to the ſilent ſhades, and ſad retreat,
Where love's expiring flames forget their heat,
Death wooes all-powerful: ere he parts the clew,
Once more thy Laura bids her love adieu;
Bids health and affluence every bliſs afford,
Bids thee be lov'd, be happy, and ador'd!
In eaſe, in mirth, glide each glad hour away;
No pain to ſpot thy fortune's cloudleſs day;
No ſigh to ſwell, no tear to flow for me!
O grant, Heaven, all!—but grant thee conſtancy!
Yet from my hand this laſt addreſs receive;
This laſt addreſs is all that hand can give.
In vain thy bark with ſpreading canvas flies,
If theſe ſad lines ſhall meet thy conſcious eyes,
And, taught with winning eloquence to move,
The winds and waters waft the voice of love;
That voice, (O grant what dying lips implore!)
Aſks but one tear from thee, and aſks no more!
Then world, farewel! farewel life's fond deſires,
Falſe flattering hopes, and love's tormenting fires.
Already, Death, before my cloſing eyes
Thy airy forms and glimmering ſhades ariſe.
Hark! hear I not for me yon paſſing bell
Toll forth, with frequent pauſe, it's ſullen knell?
Waits not for me yon ſexton on his ſpade,
Blithe whiſtling o'er the grave his toil has made?

Say,

Say, why yon hearſe with fading flowers is crown'd,
And midnight gales the deep-mouth'd dirge reſound?
Hail, ſifter worms! and thou my kindred duſt,
Secure to you my weary limbs I truſt.
Dim burns life's lamp; O Death! thy work compleat,
And give my ſoul to gain her laſt retreat.
Such as before the birth of Nature ſway'd,
Ere ſpringing light the firſt Great Word obey'd.
Let ſilence reign; come, Fate, exert thy might;
And, Darkneſs, wrap me in eternal night!

FINE SIGHTS;

OR, THE COUNTESS OF COVENTRY IN ELYSIUM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLX.

BY DR. KENRICK.

ON the banks of the Styx, as a beautiful ghoſt,
In reſemblance the ſhade of the Goddeſs of Love,
Was revolving the days when a counteſs and toaſt
She flaunted about in the regions above;

News arriv'd, which ſoon made all Elyſium to ring,
That the Fates a great monarch had ſummon'd to reſt,
In calling Old England's late father and king
To a crown of reward in the realms of the bleſs'd.

My lady was vex'd to be robb'd of th' occaſion,
By dying before him ſo mal-a-propos,
Of ſeeing his royal young heir's coronation,
And making a party herſelf in the ſhow.

She therefore in haſte ſkipp'd away to the ferry—
'Here, Charon! you're empty; come, take over me;
'I'm reſolv'd to go back to the world in your wherry,
'The only fine ſight I e'er miſs'd of, to ſee.'

Old Charon moſt civilly bow'd to my lady;
Stepp'd out of his wherry, and handed her in;
But finding ſhe wanted a paſs, was as ready
Her ladyſhip roughly to turn out again.

Then ſkudding away to the court in a hurry,
Direct, for a paſſport, to Pluto ſhe ran;
And put Madam Proſerpine into a flurry,
Who thought ſhe was come to ſeduce her good man.

Gloomy Dis grimly ſmil'd at the lady's requeſt,
But more at her whimſical motive and reaſon;
And, having malignly a mind for a jeſt,
Repreſented her ſuit as a thing out of ſeaſon.

'I cannot,' ſaid he, 'lady fair,' with a frown,
'Indulge ev'ry ghoſt in it's wanton deſire;
'But if for their ſakes wife or huſband come down,
'I then might reſtore the fond ſouls they require.

'Since Orpheus, however, in riſque of his life,
'Long ago made us ſtare with his muſick and paſſion,
'Not a ſoul hath come down, or for huſband or wife;
'So that journies of this kind are quite out of faſhion.

'Yet, as you're a beauty, the favour I grant ye;
'But wherefore again ſhould you covet on earth,
'To mix with a crowd, that perhaps only want ye
'To make you the theme of impertinent mirth?

'Beſides,

'Beſides, pretty lady, you're greatly miſtaken,
'If pleaſure you promiſe yourſelf in the ſight;
'For, unſeen by your friends, by admirers forſaken,
'There's none will regard an impalpable ſprite.'

'Nay, nay!' quoth the counteſs, 'if that be the caſe,
'Take your paſſport again; I'll have no more chagrin:
'A fig for fine ſights, if unſeen one's fine face!
'What ſignifies ſeeing, if one is not ſeen!"

THE CONTENTED PHILOSOPHER.

BY THE REV. MR. CUNNINGHAME.

DEEP ſilence reign'd, and dewy Night
Her ſilver veſtment wore;
The weſtern gale breath'd calm delight,
And buſy day was o'er:

To hail Reflection's hour I roſe,
Each throbbing care at reſt;
For ſacred Peace in mild repoſe
Had lull'd my anxious breaſt.

The breezy mount, the miſty vale,
Alternately I ſtray'd;
The Gothick ſpire, the lonely cell,
My wandering eye ſurvey'd:

Till, where the trembling beams of night
O'er limpid currents play'd,
Meandering—fix'd my roving ſight
On deep Retirement's ſhade.

The unambitious dome, conceal'd,
Fear'd no intruſive foes;
From deep-embowering trees reveal'd
The ſeat of calm repoſe.

'Twas Sophron's grove, an aged ſire,
Who, vers'd in Wiſdom's lore,
Now tun'd his conſecrated lyre,
To cloſe the ſilent hour.

The hallow'd ſtrain inflam'd my breaſt,
I gain'd the ruſtick cell;
The courteous father bleſs'd his gueſt,
Then gave th' inſtructive tale.

'How falſe the aim of erring life!
'How fruitleſs the employ!
'That treads the pompous maze of ſtrife,
'In queſt of ſolid joy!

'The plumy tribes unceaſing roam,
'Each verdant bough ſurvey;
'But fix at laſt their leafy home,
'Where ſilence wooes their ſtay:

'Where no alarming hinds invade,
'No fear their peace deſtroys;
'Remote in the ſequeſter'd ſhade,
'They rear their callow joys.

'Thus reſtleſs Nature loves to range,
'Thro' life's gay ſcenes to rove;
'Till Reaſon prompts the happier change,
'To Contemplation's grove!

'When

' When Fortune ſmil'd, when Pleaſure woo'd,
' How indolently gay,
' Life's tranſitory ſtream I view'd
' Unheeded waſte away!

' The gay deluſive dream once o'er,
' Calm Reaſon's thoughts ariſe;
' Obey'd the monitorial power,
' That whiſper'd, "Now, be wiſe!"

' This ſilent grove my ſearch ſurvey'd,
' Where Peace diſplays her charms:
' How free Contentment's humble ſhade
' From Fortune's wild alarms!

' Now free from each fantaſtick ſtrife,
' Untroubled and ſerene,
' I wait the cloſing hour of life,
' To leave it's empty ſcene:

' For tides of bliſs, that boundleſs roll
' Around th' Eternal throne,
' Shall waft the perſevering ſoul
' To joys on earth unknown!

' But, lo! the fading ſtars declare,
' The eaſtern herald blows,
' The hour of roſy morn is near,
' And Nature claims repoſe.'

I ſigh'd, and thought it ſoon to part
From Wiſdom's ivy'd cell;
How ill my ſympathizing heart
Could bid the ſage, Farewel.

For wealth, be ſmiling peace my ſhare!
With friendſhip's generous love;
And, loſt to each ambitious care,
Be mine the flowery grove!

There ſtudious thought would wear the day,
In each inſtructive page;
Or happier ſpeed the hours away,
In converſe with the ſage.

Taught by the awful voice of Truth,
Life's ſyren ſnares to fly,
By Reaſon's card conduct my youth,
And like my Sophron die!

THE BASTARD.

BY RICHARD SAVAGE, ESQ.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muſe exulting, thus her lay began.
'Bleſs'd be the Baſtard's birth! thro' wond'rous ways,
'He ſhines excentrick, like a comet's blaze!
'No ſickly fruit of faint compliance He!
'He! ſtamp'd in Nature's mint of extaſy!
'He lives to build, not boaſt a generous race;
'No tenth tranſmitter of a fooliſh face.
'His daring hope no ſire's example bounds;
'His firſt-born lights no prejudice confounds.
'He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
'He glories in a Baſtard's glowing name.
'Born to himſelf, by no poſſeſſion led,
'In freedom foſter'd, and by Fortune fed;

'Nor

'Nor guides, nor rules, his ſov'reign choice controul,
'His body independent as his ſoul.
'Loos'd to the world's wide range; enjoin'd no aim;
'Preſcrib'd no duty, and aſſign'd no name:
'Nature's unbounded ſon, he ſtands alone,
'His heart unbiaſs'd, and his mind his own!
'O Mother, yet no mother! 'tis to you,
'My thanks for ſuch diſtinguiſh'd claims are due.
'You, unenſlav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
'Warm championeſs for Freedom's ſacred cauſe,
'From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
'From ties maternal, moral and divine,
'Diſcharg'd my graſping ſoul, puſh'd me from ſhore,
'And launch'd me into life without an oar.
'What had I loſt, if conjugally kind,
'By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
'Untaught the matrimonial bounds to ſlight,
'And coldly conſcious of a huſband's right,
'You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
'A lawful lump of life by force your own!
'Then, while your backward will retrench'd deſire,
'And unconcurring ſpirits lent no fire,
'I had been born your dull, domeſtick heir;
'Load of your life, and motive of your care:
'Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great;
'The ſlave of pomp, a cypher in the ſtate;
'Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
'And ſlumb'ring in a ſeat—by chance my own.
'Far nobler bleſſings wait the Baſtard's lot;
'Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
'Strong as Neceſſity, he ſtarts away,
'Climbs againſt wrongs, and brightens into day!'
Thus, unprophetick, lately miſinſpir'd,
I ſung; gay flutt'ring Hope my fancy fir'd;
Inly ſecure, thro' conſcious ſcorn of ill,
Nor taught by Wiſdom how to balance will,

Raſhly

Raſhly deceiv'd, I ſaw no pits to ſhun;
But thought, to purpoſe, and to act, were one;
Heedleſs what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray:
But now expos'd, and ſhrinking from diſtreſs,
I fly to ſhelter, while the tempeſts preſs;
My Muſe to grief reſigns the varying tone,
The raptures languiſh, and the numbers groan!
O Memory! thou ſoul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our paſſions o'er again!
Why doſt thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous ſmart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how ſoon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'ſt me not;
While ſharp and numberleſs my ſorrows fall,
Yet thou repeat'ſt and multiply'ſt 'em all!
Is chance a guilt; that my diſaſt'rous heart,
For miſchief never meant, muſt ever ſmart?
Can ſelf-defence be ſin?—Ah, plead no more!
What tho' no purpos'd malice ſtain'd thee o'er;
Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy ſide,
Thou had'ſt not been provok'd—or, thou had'ſt died.
Far be the guilt of homeſhed blood from all,
On whom, unſought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me;
To me! thro' Pity's eye condemn'd to ſee.
Remembrance veils his rage, but ſwells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have liv'd, till Folly died in ſhame,
Till kindling Wiſdom felt a thirſt for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, gen'rous, candid, and belov'd:
He might have ſav'd ſome worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate

O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where ſhall my hope find reſt! No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice reſtrain'd.
Is it not thine to ſnatch ſome pow'rful arm,
Firſt to advance, then ſcreen from future harm?
I am return'd from death, to live in pain;
Or would imperial Pity ſave in vain?
Diſtruſt it not: what blame can Mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miſcall'd, farewel!—of ſoul ſevere,
This ſad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by, to you I ow'd;
Alone from ſtrangers ev'ry comfort flow'd!
Loſt to the life you gave, your ſon no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before;
New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whiſper her immortal name:
Supremely lovely, and ſerenely great!
Majeſtick mother of a kneeling ſtate!
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one conſent adore!
One conteſt yet remains in this deſire,
Who moſt ſhall give applauſe, where all admire.

ROBIN.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

BY CAPT. JOHN DOBSON.

DOWN by the brook which glides thro' yonder vale,
His hair all matted, and his cheeks all pale,
Robin, ſad ſwain, by love and ſorrow pain'd,
Of ſlighted vows, and Suſan, thus complain'd.

* Hear

"Hear me, ye groves, who ſaw me bleſs'd ſo late;
"Echo, you hills, my ſad reverſe of fate;
"Ye winds, that bear my ſighs, ſoft murmurs ſend;
"Come pay me back, ye ſtreams, the drops I lend:
"And you, ſweet Suſan, ſource of all my ſmart,
"Beſtow ſome pity on a broken heart.
"Happy the times, by painful memory bleſs'd,
"When you poſſeſſing, Robin all poſſeſs'd!
"Paſs'd by your ſide, each day brought new delight,
"And one ſweet ſlumber ſhorten'd every night.
"My play your ſervice, for no toil ſeem'd hard,
"When your kind favour was the hop'd reward.
"I roſe to milking, though 'twas ne'er ſo cool;
"I call'd the cows up; I kept off the bull:
"Home on my head I bore the pail upright;
"The pail was heavy, but love made it light;
"And when you ſpilt the milk, and 'gan to cry,
"I took the blame, and ſimply ſaid—" 'Twas I."
"When by the haycock's ſide you ſleeping lay,
"Sent by good angels, there I chanc'd to ſtray,
"Juſt as a loathſome adder rear'd his creſt,
"To dart his poiſon in your lily breaſt,
"Straight with a ſtone I cruſh'd the monſter's head;
"You wak'd, and fainted, though you found him dead!
"Then, from the pond, I water brought apace,
"My hat brimful, and daſh'd it in your face:
"Still, blue as bilberry, your cold lips did quake,
"Till my warm kiſſes call'd the cherry back.
"When, looking thro' his worſhip's garden-gate,
"Ripe peaches tempted, and you long'd to eat;
"Tho' the grim maſtiff growl'd, and ſternly ſtalk'd,
"Tho' guns were loaded, and old Madam walk'd;
"Nor dogs nor darkneſs, guns or ghoſts, could fright,
"When Robin ventur'd for his Sue's delight:
"Joyful of midnight, quick I poſt away,
"Leap the high wall, and fearleſs pluck the prey;

"Down

' Down in your lap a plenteous ſhower they fall;
' Glad you receiv'd them, and you eat them all.
' When fair-day came, I donn'd my Sunday ſuit,
' Bruſh'd the beſt pillion clean, and ſaddled Cutt.
' Then up we got; you clung about my waiſt;
' Pleas'd to be hugg'd, I charg'd you clip me faſt;
' And when you loos'd your hold, and backwards ſlipp'd,
' I held your petticoats, and never peep'd.
' The poſied garters, and the top-knot fine,
' The golden gingerbread, and all was mine:
' I paid the puppet-ſhow, the cakes, the ſack;
' And, fraught with fairings, brought you laughing back.
' Sufan but ſpoke, and each gay flower was there,
' To dreſs her bough-pot, or adorn her hair;
' For her the choiceſt of the woods I cull,
' Sloes, hips, and ſtrawberries, her bellyful:
' My hoard of apples I to her confeſs'd;
' My heart was her's, well might ſhe have the reſt.
' And Sufan well approv'd her Robin's care:
' Yes, you was pleas'd; at leaſt you ſaid you were.
' In love's ſoft fire you ſeem'd like me to burn,
' And ſooth'd my fondneſs with a kind return.
' At our long table, when we ſat to dine,
' You ſtretch'd your knees, and mingled feet with mine;
' With fatteſt bacon you my trencher ply'd,
' And ſlic'd my pudding from the plummy ſide:
' And well I wot, when our ſmall-beer was ſtale,
' You ſtole into the barn, and brought me ale.
' But, oh! the ſoldier, blaſter of my hopes!
' (Curſe on pretending kings, and Papiſh popes!)
' He came from Flanders with the red-coat crew,
' To fight with rebels, and he conquer'd you.
' His dowlas ruffles, and his copper lace,
' His brickduſt ſtockings, and his brazen face;
' Theſe are the charms for which you ſlight my youth,
' Charms much too potent for a maiden's truth!

'Soon on the feather'd fool you turn'd your eyes;
'Eager you liſten'd to the braggart's lyes;
'And, ſcorning me, your heart to him reſign,
'Your faithleſs heart, by vows and ſervice mine.
'True, he is gone, by our brave duke's command,
'To humble Britain's foes in foreign land:
'Ah, what is that! the ſpoiler bears away
'The only thing for which 'twas worth to ſtay.
'But ſorrow's dry; I'll ſlake it in the brook—
'O well-a-day! how frightful pale I look!
"Care's a conſumer," (ſo the ſaying ſpeaks;)
'The ſaying's true, I read it in my cheeks.
'Fye! I'll be chearful, 'tis a fancied pain;
'A flame ſo conſtant cannot meet diſdain:
'I'll waſh my face, and ſhake off foul deſpair;
'My love is kind!—alas, I would ſhe were!
'Well ſays our parſon; and our parſon ſaid,
"True love, and tithes, ſhould ever well be paid."
'Suſan, from you my heart ſhall never roam,
'If your's be wandering, quickly call it home.'

TO THE RIGHT HON.

LADY ANNE COVENTRY.

UPON VIEWING HER FINE CHIMNEY-PIECE OF SHELL-WORK.

BY MR. SOMERVILLE.

THE greedy merchant plows the ſea for gain,
And rides exulting o'er the watery plain;
While howling tempeſts, from their rocky bed,
Indignant break around his careful head.
The royal fleet the liquid waſte explores,
And ſpeaks in thunder to the trembling ſhores;

The

The voice of wrath awak'd, the nations hear,
The vanquiſh'd hope, and the proud victors fear;
Thoſe quit their chain, and theſe reſign their palm,
While Britain's awful flag commands a calm.
The curious ſage, nor gain nor fame purſues,
With other eyes the boiling deep he views;
Hangs o'er the cliff inquiſitive to know
The ſecret cauſes of it's ebb and flow;
Whence breathe the winds that ruffle it's ſmooth face,
Or ranks in claſſes all the fiſhy race,
From thoſe enormous monſters of the main,
Who in their world, like other tyrants, reign,
To the poor cockle-tribe, that humble band,
Who cleave to rocks, or loiter on the ſtrand.
Yet even their ſhells the Forming Hand divine
Has, with diſtinguiſh'd luſtre, taught to ſhine.
What bright enamel! and what various dyes!
What lively tints delight our wondering eyes!
Th' Almighty Painter glows in every line:
How mean, alas! is Raphael's bold deſign,
And Titian's colouring, if compar'd to thine!
Juſtly Supreme! let us thy power revere,
Thou fill'ſt all ſpace! all-beauteous every where!
Thy riſing ſun with bluſhes paints the morn;
Thy ſhining lamps the face of night adorn;
Thy flowers the meads, thy nodding trees the hills;
The vales thy paſtures green, and bubbling rills:
Thy coral groves, thy rocks that amber weep,
Deck all the gloomy manſions of the deep;
Thy yellow ſands, diſtinct with golden ore,
And theſe thy variegated ſhells, the ſhore!
To all thy works ſuch grandeur haſt thou lent,
And ſuch extravagance of ornament.
For the falſe traitor, man, this pomp and ſhow?
A ſcene ſo gay, for us poor worms below?

No!

No! for thy glory all theſe beauties riſe;
Yet may improve the good, inſtruct the wiſe.
You, Madam, ſprung from Beaufort's royal line,
Who, loſt to courts, can in your cloſet ſhine,
Beſt know to uſe each bleſſing he beſtows,
Beſt know to praiſe the Power from whence it flows.
Shells in your hand the Parian rock defy,
Or agate, or Ægyptian porphyry;
More gloſſy they, their veins of brighter dye.
See! where your riſing pyramids aſpire;
Your gueſts, ſurpriz'd, the ſhining pile admire!
In future times, if ſome great Phidias riſe,
Whoſe chiſſel with his miſtreſs Nature vies,
Who, with ſuperior ſkill, can lightly trace,
In the hard marble block, the ſofteſt face;
To crown this piece, ſo elegantly neat,
Your well-wrought buſto ſhall the whole compleat;
O'er your own work from age to age preſide,
It's author once, and then it's greateſt pride.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY MR. CHARLES DENIS.

HULSE ſhook his head; poor Damon lay a dying;
And cloſe by his bed-ſide his wife ſat crying:
'O ſtay!' ſhe ſaid; 'and muſt we part!
'My ſoul, like thine, is on the wing:
'Methinks, I feel Death's iron dart;
'But, oh! 'tis that which wounds thy heart,
'That bears to mine the ſting!'
Her grief was great, ſo was her moan,
And much to die ſhe ſeem'd inclin'd;
Howe'er, ſhe let him go alone,
And prudently remain'd behind.
A week, or ſo, was paſt and gone,
Still ſhe continu'd weeping on,

When

When to her houſe her father came,
And thus addreſs'd the mournful dame:
'My child,' ſaid he, 'enough of tears you've ſhed;
'Think of the living, and forget the dead.
'Another ſpouſe—don't ſtartle at the word,
'Tis but a ſecond; you may have a third!
'As ſoon as decency permits,
'I have a huſband to propoſe;
'Young, handſome, rich, juſt one of thoſe
'That's form'd to cure a widow's fits.'
'Ah, Sir! is this a father's part,
'To wound afreſh a bleeding heart?
'Shall I another huſband wed?
'Oh, no! my only love is dead:
'Nor will I other wedding have,
'Till I am bedded in his grave!'
The father left her to digeſt
The wiſe and prudent things he ſaid;
He put the huſband in her head,
And Time, he knew, would do the reſt.
The cares of mourning next took place,
To dreſs her grief, and ſuit her face:
'Twas Cupid's thought; for what exceeds
A pretty widow in her weeds!
And now each looking-glaſs could tell
That black became her vaſtly well.
The ſmiles and graces, that were ſcar'd away,
With all the band of little loves,
And Cytheræa's doves,
Came dropping in each day.
The father, if report ſays true,
Another viſit made, ere mourning over;
'I'm glad, my dear,' ſaid he, 'ſo well to find you!'
But mention'd not a word of the new lover:
At which ſhe bluſh'd—'Muſt I then, Sir, remind you?

'The

'The thing's too ſerious to be made a joke of:
'Where is the huſband, pray, that once you ſpoke of?'
Wide is the difference, as you ſee it here,
'Twixt widow of a day, and widow of a year.
All lenient Time expands his wings,
Away he flies with human cares;
Then back, full fraught with joy, repairs,
And every balmy comfort brings.
Time checks the mourning huſband's ſighs;
'Tis he congeals the falling tear,
To form the lovely lucid leer,
Which ſparkles in a widow's eyes.

ON OCCASION OF THE PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M DCC LXII.

BY THE REV. MR. FRANCIS FAWKES.

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extends,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven deſcends. POPE.

ADIEU, the horrors of deſtructive war,
And mad Bellona in her iron car!
But welcome to our ſmiling fields again,
Sweet Peace! attended with thy jocund train,
Truth, Virtue, Freedom, that can never cloy,
And all the pleaſing family of Joy.
Thoſe ſchemes purſu'd, which Pitt ſo wiſely plann'd,
Conqueſt has ſhower'd her bleſſings on the land;
And Britain's ſons more laurels have obtain'd,
Than all her Henry's, or her Edward's gain'd.
George ſaw with joy the peaceful period given,
And bow'd obedient to the will of Heaven:

Awful

Awful he roſe to bid diſſention ceaſe,
And all the warring world was calm'd to peace;
Thus did the roaring waves their rage compoſe,
When the great father of the floods aroſe.
Then came Aſtrea mild, our iſle to bleſs,
Fair queen of virtue, and of happineſs!
Then came our troops, in fighting fields renown'd,
And mark'd with many an honourable wound.
The tender fair one, long by fears oppreſs'd,
Now feels ſoft raptures riſing in her breaſt,
The blooming hero of her heart to view,
And hear him bid the dangerous camp adieu.
The widow'd bride, that long on grief had fed,
And bath'd with weeping the deſerted bed,
Glad that the tumults of the war are o'er,
That terror, rage, and rapine are no more,
Greets her rough lord, ſecure from hoſtile harms,
And hopes an age of pleaſure in his arms:
While he, with pompous eloquence, recites
Dire ſcenes of caſtles ſtorm'd, and deſperate fights;
Or tells how Wolfe the free-born Britons led,
How Granby conquer'd, and the Houſhold fled;
She, to the pleaſing dreadful tale intent,
Now ſmiles, now trembles, for the great event.
O curs'd ambition, foe to human good,
Pregnant with woe, and prodigal of blood!
Thou fruitful ſource, whence ſtreams of ſorrow flow,
What devaſtations to thy guilt we owe!
Where'er thy fury riots, all around
Confuſion, havock, and dread deaths abound:
Where Ceres flouriſh'd, and gay Flora ſmil'd,
Behold a barren, ſolitary wild!
To ſtately cedars, thorns and briars ſucceed,
And in the garden ſpreads the noxious weed;
Where cattle paſtur'd late, the purple plain,
Sad ſcene of horror! teems with heroes ſlain;

Where the proud palace rear'd it's haughty head,
Deep in the duſt, ſee crumbling columns ſpread;
See gallant Britons in the field expire,
Towns turn'd to aſhes, fanes involv'd in fire!
Theſe deeds the guilt of raſh Ambition tell,
And bloody Diſcord, furious fiend of hell!
Ye baneful ſiſters, with your frantick crew,
Hence ſpeed your flight, and take your laſt adieu,
Eternal wars in barbarous worlds to wage;
There vent your inextinguiſhable rage.
But come, fair Peace, and be the nation's bride,
And let thy ſiſter Plenty grace thy ſide;
O come! and with thy placid preſence chear
Our drooping hearts, and ſtay for ever here.
Now be the ſhrill ſtrife-ſtirring trumpet mute;
Now let us liſten to the ſofter lute:
The ſhepherd now his numerous flocks ſhall feed,
Where war relentleſs doom'd the brave to bleed;
On ruin'd ramparts ſhall the hawthorn flower,
And mantling ivy claſp the nodding tower;
Unuſual harveſts wave along the dale,
And the bent ſickle o'er the ſword prevail.
No more ſhall ſtates with rival rage contend,
But Arts their empire o'er the world extend;
Ingenuous Arts, that humanize the mind,
And give the brighteſt poliſh to mankind!
Then ſhall our chiefs in breathing marble ſtand,
And life ſeem ſtarting from the ſculptor's hand;
Then lovely nymphs in living picture riſe,
The faireſt faces, and the brighteſt eyes:
There poliſh'd Lane * no loſs of beauty fears;
Her charms, ſtill mellowing with revolving years,
Shall, e'en on canvas, youthful hearts engage,
And warm the cold indifference of age:

* The Hon. Mrs. Lane, daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Chancellor Henley, and wife to the Hon. Mr. Lane.

Then

Then the firm arch ſhall ſtem the roaring tide,
And join thoſe countries which the ſtreams divide!
Then villas riſe of true Palladian proof,
And the proud palace rear it's ample roof;
Then ſtatelier temples to the ſkies aſcend,
Where mix'd with nobles mighty kings may bend,
Where Poverty may ſend her ſighs to Heaven,
And Guilt return, repent, and be forgiven.
Such are the fruits which ſacred Peace imparts,
Sweet nurſe of liberty and learned arts!
Theſe ſhe reſtores—O! that ſhe could reſtore
Life to thoſe Britons who now breathe no more;
Who in th' embattled field undaunted ſtood,
And greatly periſh'd for their country's good;
Or who, by rage of angry tempeſts toſs'd,
In whirlpools of the whelming main were loſt.
Ye honour'd ſhades of chiefs untimely ſlain!
Whoſe bones lie ſcatter'd on ſome foreign plain;
That now perchance by lonely hind are ſeen
In glittering armour gliding o'er the green;
Ye! that beneath the cold cerulean wave
Have made the watery element your grave,
Whoſe wandering ſpirits haunt the winding ſhore,
Or ride on whirlwinds while the billows roar,
With kind protection ſtill our iſle defend,
(If ſouls unbodied can protection lend)
Still o'er the king your ſhadowy pinions ſpread,
And in the day of danger ſhield his head;
Your bright examples ſhall our pattern be,
To make us valiant, and to keep us free.

AMINTA.

AN ELEGY.

BY THE REV. MR. GERRARD.

AN o'ergrown wood my wandering ſteps invade,
With ſurface mantled in untrodden ſnow;
Dire haunt! for none but ſavage monſters made,
Where froſts deſcend, and howling tempeſts blow.

Here, from the ſearch of buſy mortals ſtray'd,
My woe-worn ſoul ſhall hug her galling chain:
For ſure, no foreſt boaſts too deep a ſhade,
No haunt too wild, for miſery to remain.

O my Aminta! dear diſtracting name!
Late all my comfort, all my fond delight;
Still writhes my ſoul beneath it's torturing flame,
Still thy pale image fills my aching ſight!

When ſhall vain Memory ſlumber o'er her woes?
When to oblivion be her tale reſign'd?
When ſhall this fatal form in death repoſe,
Like thine, fair victim, to the duſt conſign'd?

Again the accents faulter on my tongue;
Again, to tear the conſcious tear ſucceeds;
From ſharp reflection is the dagger ſprung,
And Nature, wounded to the centre, bleeds.

Ye bitter ſkies! upon the tale deſcend;
Ye blaſts, tho' rude your viſits, lend an ear;
Around, ye gentler oaks, your branches bend;
And, as ye liſten, drop an icy tear!

'Twas

'Twas when the ſtep with conſcious pleaſure roves,
Where round the ſhades the circling woodbines throng;
When Flora wantons o'er th' enamell'd groves,
And feather'd choirs indulge the amorous ſong:

Inſpir'd by duteous love, I fondly ſtray'd,
Two milk-white doves officious to enſnare;
Beneath a ſilent thicket as they play'd,
A grateful preſent for my ſofter fair.

But, ah! in ſmiles no more they met my ſight,
Their ruffled heads lay gaſping on the ground:
Where—my dire emblem!—a rapacious kite
Tore their ſoft limbs, and ſtrew'd their plumes around.

The tear of pity ſtole into my eye;
While ruder paſſions in their turn ſucceed;
Forbid the victims unreveng'd to die,
And doom the author of their wrongs to bleed.

With haſty ſtep, enrag'd, I homewards ran;
Curſe on my ſpeed! th' unerring tube I brought;
That fatal hour my date of woe began,
Too ſharp to tell, too horrible for thought!

Diſaſt'rous deed! irrevocable ill!
How ſhall I tell the anguiſh of my fate!
Teach me, remorſeleſs monſters, not to feel,
Inſtruct me, fiends and furies, to relate!

Wrathful behind the guilty ſhade I ſtole,
I rais'd the tube—the clamorous woods reſound—
Too late I ſaw the idol of my ſoul,
Struck by my aim, fall ſhrieking to the ground!

No other bliſs her ſoul allow'd but me;
(Hapleſs the pair that thus indulgent prove!)
She ſought concealment from a ſhady tree,
In amorous ſilence to obſerve her love.

I ran; but O! too ſoon I found it true!
From her ſtain'd breaſt life's crimſon ſtream'd apace;
From her wan eyes the ſparkling luſtres flew;
The ſhort-liv'd roſes faded from her face!

Gods! could I bear that fond reproachful look,
That ſtrove her peerleſs innocence to plead!
But partial death awhile her tongue forſook,
To ſave a wretch that doom'd himſelf to bleed.

While I, diſtracted, preſs'd her in my arms,
And fondly ſtrove t' imbibe her lateſt breath;
"O ſpare, raſh love!" ſhe cry'd, "thy fatal charms,
"Nor ſeek cold ſhelter in the arms of death.

"Content beneath thy erring hand I die!
"Our fates grew envious of a bliſs ſo true;
"Then urge not thy diſtreſs when low I lie,
"But in this breath receive my laſt adieu!"

No more ſhe ſpake, but droop'd her lily head!
In death ſhe ſicken'd—breathleſs—haggard—pale!
While all my inmoſt ſoul with horror bled,
And aſk'd kind vengeance from the paſſing gale.

Where ſlept your bolts, ye lingering lightnings ſay!
Why riv'd ye not this ſelf-condemned breaſt!
Or why, too paſſive Earth, didſt thou delay!
To ſtretch thy jaws, and cruſh me into reſt?

Low

Low in the duſt the beauteous corſe I plac'd,
Bedew'd and ſoft with many a falling tear;
With ſable yew the riſing turf I grac'd,
And bade the cypreſs mourn in ſilence near.

Oft as bright morn's all-ſearching eye returns,
Full to my view the fatal ſpot is brought;
Thro' ſleepleſs night my haunted ſpirit mourns,
No gloom can hide me from diſtracting thought.

When, ſpotleſs victim, ſhall my form decay!
This guilty load, ſay, when ſhall I reſign!
When ſhall my ſpirit wing her chearleſs way,
And my cold corſe lie treaſur'd up with thine!

THE AFRICAN PRINCE,

IN ENGLAND, TO ZARA AT HIS FATHER'S COURT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M DCC XLIX.

BY DR. DODD.

PRINCES, my fair, unfortunately great,
Born to the pompous vaſſalage of ſtate,
Whene'er the publick calls, are doom'd to fly
Domeſtick bliſs, and break the private tie;
Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,
And Love's ſoft joys are chang'd for glorious care;
Yet conſcious Virtue, in the ſilent hour,
Rewards the hero with a noble dow'r:
For this alone I dar'd the roaring ſea,
Yet more—for this I dar'd to part with thee!
But while my boſom feels the nobler flame,
Still unreprov'd, it owns thy gentler claim.

Tho'

Tho' Virtue's awful form my ſoul approves,
'Tis thine, thine only, Zara, that it loves!
A private lot had made the claim but one,
The prince alone muſt love for virtue ſhun.
Ah! why diſtinguiſh'd from the happier crowd,
To me the bliſs of millions diſallow'd?
Why was I ſingled for imperial ſway,
Since love and duty point a different way?
Fix'd the dread voyage, and the day decreed,
When, duty's victim, love was doom'd to bleed;
Too well my mem'ry can theſe ſcenes renew,
We met to ſigh, to weep our laſt adieu.
That conſcious palm, beneath whoſe tow'ring ſhade
So oft our vows of mutual love were made;
Where hope ſo oft anticipated joy,
And plann'd, of future years, the beſt employ;
That palm was witneſs to the tears we ſhed,
When that fond hope, and all thoſe joys were fled.
Thy trembling lips, with trembling lips I preſs'd,
And held thee panting to my panting breaſt:
Our ſorrow, grown too mighty to ſuſtain,
Now ſnatch'd us, fainting, from the ſenſe of pain,
Together ſinking in the trance divine,
I caught thy fleeting ſoul, and gave thee mine!
O bleſs'd oblivion of tormenting care!
O why recall'd to life and to deſpair!
The dreadful ſummons came, to part—and why?
Why not the kinder ſummons, but to die?
To die together, were to part no more,
To land in ſafety on ſome peaceful ſhore,
Where love's the buſineſs of immortal life,
And happy ſpirits only gueſs at ſtrife.
'If in ſome diſtant land my prince ſhould find
'Some nymph more fair,' you cry'd, 'as Zara kind—'
Myſterious doubt! which could at once impart
Relief to mine, and anguiſh to thy heart.

Still

Still let me triumph in the fear expreſs'd,
The voice of love that whiſper'd in thy breaſt:
Nor call me cruel; for my truth ſhall prove
'Twas but the vain anxiety of love.
Torn from thy fond embrace, the ſtrand I gain,
Where mourning friends inflict ſuperfluous pain;
My father there his ſtruggling ſighs ſuppreſs'd,
And, in dumb anguiſh, claſp'd me to his breaſt;
Then ſought (conceal'd the conflict of his mind)
To give the fortitude he could not find;
Each life-taught precept kindly he renew'd,
'Thy country's good,' ſaid he, 'be ſtill purſu'd!
'If, when the gracious gods my ſon reſtore,
'Theſe eyes ſhall ſleep in death, to wake no more;
'If then theſe limbs, that now in age decay,
'Shall mould'ring mix with earth's parental clay;
'Round my green tomb perform the ſacred rite,
'Aſſume my throne, and let thy yoke be light;
'From lands of freedom glorious precepts bring,
'And reign at once a father and a king!'
How vainly proud the arrogantly great
Preſume to boaſt a monarch's godlike ſtate!
Subject, alike, the peaſant and the king,
To life's dark ills, and care's corroding ſting.
From guilt and fraud, that ſtrike in ſilence ſure,
No ſhield can guard us, and no arms ſecure:
By theſe, my fair, ſubdu'd, thy prince was loſt,
A naked captive on a barb'rous coaſt!
Nurtur'd in eaſe, a thouſand ſervants round,
My wants prevented, and my wiſhes crown'd,
No painful labours ſtretch'd the tedious day,
On downy feet my moments danc'd away.
Where'er I look'd, officious courtiers bow'd,
Where'er I paſs'd, a ſhouting people croud;
No fears intruded on the joys I knew;
Each man my friend, my lovely miſtreſs you!

What dreadful change! abandon'd and alone,
The ſhouted prince is now a ſlave unknown;
To watch his eye no bending courtiers wait,
No hailing crowds proclaim his regal ſtate;
A ſlave condemn'd, with unrewarded toil,
To turn, from morn to eve, a burning ſoil.
Fainting beneath the ſun's meridian heat,
Rouz'd by the ſcourge, the taunting jeſt I meet:
'Thanks to thy friends,' they cry, 'whoſe care recalls
'A prince to life, in whom a nation falls!'
Unwholeſome ſcraps my ſtrength but half ſuſtain'd,
From corners glean'd, and e'en by dogs diſdain'd;
At night I mingled with a wretched crew,
Who, by long uſe, with woe familiar grew;
Of manners brutiſh, mercileſs, and rude,
They mock'd my ſufferings, and my pangs renew'd:
In groans, not ſleep, I paſs'd the weary night,
And roſe to labour with the morning light.
Yet, thus of dignity and eaſe beguil'd,
Thus ſcorn'd and ſcourg'd, inſulted and revil'd,
If Heav'n with thee my faithful arms had bleſs'd,
And fill'd with love my intervals of reſt,
Short tho' they were, my ſoul had never known
One ſecret wiſh to glitter on a throne;
The toilſome day had heard no ſigh of mine,
Nor ſtripes, nor ſcorn, had urg'd me to repine.
A monarch, ſtill beyond a monarch bleſs'd,
Thy love my diadem, my throne thy breaſt;
My courtiers, watchful of my looks, thy eyes,
Should ſhine, perſuade, and flatter, and adviſe;
Thy voice my muſick, and thy arms ſhould be—
Ah! not the priſon of a ſlave in me!
Could I with infamy content remain,
And wiſh thy lovely form to ſhare my chain?
Could this bring eaſe! Forgive th' unworthy thought,
And let the love that ſinn'd atone the fault.

Could

Could I, a ſlave, and hopeleſs to be free,
Crawl, tamely recent from the ſcourge, to thee?
Thy blooming beauties could theſe arms embrace?
My guilty joys enſlave an infant race?
No! rather blaſt me lightnings, whirlwinds tear,
And drive theſe limbs in atoms thro' the air!
Rather than this, O curſe me ſtill with life!
And let my Zara ſmile a rival's wife!
Be mine alone th' accumulated woe,
Nor let me propagate my curſe below!
But, from this dreadful ſcene, with joy I turn:
To truſt in Heav'n, of me let Zara learn.
The wretch, the ſordid hypocrite, who ſold
His charge, an unſuſpecting prince, for gold,
That Juſtice mark'd, whoſe eyes can never ſleep,
And death commiſſion'd, ſmote him on the deep.
The gen'rous crew their port in ſafety gain,
And tell my mournful tale, nor tell in vain;
The king with horror of th' atrocious deed,
In haſte commanded, and the ſlave was freed.
No more Britannia's cheek, the bluſh of ſhame,
Burns for my wrongs, her king reſtores her fame!
Propitious gales, to Freedom's happy ſhore
Waft me triumphant, and the prince reſtore;
Whate'er is great and gay around me ſhine,
And all the ſplendor of a court is mine!
Here Knowledge, too, by piety refin'd,
Sheds a bright radiance o'er my bright'ning mind;
From earth I travel upward to the ſky;
I learn to live, to reign, yet more—to die.
O! I have tales to tell of Love Divine;
Such bliſsful tidings! they ſhall ſoon be thine.
I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I ſee,
What habits, buildings, trades, and polity!
How art and nature vie to entertain
In publick ſhows, and mix delight with pain.

O Zara! here, a ſtory like my own *,
With mimick ſkill, in borrow'd names, was ſhown;
An Indian chief, like me, by fraud betray'd,
And partner in his woes an Indian maid.
I can't recal the ſcenes, 'tis pain too great;
And, if recall'd, ſhould ſhudder to relate!
To write the wonders here, I ſtrive in vain;
Each word would aſk a thouſand to explain.
The time ſhall come, O ſpeed the lingering hour!
When Zara's charms ſhall lend deſcription pow'r;
When plac'd beſide thee in the cool alcove,
Or thro' the green ſavannahs as we rove,
The frequent kiſs ſhall interrupt the tale,
And looks ſhall ſpeak my ſenſe, tho' language fail.
Then ſhall the prodigies that round me riſe,
Fill thy dear boſom with a ſweet ſurprize;
Then all my knowledge to thy faithful heart,
With danger gain'd, ſecurely I'll impart.
Methinks I ſee thy changing looks expreſs
Th' alternate ſenſe of pleaſure and diſtreſs;
As all the windings of my fate I trace,
And wing thy fancy ſwift from place to place.
Yet where, alas! has flatt'ring thought convey'd
The raviſh'd lover with his darling maid?
Between us ſtill unmeaſur'd oceans roll,
Which hoſtile barks infeſt, and ſtorms controul.
Be calm, my boſom, ſince th' unmeaſur'd main,
And hoſtile barks, and ſtorms, are God's domain:
He rules reſiſtleſs, and his pow'r ſhall guide
My life in ſafety o'er the roaring tide;
Shall bleſs the love that's built on Virtue's baſe,
And ſpare me to evangelize my race.
Farewel! thy prince ſtill lives, and ſtill is free:
Farewel! hope all things, and remember me.

* He alludes to the play of Oroonoko; at which he was preſent, and ſo affected as to be unable to continue, during it's performance, in the houſe.

ZARA,

ZARA,

AT THE COURT OF ANAMABOE, TO THE AFRICAN PRINCE WHEN IN ENGLAND.

BY THE SAME.

SHOULD I the language of my heart conceal,
Nor warmly paint the paſſion that I feel;
My riſing wiſh ſhould groundleſs fears confine,
And doubts ungen'rous chill the glowing line;
Would not my prince, with nobler warmth, diſdain
That love, as languid, which could ſtoop to feign?
Let guilt diſſemble—in my faithful breaſt
Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confeſs'd.
I give my boſom naked to thy view,
For what has ſhame with innocence to do?
In fancy now I claſp thee to my heart,
Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.
I catch new tranſport from thy ſpeaking eye—
But whence this ſad involuntary ſigh?
Why pants my boſom with intruding fears?
Why from my eyes diſtil unbidden tears?
Why do my hands thus tremble as I write?
Why fades thy lov'd idea from my ſight?
O! art thou ſafe on Britain's happy ſhore,
From winds that bellow, and from ſeas that roar?
And has my prince—(oh, more than mortal pain!)
Betray'd by ruffians, felt the captive's chain?
Bound were thoſe limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
The toils of empire, and the ſweets of love?
Hold, hold! barbarians of the fierceſt kind!
Fear Heav'n's red lightning—'tis a prince ye bind!
A prince whom no indignities could hide,
They knew, preſumptuous! and the gods defy'd.

Where'er

Where'er he moves, let love-join'd reverence riſe,
And all mankind behold with Zara's eyes!
Thy breaſt alone, when bounding o'er the waves
To Freedom's climes, from ſlavery and ſlaves;
Thy breaſt alone the pleaſing thought could frame
Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came:
A thouſand times I held them to my breaſt,
A thouſand times my lips the paper preſs'd:
My full heart panted with a joy too ſtrong,
And 'Oh, my prince!' dy'd fault'ring on my tongue;
Fainting, I ſunk, unequal to the ſtrife,
And milder joys ſuſtain'd returning life.
Hope, ſweet enchantreſs! round my love-ſick head
Delightful ſcenes of bleſs'd deluſion ſpread.
'Come, come, my prince! my charmer! haſte away;
'Come, come!' I cry'd, 'thy Zara blames thy ſtay.
'For thee the ſhrubs their richeſt ſweets retain;
'For thee new colours wait to paint the plain;
'For thee cool breezes linger in the grove;
'The birds expect thee in the green alcove;
'Till thy return, the rills forget to fall,
'Till thy return, the ſun, the ſoul of all!—
'He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,
'He comes refulgent to his Zara's arms!
'With jocund ſongs proclaim my love's return;
'With jocund hearts his nuptial bed adorn!
'Bright as the ſun, yet gentle as the dove,
'He comes, uniting majeſty with love!'
Too ſoon, alas! the bleſs'd deluſion flies;
Care ſwells my breaſt, and ſorrow fills my eyes.
Ah! why do thy fond words ſuggeſt a fear;
Too vaſt, too numerous, thoſe already here!
Ah! why with doubts torment my bleeding breaſt,
Of ſeas which ſtorms controul, and foes infeſt!
My heart, in all this tedious abſence, knows
No thoughts but thoſe of ſeas, and ſtorms, and foes.

Each

Each joyleſs morning, with the riſing ſun,
Quick to the ſtrand my feet ſpontaneous run:
'Where, where's my prince! what tidings have ye brought!'
Of each I met, with pleading tears I ſought.
In vain I ſought; ſome, conſcious of my pain,
With horrid ſilence pointed to the main.
Some with a ſneer the brutal thought expreſs'd,
And plung'd the dagger of a barb'rous jeſt.
Day follow'd day, and ſtill I wiſh'd the next,
New hopes ſtill flatter'd, and new doubts perplex'd;
Day follow'd day, the wiſh'd to-morrow came,
My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties, the ſame:
At length—'O Power Supreme! whoe'er thou art,
'Thy ſhrine the ſky, the ſea, the earth, or heart;
'Since every clime, and all th' unbounded main,
'And hoſtile barks, and ſtorms, are thy domain,
'If faithful paſſion can thy bounty move,
'(And goodneſs ſure muſt be the friend of love!)
'Safe to theſe arms my lovely prince reſtore,
'Safe to his Zara's arms, to part no more!
'O grant to virtue thy protecting care,
'And grant thy love to love's availing pray'r!
'Together then, and emulous to praiſe,
'A flowery altar to thy name we'll raiſe;
'There, firſt and laſt, on each returning day,
'To thee our vows of gratitude we'll pay!'
Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind!
Why, when thou went'ſt, did Zara ſtay behind?
How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,
'Midſt all the wild anxieties of love?
Had fate in other mould thy Zara form'd,
And my bold breaſt in manly friendſhip warm'd,
How had I glow'd exulting at thy ſide!
How all the ſhafts of adverſe fate defy'd!
Or yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,
With thee, O had I turn'd a burning ſoil!

In

In the cold prison had I lain with thee,
In love still happy, we had still been free;
Then fortune baffled, had own'd superior might,
And pin'd with envy, while we fire'd delight.
Why should'ſt thou bid thy love remember thee?
Thine all my thoughts have been, and ſtill ſhall be.
Each night the cool ſavannahs have I ſought,
And breath'd the fondneſs of enamour'd thought;
The curling breezes murmur'd as I ſigh'd,
And hoarſe, at diſtance, roar'd my foe, the tide:
My breaſt ſtill haunted by a motley train,
Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now pain!
Now fix'd I ſtand, my ſpirit fled to thine,
Nor note the time, nor ſee the ſun decline!
Now roux'd I ſtart, and wing'd with fear I run;
In vain, alas! for 'tis myſelf I ſhun!
When kindly ſleep it's lenient balm ſupply'd,
And gave that comfort waking thought deny'd.
Laſt night—but why, ah Zara! why impart,
The fond, fond fancies of a love-ſick heart!
Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,
And love's ſwift raptures realiz'd in thought—
Laſt night I ſaw—methinks I ſee it now!—
Heaven's awful concave round thy Zara bow;
When ſudden thence a flaming chariot flew,
Which earth receiv'd, and ſix white courſers drew:
Then, quick tranſition, did thy Zara ride,
Borne to the chariot, wond'rous, by thy ſide;
All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,
Each happy clime with ſweet ſurprize we view.
A thouſand voices ſung, 'All bliſs betide
'The prince of Lybia, and his faithful bride!'
'Tis done, 'tis done!' reſounded through the ſkies,
And quick aloft the car began to riſe;
Ten thouſand beauties crouded on my ſight,
Ten thouſand glories beam'd a dazzling light.

My

My thoughts could bear no more, the viſion fled,
And wretched Zara view'd her lonely bed.
Come, ſweet interpreter, and eaſe my ſoul;
Come to my boſom, and explain the whole.
Alas, my prince!—yet hold, my ſtruggling breaſt;
Sure we ſhall meet again, again be bleſs'd.
'Hope all,' thou ſay'ſt, 'I live, and ſtill am free;'
O then prevent thoſe hopes, and haſte to me!
Eaſe all the doubts thy Zara's boſom knows,
And kindly ſtop the torrent of her woes.
But, that I know too well thy gen'rous heart,
One doubt, than all, more torment would impart:
'Tis this. In Britain's happy courts to ſhine,
Amidſt a thouſand blooming maids, is thine:
But thou a thouſand blooming maids among,
Art ſtill thyſelf, incapable of wrong;
No outward charm can captivate thy mind,
Thy love is friendſhip heighten'd and refin'd;
'Tis what my ſoul, and not my form inſpires,
And burns with ſpotleſs and immortal fires.
Thy joys, like mine, from conſcious truth ariſe,
And, known theſe joys, what others canſt thou prize?
Be jealous doubts the curſe of ſordid minds;
Hence, jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds!
Once more, O come! and ſnatch me to thy arms!
Come, ſhield my beating heart from vain alarms!
Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy breaſt,
Weep pleaſing tears, and be with joy diſtreſs'd!
Let me ſtill hear, and ſtill demand thy tale,
And, oft renew'd, ſtill let my ſuit prevail!
Much ſtill remains to tell and to enquire,
My hand ſtill writes, and writing prompts deſire;
My pen denies my laſt farewel to write,
Still, ſtill 'Return,' my wiſhful thoughts indite:
O hear, my prince, thy love, thy miſtreſs call,
Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all!

O pleaſing intercourſe of ſoul with ſoul!
Thus, while I write, I ſee, I claſp thee whole;
And theſe kind letters trembling Zara drew,
In every line ſhall bring her to thy view.
Return, return! in love and truth excel;
Return! I write; I cannot add—Farewel!

ON MR. NASH's PICTURE

AT FULL LENGTH, BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND MR. POPE, AT BATH.

BY THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Ægyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphick dreſs,
To give men pains in ſearch of it,
And pleaſe themſelves with gueſs.

Moderns, to hit the ſelf-ſame path,
And exerciſe their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of Arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wiſdom does expreſs;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happineſs.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The ſunſhine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in ſearch of it,
You'll endleſs pleaſure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a king, sometimes an ass;
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

AMABELLA*.

WRITTEN BY THE DESIRE OF MRS. MONTAGUE.

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

HARMODIUS breath'd the rural air, nor found
His ruddy health with length of years decrease:
By duty prompted, Amabella crown'd
His silver forehead with the wreath of peace:

By partial Nature fram'd in Beauty's mould,
Adorn'd with every grace, unspoil'd by art,
To Friendship's circle still did she unfold
The lovelier beauties of a feeling heart.

Endear'd to all she met, each welcome day,
By Fortune's hand, with various blessings fraught:
When, lo! her gaiety's accustom'd ray
Was quench'd, untimely, with the gloom of thought.

* The subject of this poem is founded on a circumstance that happened during the late war. A young lady, not meeting with the concurrence of her relations in favour of an officer for whom she expressed her regard, was prevailed upon, by his solicitations, to consent to a clandestine marriage; which took place on the day he set out to join his regiment abroad, where he was unfortunately killed in an engagement.

What fix'd the boſom-thorn, affliction knows,
Where Peace ſat brooding as the gentle dove;
What blaſted on her cheek the ſummer roſe,
Or ſlow diſeaſe, or unſucceſsful love,

Remain'd unknown. 'Twas by the many gueſs'd,
That love to her ſoft vows had prov'd unkind;
Beyond the power of her weak frame oppreſs'd,
Inſanity o'erthrew her lovely mind.

At length recovering, yet to grief devote,
To ſolitude ſhe gave th' unſocial day;
Like a pale vot'ry from the world remote,
Unchear'd, unviſited of Pleaſure's ray.

Oft did Harmodius (at her ſtate diſmay'd)
Solicit from his child her ſecret pain:
Her vague reply ſtill from his queſtion ſtray'd,
And each repeated effort prov'd in vain.

To ſpeed the moments of the loitering hour,
And by their plaintive ſtrains perchance allur'd,
Within a ſpacious myrtle-woven bower,
Two turtle doves the penſive fair ſecur'd.



'Ye little captives,' would ſhe often ſay,
'Tho' here ſecluded from the fields of air,
Thro' yonder vernal grove forbid to ſtray,
And join the kindred train that wanton there;

'Gainſt you the gunner never lifts his arm,
Nor o'er this manſion does the falcon ſail;
You live unconſcious of the ſtorm's alarm,
The rain impetuous, and the beating hail.

'Nor here, by kind Compaſſion unimpreſs'd,
'The ſchool-boy ever rears his impious hand,
'To fill with agony the feather'd breaſt,
'And raze the little domes that love had plann'd.'

Their harmleſs joys diſeaſe too ſoon effac'd:
One fatal morn, her Turturella's mate
She found, with flagging wing ſubdu'd, oppreſs'd,
And juſt, juſt ſinking at the blow of Fate:

While down her cheek Compaſſion's ſhower diſtill'd,
She gently rais'd it to her anxious breaſt;
But Death's cold blaſt life's crimſon current chill'd,
And thus the fair her breathleſs bird addreſs'd:

'Ill-fated turtle, round whoſe peaceful bower
'The jocund loves ſo lately wont to play;
'How ſunk, alas! in youth's exulting hour,
'To fell diſeaſe, to death th' untimely prey!

'How ſilent is the voice, which, void of art,
'Along the tender day was heard to coo!
'How ſtill, how frozen is the conſtant heart,
'Which to it's dear companion beat ſo true!

'That dear companion, that now widow'd dove,
'To ſcreen from every harm be mine the care;
'And while ſhe mourns her ne'er-reviving love,
'Her grief to me the mourner will endear:

'Like thee, a widow too, condemn'd to mourn;
'No more to me does life unfold it's charms!
'Death, death forbids him ever to return!"
She ſaid—and ſunk into th' attendant's arms.

Her,

Her, ſwift relapſing to her former ſtate,
With boding fears, approach'd the ſerving train;
This ſcene's dread period tremblingly they wait,
Nor were their boding fears indulg'd in vain.

Awakening from her trance, around ſhe threw,
Diſtreſsful fair, her much diſorder'd eyes;
And wildering ſaid—'Repeat that kind adieu!
'Ah, no! from love to war, to death he flies.

'Did ye not hear the claſh of hoſtile ſpears?
'Ah, mark ye not that breaſt-plate ſtain'd with gore?
'What groan was that which pierc'd theſe fearful ears?
'He falls, he falls!—my warrior is no more!

'Nor was, O Heaven! his Amabella near,
'To ſoothe his pain, and echo ſigh to ſigh;
'Drop on the gaping wound a balmy tear,
'Kiſs his cold lip, and cloſe his fading eye!'

Of her diſtreſs th' alarm'd Harmodius taught,
With trembling ſteps approach'd th' unconſcious fair;
'Give me,' he cry'd, with grief paternal fraught,
'Give me, O Amabel! to ſoothe thy care.

'Say, what affliction has thy ſoul impreſs'd?
'Reveal what ſtorm thy boſom'd calmneſs breaks!
'Reveal—and thus relieve this anguiſh'd breaſt!
'The tender father to his daughter ſpeaks!'

AMABELLA.

'Ah, what avails the praiſe the brave obtain!
'Thro' his white boſom ruſh'd the hoſtile ſteel;
'Twas his to ſwell the number of the ſlain,
'And mine Affliction's keeneſt point to feel!'

HAR-

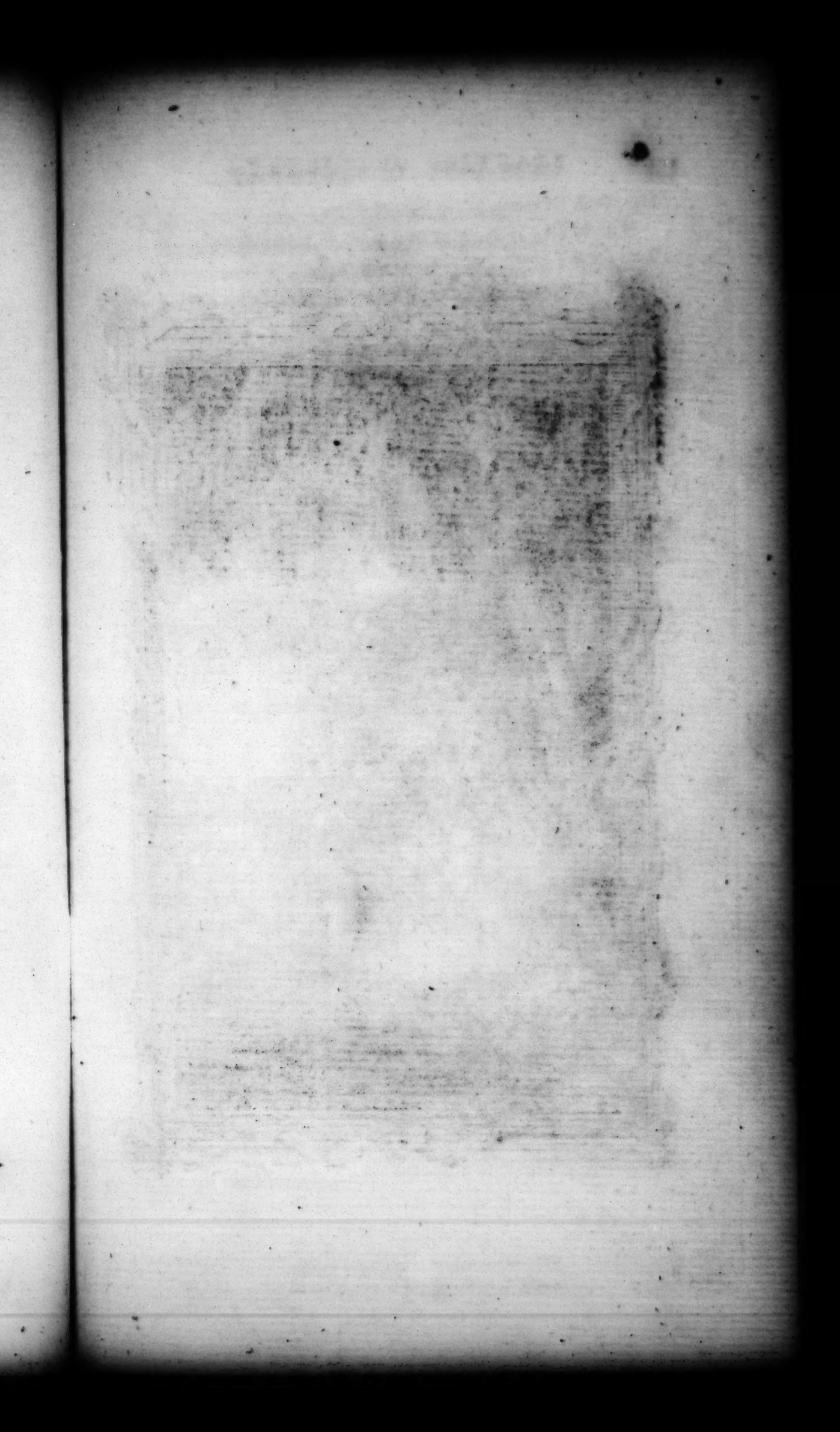




Plate IV.

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HARMODIUS.

'Her roving thought no trace of reaſon bears;
'To her rack'd mind, O Heav'n! thy peace impart!—
'A loving parent bathes thy cheek with tears;
'Harmodius holds thee to his breaking heart!'

AMABELLA.

'To thee, I grateful kneel, O generous ſeer!
'Who doſt, to one unknown, thy care extend!
'Along thy path may Peace her olives rear,
'And Heaven, in battle, ſhield thy deareſt friend!

'For me, who droop beneath Miſfortune's ſhower,
'I had a father—now, alas! a foe—
'Thou'ſt bluſh to hear—in ſorrow's darkeſt hour,
'He leaves his child abandon'd to her woe!

'But to thy heart, that's fram'd of ſofter mould,
'What can to thee a wretch like me endear!
'The ſpring, the motive of thy love unfold;
'Say, ſay, for me why flows that friendly tear!

'Yet ſoft awhile—methinks that hoary brow,
'That plaintive voice—Ah, bear with my diſtreſs!
'Or much remembrance is effac'd, or now,
'A tender father's tear-dew'd cheek I preſs!'

HARMODIUS.

'On knees of gratitude I bleſs the ſkies,
'That Amabella to herſelf reſtore!

AMABELLA.

'Ah, wherefore doſt thou joy! thy daughter dies:
'Support me to yon couch—I can no more—

'I feel, I feel the pulſe of life retire!
'Ah, deign to hear thy dying child reveal,
'What, in rebellion to thy juſt deſire,
'Lock'd in her breaſt, ſhe dar'd ſo long conceal!

'By

'By thee unſanction'd, did I plight my love,
'And, all to thee unknown, a bride became.'

HARMODIUS.

'Harmodius will to both a father prove.'

AMABELLA.

'To him thy pardon thou canſt ne'er proclaim!

'Three fleeting hours had ſcarcely call'd me bride,
'When he was ſummon'd to the martial plain;
'And there—forgive theſe tears—in beauty's pride,
'The much-lamented valiant youth was ſlain.

'What tho' unworthy of thy care I prove,
'To thy remembrance let thy child be dear;
'Thy kind compaſſion let the daughter move,
'When this weak frame ſhall preſs th' untimely bier.'

More would ſhe ſay—her voice began to fail,
From her faint eye life's lingering ſpark retir'd;
The ripening cherry on her lip grew pale,
She heav'd a ſigh—and in that ſigh expir'd.

A BRITISH PHILIPPICK:

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND THE PRESENT PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXVIII.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

WHENCE this unwonted tranſport in my breaſt?
Why glow my thoughts, and whither would the Muſe
Aſpire with rapid wing? Her country's cauſe
Demands her efforts; at that ſacred call
She ſummons all her ardour, throws aſide

The

The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
She means to thunder in each Britiſh ear;
And if one ſpark of honour or of fame,
Diſdain of inſult, dread of infamy,
One thought of publick virtue yet ſurvive,
She means to wake it, rouze the gen'rous flame,
With patriot zeal inſpirit ev'ry breaſt,
And fire each Britiſh heart with Britiſh wrongs!
Alas, the vain attempt! what influence now
Can the Muſe boaſt? or what attention now
Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
The Britiſh ſpirit, generous, warm and brave;
So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
To free the ſuppliant nations? Where, indeed!
If that protection, once to ſtrangers giv'n,
Be now witheld from ſons! Each nobler thought
That warm'd our fires, is loſt and buried now
In luxury and av'rice. Baneful vice!
How it unmans a nation! Yet I'll try,
I'll aim to ſhake this vile degen'rate ſloth;
I'll dare to rouze Britannia's dreaming ſons
To fame, to virtue, and impart around
A generous feeling of compatriot woes.
Come, then, the various powers of forceful ſpeech!
All that can move, awaken, fire, tranſport;
Come, the bold ardour of the Theban bard!
Th' arouzing thunder of the patriot Greek!
The ſoft perſuaſion of the Roman ſage!
Come, all! and raiſe me to an equal height,
A rapture worthy of my glorious cauſe!
Leſt my beſt efforts failing, ſhould debaſe
The ſacred theme; for with no common wing
The Muſe attempts to ſoar. Yet, what need theſe?
My country's fame, my free-born Britiſh heart,
Shall be my beſt inſpirers, raiſe my flight
High as the Theban's pinion, and with more

Than Greek or Roman flame, exalt my ſoul.
Oh! could I give the vaſt ideas birth,
Expreſſive of the thoughts that flame within,
No more ſhould lazy Luxury detain
Our ardent youth! no more ſhould Britain's ſons
Sit tamely paſſive by, and careleſs hear
The prayers, ſighs, groans, (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow Britons, with oppreſſion ſunk,
In bitterneſs of ſoul demanding aid,
Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
The land of liberty; ſo greatly fam'd
For juſt redreſs; the land ſo often dy'd
With her beſt blood, for that arouzing cauſe,
The freedom of her ſons; thoſe ſons that now,
Far from the manly bleſſings of her ſway,
Drag the vile fetters of a Spaniſh lord!
And dare they, dare the vanquiſh'd ſons of Spain
Enſlave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
So ſoon forgot, the great, th' immortal day,
When reſcu'd Sicily with joy beheld
The ſwift-wing'd thunder of the Britiſh arm
Diſperſe their navies? When their coward bands
Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,
From ſwift impending vengeance fled in vain:
Are theſe our lords! And can Britannia ſee
Her foes oft vanquiſh'd, thus defy her pow'r,
Inſult her ſtandard, and inſlave her ſons,
And not ariſe to juſtice? Did our fires,
Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
Preſerve inviolate her guardian rights,
To Britons ever ſacred! that their ſons
Might give them up to Spaniards! Turn your eyes,
Turn ye degen'rate, who with haughty boaſt
Call yourſelves Britons, to that diſmal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy or peace can enter; ſee the gates

Harſh-

Harſh-creaking open! what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while ſtill as death
A frightful ſilence reigns: there on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beaſts of prey;
There mark your num'rous glories, there behold
The look that ſpeaks unutterable woe;
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye,
With famine ſunk; the deep heart-burſting groan
Suppreſs'd in ſilence; view the loathſome food,
Refus'd by dogs! and oh, the ſtinging thought!
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs;
The deadly prieſt triumphant in their woes,
And thundering worſe damnation on their ſouls;
While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to ſpeak, yet eloquent of all,
His native Britiſh ſpirit yet untam'd,
Raiſes his head, and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance, and ſuperior ſcorn,
Looks up, and dies!—Oh, I am all on fire!
But let me ſpare the theme, leſt future times
Should bluſh to hear, that either conquer'd Spain
Durſt offer Britain ſuch outrageous wrong,
Or Britain tamely bore it!

Deſcend, ye guardian heroes of the land!
Scourges of Spain, deſcend! Behold your ſons!
See how they run the ſame heroick race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cauſe!
How greatly proud t' aſſert their Britiſh blood,
And in their deeds reflect their father's fame!
Ah, would to Heaven! ye did not rather ſee,
How dead to virtue in the publick cauſe!
How cold, how careleſs, how to glory deaf,
They ſhame your laurels, and belye their birth!

Come, ye great ſpirits, Cavendiſh, Rawleigh, Blake!
And ye of later name, your country's pride,
Oh, come! diſperſe theſe lazy fumes of ſloth,

Teach Britiſh hearts with Britiſh fires to glow!
In wakening whiſpers rouze our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious ſcenes of rightful war,
In all it's ſplendours; to their ſwelling ſouls
Say how ye bow'd th' inſulting Spaniards pride!
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their proſtrate heads!
Say how ye broke their lines, and fir'd their ports!
Say how not death, in all it's frightful ſhapes,
Could damp your ſouls, or ſhake the great reſolve
For Right and Britain! Then diſplay the joys
The patriot's ſoul exalting, while he views
Tranſported millions hail with loud acclaim
The guardian of their civil, ſacred rights;
How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
Is death for others good; the radiant thoughts
That beam celeſtial on his paſſing ſoul,
Th' unfading crowns awaiting him above,
Th' exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
Who in his actions with complacence views
His own reflected ſplendour! then deſcend,
Tho' to a lower, yet a nobler ſcene;
Paint the juſt honours to his reliques paid,
Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave;
While his fair fame in each progreſſive age
For ever brightens; and the wiſe and good
Of every land, in univerſal choir,
With richeſt incenſe of undying praiſe,
His urn encircle; to the wondering world
His num'rous triumphs blazon; while with awe,
With filial rev'rence in his ſteps they tread,
And copying every virtue, every fame,
Tranſplant his glories into ſecond life,
And, with unſparing hand, make nations bleſs'd
By his example! Vaſt, immenſe rewards,
For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind

Encounters here!—Yet, Britons, are ye cold?
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah, no!
I see ye are not; every bosom glows
With native greatness, and in all it's state
The British spirit rises. Glorious change!
Fame, Virtue, Freedom, welcome! Oh, forgive
The Muse, that ardent in her sacred cause,
Your glory question'd! She beholds with joy,
She owns, she triumphs in her wish'd mistake!
See! from her sea-beat throne, in awful march
Britannia tow'rs: upon her laurel crest,
The plumes majestick nod; behold she heaves
Her guardian shields, and terrible in arms,
For battle shakes her adamantine spear:
Loud at her foot the British lion roars,
Frighting the nations; haughty Spain full soon
Shall hear and tremble! Go then, Britons, forth,
Your country's daring champions! tell your foes,
Tell them in thunders o'er their prostrate land,
You were not born for slaves! Let all your deeds
Shew that the sons of those immortal men,
The stars of shining story, are not slow
In Virtue's path to emulate their fires,
T' assert their country's rights, avenge her sons,
And hurl the bolts of justice on her foes!

TO A LADY,

ON A LANDSCAPE OF HER DRAWING.

BY MR. PARRAT.

BEHOLD the magick of Theresa's hand!
A new creation blooms at her command.
Touch'd into life the vivid colours glow,
Catch the warm stream, and quicken as they flow.

The raviſh'd ſight the pleaſing landſcape fills,
Here ſink the vallies, and there riſe the hills.
Not with more horror nods bleak Calpé's height,
Than here the pictur'd rock aſtounds the ſight.
Not Thames more devious-winding leaves his ſource,
Than here the wand'ring rivers ſhape their courſe.
Obliquely lab'ring runs the gurgling rill;
Still murm'ring runs, or ſeems to murmur ſtill.
An aged oak, with hoary moſs o'erſpread,
Here lifts aloft it's venerable head;
There overſhadowing hangs a ſacred wood,
And nods inverted in the neighb'ring flood.
Each tree as in it's native foreſt ſhoots,
And bluſhing bends with Autumn's golden fruits.
Thy pencil lends the roſe a lovelier hue,
And gives the lily fairer to our view.
Here fruits and flow'rs adorn the varied year,
And paradiſe with all it's ſweets is here.
There ſtooping to it's fall a tow'r appears,
With tempeſts ſhaken, and a weight of years:
The daiſied meadow, and the woodland green,
In order riſe, and fill the various ſcene.
  Some parts, in light magnificently dreſs'd,
Obtruſive enter, and ſtand all confeſs'd;
Whilſt others decently in ſhades are thrown,
And by concealing, make their beauties known.
Alternate thus, and mutual is their aid,
Their lights owe half their luſtre to the ſhade.
  So the bright fires that light the milky way,
Loſt and extinguiſh'd in the ſolar ray;
In the ſun's abſence pour a flood of light,
And borrow all their brightneſs from the night.
  To cheat our eyes, how well doſt thou contrive!
Each object here ſeems real and alive.
Not more reſembling life the figures ſtand,
Form'd by Lyſippus, or by Phidias' hand.

Unnumber'd

Unumber'd beauties in the piece unite,
Ruſh on the eye, and croud upon the ſight:
At once our wonder and delight you raiſe;
We view with pleaſure, and with rapture praiſe.

HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

BY MISS WHATELY.

NOW genial Spring o'er lawn and grove
Extends her vivid power,
Now Phœbus ſhines with mildeſt beams,
And wakes each ſleeping flower.

Soft breezes fan the ſmiling mead,
Kind dews refreſh the plain;
While Beauty, Harmony, and Love,
Renew their chearful reign.

Now far from buſineſs let me fly,
Far from the crouded ſeat
Of Envy, Pageantry, and Power,
To ſome obſcure retreat:

Where Plenty ſheds with liberal hand
Her various bleſſings round;
Where laughing Joy delighted roves,
And roſeate Health is found.

Give me to climb the mountain's brow,
When morn's firſt bluſhes riſe;
And view the fair extenſive ſcene
With Contemplation's eyes.

And while the raptur'd woodland choir
Pour forth their love-taught lays;
I'll tune the grateful mattin ſong
To my Creator's praiſe.

He bade the ſolar orb advance
To chear the gloomy ſky;
And at the gentle voice of Spring
Made hoary Winter fly.

He dreſs'd the groves in ſmiling green,
Unlock'd the ice-bound rill;
Bade Flora's pride adorn the vale,
And herbage crown the hill.

To that All-gracious Source of Light,
Let early incenſe riſe,
While on Devotion's wing the ſoul
Aſcends her native ſkies:

And when the rapid car of day
Illumes the fartheſt weſt,
When Sleep diſſolves the captive's chains,
And Anguiſh ſinks to reſt;

Then let me range the ſhadowy lawns,
When Veſper's ſilver light
Plays on the trembling ſtreams, and gilds
The ſable veil of night.

When every earthly care's at reſt,
And muſing Silence reigns;
Then active Fancy takes her flight
Wide o'er th' etherial plains;

Soars

Soars thro' the trackleſs realms of ſpace,
Sees endleſs ſyſtems roll;
Whilſt all harmoniouſly combine
To form one beauteous whole.

All hail, ſweet Solitude! to thee,
In thy ſequeſter'd bower,
Let me invoke the Paſtoral Muſe,
And every ſylvan power.

Dear, penſive nymph, the tender thought
And deep reſearch is thine;
'Tis thine to heal the tortur'd breaſt,
And form the great deſign.

On thy ſtill boſom let me reſt,
Far from the clang of war;
Where ſtern Oppreſſion's bloody chains
Precede the victor's car:

Here fold me in thy ſacred arms,
Where Albion's happy plains
Exulting tell the nations round
A Britiſh Brunſwick reigns.

Here let me hail each riſing ſun,
Here view each day's decline:
Be fame and ſway my ſovereign's lot,
Be peace and freedom mine!

COOPER's HILL.

BY SIR JOHN DENHAM.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnaſſus, nor did taſte the ſtream
Of Helicon; we therefore may ſuppoſe
Thoſe made not poets, but the poets thoſe;
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muſes and their train reſort,
Parnaſſus ſtands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnaſſus art to me:
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auſpicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundleſs in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which ſwift as thought contracts the ſpace
That lies between, and firſt ſalutes the place
Crown'd with that ſacred pile, ſo vaſt, ſo high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth, or ſky,
Uncertain ſeems, and may be thought a proud
Aſpiring mountain, or deſcending cloud.
Paul's, the late theme of ſuch a Muſe * whoſe flight
Has bravely reach'd and ſoar'd above thy height:
Now ſhalt thou ſtand, tho' ſword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conſpire,
Secure, whilſt thee the beſt of poets ſings,
Preſerv'd from ruin by the beſt of kings.
Under his proud ſurvey the city lies,
And like a miſt beneath a hill doth riſe;
Whoſe ſtate and wealth, the buſineſs and the crowd,
Seems at this diſtance but a darker cloud;

* Mr. Waller.

And is to him who rightly things eſteems,
No other in effect than what it ſeems;
Where, with like haſte, tho' ſev'ral ways, they run,
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone:
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the others ruin, and increaſe;
As rivers loſt in ſeas, ſome ſecret vein
Thence re-conveys, there to be loſt again.
Oh, happineſs of ſweet retir'd content!
To be at once ſecure, and innocent.
Windſor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with ſtrength) above the valley ſwells
Into my eye, and doth itſelf preſent
With ſuch an eaſy and unforc'd aſcent,
That no ſtupendous precipice denies
Acceſs, no horror turns away our eyes;
But ſuch a riſe, as doth at once invite
A pleaſure and a reverence from the ſight.
Thy mighty maſter's emblem, in whoſe face
Sate meekneſs, heighten'd with majeſtick grace;
Such ſeems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the baſis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which ſupports the ſpheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiſer pow'r than chance;
Mark'd out for ſuch an uſe, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuſe,
Folly or blindneſs only cou'd refuſe.
A crown of ſuch majeſtick tow'rs does grace
The gods great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her, yet ſhe cannot boaſt
Among that num'rous, and celeſtial hoſt,
More heroes than can Windſor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.

Not to look back ſo far, to whom this iſle
Owes the firſt glory of ſo brave a pile,
Whether to Cæſar, Albanact, or Brute,
The Britiſh Arthur, or the Daniſh Knute,
(Tho' this of old no leſs conteſt did move,
Than when for Homer's birth ſev'n cities ſtrove;
Like him in birth, thou ſhould'ſt be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame:)
But whoſoe'er it was, Nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount thoſe ſev'ral kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward, and thy greater ſon *,
(The lilies which his father wore, he won)
And thy Bellona †, who the conſort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king ‡,
And brought that ſon, which did the ſecond bring.
Then didſt thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)
Each was a noble cauſe, and nothing leſs
Than the deſign, has been the great ſucceſs;
Which foreign kings, and emperors eſteem
The ſecond honour to their diadem.
Had thy great deſtiny but giv'n thee ſkill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from thoſe kings who then thy captives were,
In after-times ſhould ſpring a royal pair,
Who ſhould poſſeſs all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy deſires more mighty, did devour:
To whom their better fate reſerves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquiſh'd fear;

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.
† Queen Philippa.
‡ The Kings of France and Scotland.

That

That blood, which thou and thy great grandſire ſhed,
And all that ſince theſe ſiſter nations bled,
Had been unſpilt, had happy Edward known
That all the blood he ſpilt had been his own.
When he that patron choſe in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did ſeem
But to foretel, and propheſy of him,
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at firſt deſign'd.
That bound, which to the world's extremeſt ends,
Endleſs itſelf, it's liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need thoſe emblems which we paint,
But is himſelf the ſoldier and the ſaint.
Here ſhould my wonder dwell, and here my praiſe,
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whoſe top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell: (may no ſuch ſtorm
Fall on our times, where ruin muſt reform!)
Tell me, my Muſe, what monſtrous dire offence,
What crime could any Chriſtian king incenſe
To ſuch a rage? Was't luxury, or luſt?
Was he ſo temperate, ſo chaſte, ſo juſt?
Were theſe their crimes? They were his own much more:
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor;
Who having ſpent the treaſures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varniſh o'er the ſhame
Of ſacrilege, muſt bear devotion's name.
No crime ſo bold, but would be underſtood
A real, or at leaſt a ſeeming good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conſcience, is a ſlave to fame:
Thus he the church at once protects and ſpoils;
But princes ſwords are ſharper than their ſtyles.

And thus to th' ages paſt he makes amends,
Their charity deſtroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion, in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell;
And like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the ſtork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone?
Cou'd we not wake from that lethargick dream,
But to be reſtleſs in a worſe extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be caſt into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but muſt advance
So far, to make us wiſh for ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a falſe guide to err by day?
Who ſees theſe diſmal heaps, but would demand,
What barbarous invader ſack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This deſolation, but a Chriſtian king;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our beſt actions and the worſt of theirs,
What does he think our ſacrilege wou'd ſpare,
When ſuch th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence, 'twixt anger, ſhame, and fear,
Thoſe for what's paſt, and this for what's too near,
My eye, deſcending from the hill, ſurveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies ſtrays.
Thames, the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's ſons,
By his old ſire, to his embraces runs;
Haſting to pay his tribute to the ſea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity,
Tho' with thoſe ſtreams he no reſemblance hold,
Whoſe foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and leſs guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but ſurvey his ſhore;

O'er

O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' enſuing ſpring.
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a ſtay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay:
Nor with a ſudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuſe kings, reſumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations ſpoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil;
But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
Firſt loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his bleſſings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the ſea or wind;
When he to boaſt, or to diſperſe his ſtores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful ſhores,
Viſits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, beſtows it where it wants,
Cities in deſarts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is ſtrange,
While his fair boſom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'er-flowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer currents loſt;
Thy nobler ſtreams ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
To ſhine among the ſtars *, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to pleaſe
Us or herſelf, with ſtrange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no leſs delight
To the wiſe maker's, than beholder's ſight:
Tho' theſe delights from ſev'ral cauſes move;
For ſo our children, thus our friends we love)

* The Foreſt.

Wiſely

Wiſely ſhe knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from diſcord ſprings,
Such was the diſcord, which did firſt diſperſe
Form, order, beauty, through the univerſe;
While dryneſs, moiſture, coldneſs, heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are, ſubſiſts:
While the ſteep horrid roughneſs of the wood,
Strives with the gentle calmneſs of the flood;
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence delight.
The ſtream is ſo tranſparent, pure, and clear,
That had the ſelf-enamour'd youth * gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had ſeen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his ſhoulders and his ſides
A ſhady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle ſtream, which calmly flows;
While winds and ſtorms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a ſpacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the ſtream embrac'd:
Which ſhade and ſhelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all theſe, appears
Variety, which all the reſt endears.
This ſcene had ſome bold Greek or Britiſh bard
Beheld of old, what ſtories had we heard
Of fairies, ſatyrs, and the nymphs, their dames;
Their feaſts, their revels, and their am'rous flames;
'Tis ſtill the ſame, altho' their airy ſhape
All but a quick poetick ſight eſcape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned hoſt reſorts

* Narciſſus.

To

To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd,
On whoſe ſublime and ſhady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great maſter-piece; to ſhew how ſoon
Great things are made, but ſooner are undone.
Here have I ſeen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to ſlacken, and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chace by all the flow'r
Of youth, whoſe hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleaſure with praiſe and danger they would buy,
And wiſh a foe that would not only fly.
The ſtag, now conſcious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and ſloth,
To ſome dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye nor Heaven's ſhould invade
His ſoft repoſe; when th' unexpected ſound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound:
Rouz'd with the noiſe, he ſcarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illuſions of his fear
Had giv'n this falſe alarm; but ſtraight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his ſtrengths, the wood beſet;
All inſtruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his ſtrength, and then his ſpeed;
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With theſe t' avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him truſt his feet.
So faſt he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has loſt the chaſers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler ſenſe
Their diſproportion'd ſpeed does recompenſe;
Then curſes his conſpiring feet, whoſe ſcent
Betrays that ſafety which their ſwiftneſs lent.
Then tries his friends: among the baſer herd,
Where he ſo lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His ſafety ſeeks; the herd, unkindly wiſe,
Or chaſes him from thence, or from him flies.

Like a declining ſtateſman, left forlorn
To his friends pity, and purſuers ſcorn;
With ſhame remembers, while himſelf was one
Of the ſame herd, himſelf the ſame had done.
Thence to the coverts, and the conſcious groves,
The ſcenes of his paſt triumphs, and his loves;
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the ſoil, and all the herd his own;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the ſtream
His dreadful challenge, and his claſhing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal ſtrife;
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath,
Preſents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Weary'd, forſaken, and purſu'd, at laſt,
All ſafety in deſpair of ſafety plac'd,
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their aſſaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wiſhes, for the fight,
That ſtrength he waſted in ignoble flight:
But when he ſees the eager chace renew'd,
Himſelf by dogs, the dogs by men purſu'd;
He ſtraight revokes his bold reſolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unſafeſt are,
And doubt a greater miſchief than deſpair.
Then to the ſtream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor ſpeed, nor art avail, he ſhapes his courſe;
Thinks not their rage ſo deſperate t' aſſay
An element more mercileſs than they;
But fearleſs they purſue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirſt—alas! they thirſt for blood.
So, tow'rds a ſhip the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting ſea to ride, or wind to fly,

Stands

Stands but to fall reveng'd on thoſe that dare
Tempt the laſt fury of extreme deſpair.
So fares the ſtag, among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baſer foes
In troops ſurround, now theſe aſſails, now thoſe,
Tho' prodigal of life, diſdains to die
By common hands; but if he can deſcry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal ſhaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it reſigns his blood,
And ſtains the chryſtal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent, and happy chace,
Than when of old, but in the ſelf-ſame place,
Fair Liberty purſu'd *, and meant a prey
To lawleſs power, here turn'd, and ſtood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or ſhould have been at leaſt, the laſt.
Here was that charter ſeal'd †, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down;
Tyrant and ſlave, thoſe names of hate and fear,
The happier ſtyle of king and ſubject bear:
Happy, when both to the ſame centre move,
When kings give liberty, and ſubjects love.
Therefore, not long in force this charter ſtood;
Wanting that ſeal, it muſt be ſeal'd in blood.
The ſubjects arm'd; the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took, the more to crave:
Till kings by giving, give themſelves away,
And e'en that pow'r, that ſhould deny, betray.

* Runny-Mead, where that Great Charter was firſt ſealed.
† Magna Charta.

'Who gives conſtrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
'Not thank'd, but ſcorn'd; nor are they gifts, but ſpoils.'
Thus kings, by graſping more than they could hold,
Firſt made their ſubjects, by oppreſſion, bold;
And popular ſway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for ſubjects to receive,
Ran to the ſame extremes; and one exceſs
Made both, by ſtriving to be greater, leſs.
When a calm river rais'd with ſudden rains,
Or ſnows diſſolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The huſbandmen, with high-rais'd banks, ſecure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure:
But if with bays and dams they ſtrive to force
His channel to a new or narrow courſe;
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
Firſt to a torrent, then a deluge ſwells;
Stronger and fiercer, by reſtraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his ſhores.

POLLIO*:

AN ELEGIACK ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE WOOD NEAR R—— CASTLE, MDCCLXII.

BY MR. MICKLE.

Hæc Jovem ſentire, Deoſque cunctos.
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto. Hor.

THE peaceful evening breathes her balmy ſtore,
The playful ſchool-boys wanton o'er the green:
Where ſpreading poplars ſhade the cottage-door,
The villagers in ruſtick joy convene.

* It has been often ſaid, that Fiction is the moſt proper field for poetry. If it is always ſo, the writer of this little piece acknowledges it is a circumſtance againſt him. The following Ode was firſt ſuggeſted, and the ideas contained in it raiſed, on reviſiting the ruins and woods that had been the ſcene of his early amuſements, with a deſerving brother who died in his twenty-firſt year.

Amid

Amid the ſecret windings of the wood,
With ſolemn Meditation let me ſtray;
This is the hour when, to the wiſe and good,
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whiſpers the gently-waving boughs among;
The ſtar of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the ſilent hoſt of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The ſilver empreſs of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a ſtream of light,
And faintly in it's breaſt the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and conſtant, from yon dell reſound;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the diſtant glade;
The bat, low-wheeling, ſkims the duſky ground.

Auguſt and hoary, o'er the ſloping dale,
The Gothick abbey rears it's ſculptur'd towers;
Dull through the roofs reſounds the whiſtling gale,
Dark Solitude among the pillars lours.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And ſolemn ſhade a chapel's ſad remains,
Where yon ſcath'd poplar through the window waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch ſuſtains;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary ſhepherd, o'er his ſtaff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and ſighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their darkening ſhade
Surround yon craggy bank, the caſtle rears
It's crumbling turrets: ſtill it's towery head
A warlike mien, a ſullen grandeur wears.

So, midſt the ſnow of age, a boaſtful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Tho' trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the duſky wall-flowers creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments ſpread.

'Twas here our ſires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eying their reſcu'd fields with proud delight!
Now loſt to them!—and, ah! how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
So ſhone the moon through theſe ſoft nodding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of ſpring.

When April's ſmiles the flowery lawn adorn,
And modeſt cowſlips deck the ſtreamlet's ſide;
When fragrant orchards to the roſeate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dy'd:

So fair a bloſſom gentle Pollio wore,
Theſe were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page diſplay'd it's lore,
To him bright Fancy all her wealth reſign'd;

Him,

Him, with her pureſt flames the Muſe endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought ally'd;
The ſacred ſiſters led where Virtue glow'd
In all her charms; he ſaw, he felt, and dy'd.

Oh, partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the ſcenes now paſt, my heart o'erflows;
Bids each endearment, fair as once to riſe,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes:

Oft with the riſing ſun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
Oft by the moon have bruſh'd the evening dew,
When all was fearleſs innocence and glee.

The ſainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conſcious of thoſe happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And ſainted well, have loſt their chearing powers:

For thou art gone. My guide, my friend! oh, where,
Where haſt thou fled, and left me here behind!
My tendereſt wiſh, my heart to thee was bare,
Oh, now cut off each paſſage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulph! how dark, how void,
The trackleſs ſhores that never were repaſs'd!
Dread ſeparation! on the depth untry'd,
Hope faulters, and the ſoul recoils aghaſt!

Wide round the ſpacious heavens I caſt my eyes:
And ſhall theſe ſtars glow with immortal fire!
Still ſhine the lifeleſs glories of the ſkies!
And could thy bright, thy living ſoul expire!

Far be the thought! The pleaſures moſt ſublime,
The glow of friendſhip, and the virtuous tear,
The towering wiſh that ſcorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languiſh here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wint'ry land,
The languid ſtranger feebly buds, and dies:
Yet there's a clime where Virtue ſhall expand
With godlike ſtrength beneath her native ſkies!

The lonely ſhepherd on the mountain's ſide,
With patience waits the roſy opening day;
The mariner at midnight's darkſome tide,
With chearful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's ſtorm-beaten ocean toſs'd,
In mental viſion view the happy ſhore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coaſt,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more!

Oh, that ſome kind, ſome pitying kindred ſhade,
Who now, perhaps, frequents this ſolemn grove,
Would tell the awful ſecrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wiſh—yet ſurely not in vain
Man's boſom glows with that celeſtial fire,
Which ſcorns earth's luxuries, which ſmiles at pain,
And wings his ſpirit with ſublime deſire!

To fan this ſpark of Heaven, this ray divine,
Still, O my ſoul! ſtill be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the ſhades be thine,
And ſwell thy breaſt with viſionary joy!

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or ſacred mount,
In ancient days, the holy ſeers retir'd;
And, led in viſion, drank at Siloe's fount,
While riſing extaſies their boſoms fir'd:

Reſtor'd creation bright before them roſe,
The burning deſarts ſmil'd as Eden's plains,
One friendly ſhade the wolf and lambkin choſe,
The flowery mountain ſung, 'Meſſiah reigns!'

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breaſt inſpire,
Yet let me oft frequent this ſolemn ſcene;
Oft to the abbey's ſhatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonſhine dimly gleams between:

There, where the croſs in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'erſhade the letter'd ſtones,
While midnight ſilence wraps theſe drear abodes,
And ſoothes me wandering o'er my kindred bones;

Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the burſting graves the juſt ſhall riſe,
All Nature ſmiling, and by angels borne,
Meſſiah's croſs far blazing o'er the ſkies!

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

BY DR. SMOLLETT.

STROPHE.

THY ſpirit, Independence, let me ſhare!
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy ſteps I follow with my boſom bare,
Nor heed the ſtorm that howls along the ſky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddeſs violated brought thee forth,

Immortal Liberty, whoſe look ſublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in ev'ry varying clime;
What time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantick Superſtition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The ſons of Woden to the field defy'd;
The ruthleſs hag, by Weſer's flood,
In Heaven's name urg'd th' infernal blow,
And red the ſtream began to flow:
The vanquiſh'd were baptiz'd with blood *.

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars ſtain'd with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In ſafety to the bleak Norwegian ſhore:
There in a cave aſleep ſhe lay,
Lull'd by the hoarſe reſounding main;
When a bold ſavage paſs'd that way,
Impell'd by deſtiny, his name Diſdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd;
The hunted bear ſupply'd a ſhaggy veſt,
The driſted ſnow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad ſhoulders brav'd the furious blaſt.
He ſtopp'd; he gaz'd; his boſom glow'd,
And deeply felt th' impreſſion of her charms:
He ſeiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd,
And ſtraight compreſs'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlieu ſcream'd; the tritons blew
Their ſhells to celebrate the raviſh'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence ſaw the light.

* *Baptiz'd with blood*, &c.] Charlemaigne obliged four thouſand Saxon priſoners to embrace the Chriſtian religion, and immediately after they were baptized, ordered their throats to be cut. Their Prince Vitikind fled for ſhelter to Gotrick King of Denmark.

The

The light he ſaw in Albion's happy plains;
Where, under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled ſtrains,
Th' auſpicious fruit of ſtol'n embrace was born.
The mountain dryads ſeiz'd with joy
The ſmiling infant to their charge conſign'd;
The Dorick Muſe careſs'd the fav'rite boy;
The hermit, Wiſdom, ſtor'd his op'ning mind.
As rolling years matur'd his age,
He flouriſh'd bold and ſinewy as his ſire;
While the mild paſſions in his breaſt aſſuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accompliſh'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous rouz'd from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to diſplay,
And warm with patriot thoughts th' aſpiring ſoul.
On deſart iſles * 'twas he that rais'd
Thoſe ſpires that gild th' Adriatick wave,
Where tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
He ſteel'd the blunt Bardavian's arms
To burſt th' Iberian's double chain †;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the ſkirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous ruſticks, ſate
On Uris' rocks in cloſe divan ‡,
And wing'd that arrow ſure as fate
Which aſcertain'd the ſacred rights of man.

* *On deſart iſles*, &c.] Although Venice was built a conſiderable time before the æra here aſſigned for the birth of Independence, the Republick had not yet attained to any great degree of power and ſplendour.

† *To burſt th' Iberian's double chain*, &c.] The Low Countries were not only oppreſſed by grievous taxations, but likewiſe threatened with the eſtabliſhment of the inquiſition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and ſhook off the yoke of Spain.

‡ *On Uris' rocks*, &c.] Alluding to the known ſtory of William Tell and his aſſociates, the fathers and founders of the Confederacy of the Swiſs Cantons.

STROPHE.

Arabia's ſcorching ſands he croſs'd *,
Where blaſted Nature pants ſupine,
Conductor of her tribes aduſt,
To Freedom's adamantine ſhrine;
And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghaſt †,
He ſnatch'd from under fell Oppreſſion's wing;
And taught, amidſt the dreary waſte,
Th' all-chearing hymns of Liberty to ſing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd thro' ev'ry baſer mould;
E'en now he ſtands on Calvis' rocky ſhore,
And turns the droſs of Corſica to gold ‡.
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinſel'd liv'ry to deſpiſe:
My lips by him chaſtis'd to truth
Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thoſe ſculptur'd halls my feet ſhall never tread
Where varniſh'd vice and vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and ſeduce their banners ſpread,
And forge vile ſhackles for the free-born mind:
Where Inſolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of ſpurious fancy blow,
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreath'd around the miſcreant's brow:

* *Arabia's ſcorching ſands*, &c.] The Arabs, rather than reſign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the deſart.

† *And many a Tartar hord*, &c.] From the tyranny of Jenghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eaſtern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were uſed to fly into the remoteſt waſtes of Cathay, where no army would follow them.

‡ *And turns the droſs of Corſica*, &c.] The noble ſtand made by Paſchal Paoli and his aſſociates againſt the uſurpation of the French king, muſt endear them to all the ſons of liberty and independence.

Wherever

Wherever dimpling Falſhood, pert and vain,
Preſents her cup of ſtate profeſſion's froth,
And pale Diſeaſe, with all his blaſted train,
Torments the ſons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering ſpoils oppreſs'd:
So moves the ſumpter-mule, in harneſs'd pride,
That bears the treaſure which he cannot taſte.
For him let venal bards diſgrace the bay,
And hireling minſtrels wake the tinkling ſtring;
Her ſenſual ſnares let faithleſs Pleaſure lay,
And all her gingling bells fantaſtick Folly ring:
Diſquiet, doubt, and dread ſhall intervene;
And Nature, ſtill to all her feelings juſt,
In vengeance hang a damp on every ſcene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Diſguſt.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her ſequeſter'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, ſtreamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And Health and Peace, and Contemplation, dwell.
There Study ſhall with Solitude recline,
And Friendſhip pledge me to his fellow-ſwains;
And Toil and Temperance ſedately twine
The ſlender chord that fluttering life ſuſtains;
And fearleſs Poverty ſhall guard the door,
And Taſte unſpoil'd the frugal table ſpread;
And Induſtry ſupply the humble ſtore,
And Sleep unbrib'd his dews refreſhing ſhed:
White-mantled Innocence, etherial ſprite,
Shall chaſe far off the goblins of the night,
And Independence o'er the day preſide,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride!

ODE TO A SINGING BIRD.

BY MR. RICHARDSON.

O Thou that glad'ſt my loneſome hours
With many a wildly warbled ſong,
When Melancholy round me lours,
And drives her ſullen ſtorms along;
When fell Adverſity prepares
To lead her delegated train,
Pale Sickneſs, Want, Remorſe, and Pain,
With all her hoſt of carking cares;
The fiends ordain'd to tame the human ſoul,
And give the humbled heart to Sympathy's controul!

Sweet ſoother of my miſery, ſay,
Why doſt thou clap thy joyous wing?
Why doſt thou pour that artleſs lay?
How canſt thou, little priſoner, ſing?
Haſt thou not cauſe to grieve
That man, unpitying man! has rent
From thee the boon which Nature meant
Thou ſhould'ſt, as well as he, receive?
The power to woo thy partner in the grove;
To build where inſtinct points; where chance directs, to rove.

Perchance, unconſcious of thy fate,
And to the woes of bondage blind,
Thou never long'ſt to join thy mate,
Nor wiſheſt to be unconfin'd;
Then how relentleſs he,
And fit for every foul offence,
Who could bereave ſuch innocence
Of life's beſt bleſſing, Liberty!
Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous ſnare,
To live a tuneful ſlave, and diſſipate his care!

But

But why for thee this fond complaint?
Above thy maſter thou art bleſs'd!
Art thou not free?—Yes; calm Content,
With olive ſceptre, ſways thy breaſt:
Then deign with me to live;
The falcon with inſatiate maw,
With hooked bill and griping claw,
Shall ne'er thy deſtiny contrive;
And every tabby foe ſhall mew in vain,
While penſively demure ſhe hears thy melting ſtrain.

Nor ſhall the fiend, fell Famine, dare
Thy wiry tenement aſſail;
Theſe, theſe ſhall be my conſtant care,
The limpid fount, and temp'rate meal:
And when the blooming ſpring
In chequer'd liv'ry robes the fields,
The faireſt flow'rets Nature yields
To thee officious will I bring;
A garland rich thy dwelling ſhall entwine,
And Flora's freſheſt gifts, thrice happy bird! be thine.

From drear Oblivion's gloomy cave
The powerful Muſe ſhall wreſt thy name,
And bid thee live beyond the grave;
This meed ſhe knows thy merits claim:
She knows thy liberal heart
Is ever ready to diſpenſe
The tide of bland Benevolence,
And Melody's ſoft aid impart;
Is ready ſtill to prompt the magick lay,
Which huſhes all our griefs, and charms our pains away.

Erewhile,

Erewhile, when brooding o'er my ſoul
Frown'd the black demons of Deſpair,
Did not thy voice that power controul,
And oft ſuppreſs the riſing tear?
If Fortune ſhould be kind,
If e'er with affluence I'm bleſs'd,
I'll often ſeek ſome friend diſtreſs'd;
And when the weeping wretch I find,
Then, tuneful moraliſt, I'll copy thee,
And ſolace all his woes with ſocial ſympathy!

ELEGIES.

BY DR. DELAP.

ELEGY I.

AH, ſtay!—Thy wand oblivious o'er my eyes
Yet wave, mild power of ſleep!—My prayer is vain!
She flies; the partial nurſe of Nature flies,
With all her ſoothing, viſionary train!

Then let me forth, and near yon flowering thorn
Taſte heaven's pure breath; while, rob'd in amber veſt,
Freſh from her watery couch, the youthful morn
Steals on the ſlumbers of the drowzy eaſt.

Lo! at her preſence, the ſtrong arm of toil,
With glittering ſickle mows the prime of May;
While yon poor hirelings, for the mine's rude ſoil,
Leave to their ſleeping babes their cots of clay.

With ſturdy ſtep, they chearly whiſtle o'er
The path that flings acroſs the reedy plain,
To the deep caverns of that yawning moor,
Whoſe ſhaggy breaſt abhors the golden grain.

There,

There, in her green dreſs, Nature never roves,
Spreads the gay lawn, nor lifts the lordly pine;
They ſee no melting clouds refreſh the groves,
No living landſcape drawn by Hands Divine:

But many a fathom from the ſunny breeze,
Their painful way in central night they wear;
Heave the pik'd axes on their bended knees,
Or, ſide-long, the rough quarry ſlowly tear.

Yet while damp vapours chill each reeking brow,
How loudly laughs the jovial voice of mirth;
Pleas'd that the wages of the day allow
A ſocial blaze to chear their evening hearth!

There the chaſte houſewife, with maternal care,
Her thrifty diſtaff plies, in grave attire;
Bleſs'd to behold her ruddy offspring wear
The full reſemblance of their ſturdy ſire.

To ſpread with ſuch coarſe fare their homely board
As ſits the genius of their little fate,
Free from thoſe ills that haunt their pamper'd lord:
To be unhappy, we muſt firſt be great.

In theſe dark caves, where Heav'n's paternal hand,
Far from the world their private cradle laid,
They toil ſecure; the ſtorms that ſtrike the land
With wild diſmay, roll harmleſs o'er their head.

For who, the load of weary life to bear,
Wou'd from theſe murky manſions chaſe the ſlave?
Who ceaſe to breathe Heav'n's pure and chearful air,
To be but living tenants of the grave?

Yet harass'd as they are, their face still wears
The reverend comeliness of green old age;
No stains their mind from worldly science bears:
Their ray of knowledge gleams from Nature's page.

The few plain rules her simple lessons give,
They still thro' life with pleas'd attention ply;
Their helpless offspring bid them wish to live,
Their breathless parents bid them learn to die.

And surely Heaven, whose penetrating sight
Pierces the soul, and reads it's inmost groan,
Must see Content, with more sincere delight,
Toil in the mine, than triumph on the throne.

See Charles *, more pleas'd, within the convent's gloom,
Seeking the slaves calm nights, their temp'rate days,
And peaceful passage to the private tomb,
Than diadem'd with glory's crimson rays.

E'en the proud sage, whose deep mysterious brain
Has reason'd all the balm of hope away;
Convinc'd that learning's but ingenious pain,
Might hail their happier lot, and sighing say—

'O had I thus, within the dark profound,
'By daily labour earn'd my daily food;
'Or with yon seedman sow'd the quick'ning ground,
'Or cleav'd with ponderous axe the groaning wood!

'Full many an hour, that now, tho' sped with art,
'On slow and dusky pinions sullen flies;
'Full many an anxious wish, or pang of heart,
'That Reason's boasted anodyne defies,

* Charles V. of Spain, who in the full blaze of his glory resigned the throne to his son Philip, and retir'd to a convent in Estremadura.

'Had

'Had ne'er been born. Nor had th' uneasy mind,
'Pent in the prison of this mortal mould,
'Felt it's etherial energy confin'd,
'It's brightest sunshine in dark clouds enroll'd.

'But native sense her modest course had run;
'Her saintly lustre untaught virtue spread;
'Health crown'd my toils; and, ere the day was done,
'Sound sleep beneath some alder's rustling shade.

'Then, as I stole down life's declining hill,
'Here nature's gifts had furnish'd nature's needs;
'The brook's cold beverage every latent ill
'Had starv'd, that cloyster'd Contemplation feeds.

'Till in the peaceful shade of this lone bower,
'Or near yon shatter'd tower, in silence laid,
'The orient orb, that watch'd my natal hour,
'Had brightly glitter'd o'er my mouldering head.'

ELEGY II.

TO SICKNESS.

HOW blythe the flowery graces of the spring
From Nature's wardrobe come: and hark how gay
Each glittering insect, hovering on the wing,
Sings it's glad welcome to the fields of May!

They gaze with greedy eye each beauty o'er;
They suck the sweet breath of the blushing rose;
Sport in the gale, or sip the rainbow shower:
Their life's short day no pause of pleasure knows.

Like their's, dread Power, my chearful morn diſplay'd
The flattering promiſe of a golden noon;
Till each gay cloud, that ſportive Nature ſpread,
Died in the gloom of thy diſtemper'd frown.

Yes; ere I told my two and twentieth year,
Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;
Harmleſs it paſs'd 'mid many a blythe compeer,
And found it's fated entrance near my heart.

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
I ſaw them rove thro' Pleaſure's flow'ry field:
I ſaw Health paint them with her roſy hand,
Eager to burſt my bonds, but forc'd to yield.

Yet while this mortal cot of mouldering clay
Shakes at the ſtroke of thy tremendous power,
Ah, muſt the tranſient tenant of a day
Bear the rough blaſt of each tempeſtuous hour!

Say, ſhall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
Too rigid queen! unnerve the ſoul's bright powers;
Till with a joyleſs ſmile the eye beholds
Art's magick charms, and Nature's fairy bowers!

No; let me follow ſtill, thoſe bowers among,
Her flowery footſteps, as the goddeſs goes;
Let me, juſt lifted 'bove th' unletter'd throng,
Read the few books the learned few compoſe:

And ſuffer, when thy awful pleaſure calls
The ſoul to ſhare her frail companion's ſmart;
Yet ſuffer me to taſte the balm that falls
From Friendſhip's tongue, ſo ſweet upon the heart.

Then,

Then, tho' each trembling nerve confeſs thy frown,
E'en till this anxious being ſhall become
But a brief name upon a little ſtone,
Without one murmur I embrace my doom.

For many a virtue, ſhelter'd from mankind,
Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each deſire;
And many a feeble frame, whoſe mighty mind
Each muſe has touch'd with her immortal fire.

E'en he *, ſole terror of a venal age,
The tuneful bard, whoſe philoſophick ſoul,
With ſuch bright radiance glow'd on Virtue's page,
Learn'd many a leſſon from thy moral ſchool.

He too †, who 'mounts, and keeps his diſtant way,'
His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs.

Yes, goddeſs; to thy temple's deep receſs
I come; and lay for ever at it's door
The ſyren throng of Follies numberleſs,
Nor wiſh their flattering ſongs ſhould ſoothe me more.

Thy decent garb ſhall o'er my limbs be ſpread,
Thy hand ſhall lead me to thy ſober train,
Who here retir'd, with penſive Pleaſure tread
The ſilent windings of thy dark domain.

Hither the cherub Charity ſhall fly
From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
For miſery raiſe a ſympathizing ſigh,
Pardon for foes, and love for human kind:

* Mr. Pope. † Mr. Gray.

Then,

Then, while Ambition's trump, from age to age,
It's ſlaughter'd millions boaſts; while Fame ſhall rear
Her deathleſs trophies o'er the bard and ſage,
Be mine the widow's ſigh, the orphan's prayer!

DEATH.

BY CHARLES EMILY, ESQ.

I.

THE feſtive roar of laughter, the warm glow
Of briſk-ey'd joy, and friendſhip's genial bowl,
Wit's ſeaſon'd converſe, and the liberal flow
Of unſuſpicious youth, profuſe of ſoul,
Delight not ever; from the boiſterous ſcene
Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
From Folly's crowd, whoſe vacant brow ſerene
Was never knit to Wiſdom's frowning lore,
Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your ſolemn reſt,
Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning iſles,
Lonely to wander; no unholy gueſt,
That means to break, with ſacrilegious tread,
The marble ſlumbers of your monumented dead.

II.

Permit me with ſad muſings, that inſpire
Unlabour'd numbers apt, your ſilence drear
Blameleſs to wake, and with th'Orphean lyre
Fitly attemper'd, ſoothe the mercileſs ear
Of Hades, and ſtern Death, whoſe iron ſway
Great Nature owns thro' all her wide domain;
All that with oary fin cleave their ſmooth way
Thro' the green boſom of the ſpawny main,

And thoſe that to the ſtreaming ether ſpread,
In many a wheeling glide, their feathery ſail;
And thoſe that creep; and thoſe that ſtatelier tread,
That roam o'er foreſt, hill, or browzed dale;
The victims each of ruthleſs fate muſt fall;
E'en God's own image, Man, high paramount of all.

III.

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
That ſtartle from the ſleepful lid of light
The curtain'd reſt, and with the diſſonant bray
Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright
Yon radiant goddeſs, that now ſhoots among
Theſe many-window'd iſles her glimmering beam;
Know, that or ere it's ſtarr'd career along
Thrice ſhall have roll'd her ſilvery-wheeled team,
Some parent breaſt may heave the anſwering ſigh,
To the ſlow pauſes of the funeral knoll;
E'en now black Atropos, with ſcowling eye,
Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl,
E'en now in roſy-crowned Pleaſure's wreath
Entwines in adder folds all unſuſpected Death.

IV.

Know, on the ſtealing wing of time ſhall flee
Some few, ſome ſhort-liv'd years—and all is paſt;
A future bard theſe awful domes may ſee,
Muſe o'er the preſent age as I the laſt;
Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you
The various maze of life were ſeen to tread,
Each bent their own peculiar to purſue,
As cuſtom urg'd, or wilful nature led;
Mix'd with the various crowd's inglorious clay,
The nobler virtues undiſtinguiſh'd lie;
No more to melt with Beauty's heav'n-born ray,
No more to wet Compaſſion's tearful eye,
Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
And feel the thrilling melody of ſweet renown.

V. Where

V.

Where is the maſter-hand, whoſe ſemblant art
Chiſſel'd the marble into life, or taught
From the well-pencil'd portraiture to ſtart
The nerve that beat with ſoul, the brow that thought!
Cold are the fingers that in ſtone-fix'd trance
The mute-attention rivetting, to the lyre
Struck language: dimm'd the poet's quick-ey'd glance,
All in wild raptures flaſhing heaven's own fire.
Shrunk is the ſinew'd energy, that ſtrung
The warrior arm! Where ſleeps the patriot breaſt
Whilome that heav'd impaſſion'd! where the tongue
That lanc'd it's lightning on the towering creſt
Of ſcepter'd inſolence, and overthrew
Giant Oppreſſion, leagu'd with all her earth-born crew!

VI.

Theſe now are paſt: long, long, ye fleeting years,
Purſue, with glory wing'd, your fated way,
Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
The dawn of that inevitable day,
When wrapt in ſhrouded clay their warmeſt friend
The widow'd virtues ſhall again deplore,
When o'er his urn in pious grief ſhall bend
His Britain, and bewail one patriot more;
For ſoon muſt thou, too ſoon! who ſpread'ſt abroad
Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd,
Doom'd, like ſome better angel ſent of God
To ſcatter bleſſings over humankind,
Thou too muſt fall, O Pitt! to ſhine no more,
And tread thoſe dreadful paths a Faulkland trod before!

VII.

Faſt to the driving winds the marſhall'd clouds
Sweep diſcontinuous o'er th' etherial plain;
Another ſtill upon another crouds,
All haſtening downward to their native main.

Thus

Thus paſſes o'er, thro' varied life's career,
Man's fleeting age; the ſeaſons, as they fly,
Snatch from us in their courſe, year after year,
Some ſweet connection, ſome endearing tie.
The parent, ever-honour'd, ever dear,
Claims from the filial breaſt the pious ſigh;
A brother's urn demands the kindred tear,
And gentle ſorrows guſh from Friendſhip's eye.
To-day we frolick in the roſy bloom
Of jocund youth—the morrow knells us to the tomb.

VIII.

Who knows how ſoon, in this ſepulchral ſpot,
Shall Heaven to me the drear abode aſſign?
How ſoon the paſt irrevocable lot
Of theſe that reſt beneath me, ſhall be mine?
Haply, when Zephyr to thy native bourn
Shall waft thee o'er the ſtorm'd Hibernian wave,
Thy gentle breaſt, my Taviſtock *, ſhall mourn
To find me ſleeping in the ſenſeleſs grave.
No more the ſocial leiſure to divide,
In the ſweet intercourſe of ſoul and ſoul,
Blythe, or of graver brow; no more to chide
The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
Till all thy cultur'd virtues ſhall diſplay,
Full bloſſom'd, their bright honours to the gazing day.

IX.

Ah, deareſt youth! theſe vows, perhaps unheard,
The rude wind ſcatters o'er the billowy main;
Theſe prayers, at Friendſhip's holy ſhrine preferr'd,
May riſe to graſp their father's knees in vain.

* Francis, Marquis of Taviſtock, only ſon to the Duke of Bedford; whoſe death, which happened on the 22d of March 1767, was occaſioned by a fall from his horſe, which he received while hunting a few days before.—Mr. Emily was Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and had been tutor to the Marquis: he died in the year 1762, being then Major of the Surry militia; five years before the melancholy accident which deprived the world of his noble and univerſally lamented pupil.

Soon, ſoon may nod the ſad funereal plume
With ſolemn horror o'er thy timeleſs hearſe,
And I ſurvive to grave upon thy tomb
The mournful tribute of memorial verſe!
That leave to Heaven's deciſion: be it thine,
Higher than yet a parent's wiſhes flew,
To ſoar in bright pre-eminence, and ſhine
With ſelf-earn'd honours, eager to purſue,
Where glory, with her clear unſully'd rays,
The well-born ſpirit lights to deeds of mightieſt praiſe.

X.

'Twas ſhe thy god-like Ruſſel's boſom ſteel'd
With confidence untam'd, in his laſt breath
Stern-ſmiling. She, with calm compoſure, held
The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
Smit with the warmth of her impulſive flame,
Wolfe's gallant virtue flies to worlds afar,
Emulous to pluck freſh wreaths of well-earn'd fame
From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd war.
'Twas ſhe, that on the morn of direful birth,
Bare'd thy young boſom to the fatal blow,
Lamented Armytage*! the bleeding youth!
O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
Ye Nereids and ye Nymphs of Camus hoar,
Weep—for ye oft have ſeen him on your haunted ſhore.

XI.

Better to die with glory than recline
On the ſoft lap of ignominious peace,
Than yawn out the dull droning life ſupine
In monkiſh apathy and gowned eaſe.
Better employ'd, in honour's bright career,
The leaſt diviſion on the dial's round,
Than thrice to compaſs Saturn's live-long year,
Grown old in ſloth, the burden of the ground;

* Sir John Armytage, member of parliament for the city of York, who was killed at St. Cas, in the year 1758.

Than

Than tug with ſweating toil the ſlaviſh oar
Of unredeem'd affliction, and ſuſtain
The fev'rous rage of fierce diſeaſes ſore
Unnumber'd, that in ſympathetick chain
Hang ever thro' the thick circumfluous air,
All from the drizzly verge of yonder ſtar-girt ſphere.

XII.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life,
A thouſand maladies are poſted round,
With wretched man to wage eternal ſtrife
Unſeen, like ambuſh'd Indians, till they wound.
There the ſwoln Hydrop ſtands, the wat'ry Rheum,
The Northern Scurvy, Blotch with lep'rous ſcale;
And moping ever in the cloiſter'd gloom
Of learned Sloth, the bookiſh Aſthma pale:
And the ſhunn'd Hag unſightly, that ordain'd
On Europe's ſons to wreak the faithleſs ſword
Of Cortez, with the blood of millions ſtain'd,
O'er dog-ey'd luſt the tort'ring ſcourge abhor'd
Shakes threat'ning; ſince the while ſhe wing'd her flight
From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' ſnow-clad height.

XIII.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
The chatt'ring Ague chill, the writhing Stone,
And he of ghaſtly feature, on whoſe ear
Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning moan,
Maraſmus; knotty Gout; and the dead life
Of nerveleſs Palſy; there, on purpoſe fell
Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife,
Grim Suicide, the damned fiend of hell.
There, too, is the ſtunn'd Apoplexy pight *,
The bloated child of gorg'd Intemperance foul;
Self-waſting Melancholy, black as night
Louring, and foaming fierce with hideous howl

* Placed.

The dog Hydrophoby, and near allied
Scar'd Madneſs, with her moon-ſtruck eye-balls ſtaring wide.

XIV.

There, ſtretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky mine *,
With boiling ſulphur fraught, and ſmouldering fires;
He, the dread delegate of Wrath Divine,
E'er while that ſtood o'er Taio's hundred ſpires
Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-ſhaking wand,
Powerful as that the ſon of Amram bore,
And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his hand.
He ſtruck, the rocking ground with thund'rous roar
Yawn'd! Here from ſtreet to ſtreet hurries, and there
Now runs, now ſtops, then ſhrieks and ſcours amain,
Staring Diſtraction: many a palace fair,
With millions ſinks ingulph'd, and pillar'd fane;
Old Ocean's fartheſt waves confeſs the ſhock;
E'en Albion trembled, conſcious, on his ſtedfaſt rock.

XV.

The meagre Famine there; and, drunk with blood,
Stern War; and the loath'd monſter, whom of yore
The ſlimy Naïad of the Memphian flood
Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phœbus bore,
Foul Peſtilence, that on the wide-ſtretch'd wings
Of Commerce ſpeeds from Cairo's ſwarthy bay
His weſtering flight, and thro' the ſick air flings
Spotted Contagion; at his heels Diſmay
And Deſolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
Terrible; as long of old, when from the height
Of Paran came unwrath'd the Mightieſt, ſhook
Earth's firm fix'd baſe tottering; thro' the black night
Glanc'd the flaſh'd lightnings; heaven's rent roof abroad
Thunder'd; and univerſal nature felt it's God.

* Alluding to the earthquake at Liſbon.

XVI. Who

XVI.

Who on that ſcene of terror, on that hour
Of rouzed indignation, ſhall withſtand
Th' Almighty, when he meditates to ſhower
The burſting vengeance o'er a guilty land!
Canſt thou, ſecure in Reaſon's vaunted pride,
Tongue-doughty miſcreant, who but now didſt gore
With more than Hebrew rage th' innocent ſide
Of agonizing mercy, bleeding ſore;
Canſt thou confront, with ſtedfaſt eye unaw'd,
The ſworded judgment ſtalking far and near?
Well may'ſt thou tremble, when an injur'd God
Diſclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—
Loud whirlwinds howl in Zephyr's ſofteſt breath;
And every glancing meteor glares imagin'd death.

XVII.

The good alone are fearleſs, they alone
Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
The wreck of worlds, and look unſhrinking down
On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave:
Thrice happy! who the blameleſs road along
Of honeſt praiſe hath reach'd the vale of death;
Around him, like miniſtrant cherubs, throng
His better actions; to the parting breath
Singing their bleſſed requiems; he the while
Gently repoſing on ſome friendly breaſt,
Breathes out his benizons; then with a ſmile
Of ſoft complacence, lays him down to reſt,
Calm as the ſlumbering infant: from the goal
Free and unbounded flies the diſembody'd ſoul.

XVIII.

Whether ſome delegated charge below,
Some much-lov'd friend it's hovering care may claim,
Whether it heaven-ward ſoars, again to know
That long-forgotten country whence it came;

Conjecture

Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child
Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
Thro' Speculation's puzzling mazes wild,
And all to end at last where it begun.
Fain would we trace, with Reason's erring clue,
The darksome paths of destiny aright:
In vain; the task were easier to pursue
The trackless wheelings of the swallow's flight.
From mortal ken himself th' Almighty shrouds,
Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient clouds.

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST,

AS IT IS REPRESENTED ON THE EAST WINDOW OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL.

WRITTEN WHEN AT WINTON SCHOOL

BY DR. LOWTH.

AT once to raise our reverence and delight,
To elevate the mind, and please the sight,
To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
And waft the soul on wings of extasy;
For this the painter's art with nature vies,
And bids the visionary saint arise;
Who views the sacred forms in thought aspires,
Catches pure zeal, and, as he gazes, fires;
Feels the same ardour to his breast convey'd,
Is what he sees, and emulates the shade.
Thy strokes, great Artist, so sublime appear,
They check our pleasure with an awful fear;
While, thro' the mortal line, the God you trace,
Author himself, and Heir of Jesse's race;
In raptures we admire thy bold design,
And, as the subject, own the hand divine.
While thro' thy work the rising day shall stream,
So long shall last thy honour, praise, and name.

And

And may thy labours to the Muſe impart
Some emanation from her ſiſter art,
To animate the verſe, and bid it ſhine
In colours eaſy, bright, and ſtrong, as thine.
Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
While ſofteſt ſlumbers ſeem to ſeal his eyes;
The hoary ſire Heaven's guardian care demands,
And at his feet the watchful angel ſtands.
The form auguſt and large, the mien divine,
Betray the founder of Meſſiah's line *.
Lo! from his loins the promis'd ſtem aſcends,
And high to Heaven it's ſacred boughs extends:
Each limb productive of ſome hero ſprings,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th' eternal plant wide ſpreads it's arms around,
And with the mighty Branch the myſtick top is crown'd.
And lo! the glories of th' illuſtrious line,
At their firſt dawn with ripen'd ſplendours ſhine,
In David all expreſs'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man compleat.
Serene he ſits, and ſweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See! with what art he ſtrikes the vocal ſtrings,
The God, his theme, inſpiring what he ſings!
Hark! or our ears delude us; from his tongue
Sweet flows, or ſeems to flow, ſome heavenly ſong.
O! could thine art arreſt the fleeting ſound,
And paint the voice in magick numbers bound;
Could the warm ſun, as erſt when Memnon play'd,
Wake with his riſing beam the vocal ſhade:
Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,
Bending to hear the lay, ſo ſweet, ſo like their own.
On either ſide the monarch's offspring ſhine,
And ſome adorn, and ſome diſgrace their line.

* Jeſſe.

Here

Here Ammon glories; proud, inceſtuous lord!
This hand ſuſtains the robe, and that the ſword.
Frowning and fierce, with haughty ſtrides he tow'rs,
And on his horrid brow defiance lours.
There Abſalom the raviſh'd ſceptre ſways,
And his ſtol'n honour all his ſhame diſplays:
The baſe uſurper youth! who joins in one
The rebel ſubject, and th' ungrateful ſon.
Amid the royal race, ſee Nathan ſtand:
Fervent he ſeems to ſpeak, and lift his hand;
His looks th' emotion of his ſoul diſcloſe,
And eloquence from ev'ry geſture flows.
Such, and ſo ſtern he came, ordain'd to bring
Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty king:
When, at his dreadful voice, a ſudden ſmart
Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conſcious heart;
From his own lips condemn'd; ſevere decree!
Had his God prov'd ſo ſtern a Judge as he.
But man with frailty is ally'd by birth;
Conſummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth:
Thro' all the ſoul tho' virtue holds the rein,
Beats at the heart, and ſprings at ev'ry vein;
Yet ever from the cleareſt ſource have ran
Some groſs allay, ſome tincture of the man.
But who is he—deep muſing? In his mind
He ſeems to weigh, in Reaſon's ſcales, mankind:
Fix'd Contemplation holds his ſteady eyes!—
I know the ſage; the wiſeſt of the wiſe *.
Bleſs'd with all man could wiſh, or prince obtain,
Yet his great heart pronounc'd thoſe bleſſings vain.
And lo! bright glittering in his ſacred hands,
In miniature the glorious temple ſtands.
Effulgent frame! ſtupendous to behold!
Gold the ſtrong valves, the roof of burniſh'd gold;

* Solomon.

The

The wandering ark, in that bright dome inſhrin'd,
Spreads the ſtrong light, eternal, unconfin'd!
Above, th' unutterable glory plays;
Preſence Divine! and the full-ſtreaming rays
Pour thro' reluctant crowds intolerable blaze.
But ſtern oppreſſion rends Reboam's reign;
See the gay prince, injurious, proud, and vain!
Th' imperial ſceptre totters in his hand,
And proud rebellion triumphs in the land.
Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful ſpring,
A beardleſs ſenate, and a haughty king.
There Aſa, good and great, the ſceptre bears,
Juſtice attends his peace, ſucceſs his wars:
While Virtue was his ſword, and Heaven his ſhield,
Without controul the warrior ſwept the field;
Loaded with ſpoils, triumphant he return'd,
And half her ſwarthy ſons ſad Ethiopia mourn'd.
But ſince thy flagging piety decay'd,
And barter'd God's defence for human aid;
See their fair laurels wither on thy brow!
Nor herbs nor healthful arts avail thee now;
Nor is Heaven chang'd, apoſtate prince, but thou!
No mean atonement does this lapſe require;
But ſee the ſon, you muſt forgive the ſire:
He, the juſt prince *; with ev'ry virtue bleſs'd
He reign'd, and goodneſs all the man poſſeſs'd;
Around his throne fair happineſs and peace
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and ſmil'd in ev'ry face.
As when along the burning waſte he ſtray'd,
Where no pure ſtreams in bubbling mazes play'd,
Where Drought, incumbent on the thirſty ground,
Long ſince had breath'd her ſcorching blaſts around;
The prophet † calls, th' obedient floods repair
To the parch'd fields, for Joſaphat was there.

* Joſaphat. † Eliſha.

The new-ſprung waves, in many a gurgling vein,
Trickle luxurious thro' the ſucking plain;
Freſh honours the reviving fields adorn,
And o'er the deſart Plenty pours her horn.
So, from the throne his influence he ſheds,
And bids the Virtues raiſe their languid heads;
Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
Oppreſſion flies, and Juſtice lifts her ſcales.
See, on his arm, the royal eagle ſtand,
Great type of conqueſt and ſupreme command;
Th' exulting bird diſtinguiſh'd triumph brings,
And greets the monarch with expanded wings:
Fierce Moab's ſons prevent th' impending blow,
Ruſh on themſelves, and fall without the foe.
The pious hero vanquiſh'd Heav'n by prayer;
His faith an army, and his vows a war.
Thee, too, Ozias, fates indulgent bleſs'd,
And thy days ſhone, in faireſt actions dreſs'd;
Till that raſh hand, by ſome blind frenzy ſway'd,
Unclean, the ſacred office durſt invade:
Quick o'er thy limbs the ſurfy venom ran,
And hoary filth beſprinkled all the man.
Tranſmiſſive worth adorns the pious ſon *,
The father's virtues with the father's throne.
Lo! there he ſtands; he who the rage ſubdu'd
Of Ammon's ſons, and drench'd his ſword in blood!
And doſt thou, Ahaz, Judah's ſcourge, diſgrace,
With thy baſe front, the glories of thy race?
See the vile king his iron ſceptre bear—
His only praiſe attends the pious heir †;
He, in whoſe ſoul the virtues all conſpire,
The beſt good ſon, from the moſt wicked ſire.
And, lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
Long exil'd Piety returns again:

* Jotham. † Hezekiah.

Again,

Again, in genuine purity ſhe ſhines,
And with her preſence gilds the long-neglected ſhrines.
Ill-ſtarr'd does proud Aſſyria's impious Lord *
Bid Heaven to arms, and vaunt his dreadful ſword;
His own vain threats th' inſulting king o'erthrow,
But breathe new courage on the generous foe.
Th' avenging Angel, by Divine command,
The fiery ſword full-blazing in his hand,
Lean'd down from Heav'n: amid the ſtorm he rode,
March'd Peſtilence before him; as he trod,
Pale Deſolation bath'd his ſteps in blood.
Thick wrapt in night, through the proud hoſt he paſs'd,
Diſpenſing death, and drove the furious blaſt;
Nor bade Deſtruction give her revels o'er,
Till the gorg'd ſword was drunk with human gore.
But what avails thee, pious prince; in vain
Thy ſceptre reſcu'd, and th' Aſſyrian ſlain!
E'en now the ſoul maintains her lateſt ſtrife,
And Death's chill graſp congeals the fount of life.
Yet ſee, kind Heaven renews thy brittle thread,
And rolls full fifteen ſummers o'er thy head;
Lo! the receding ſun repeats his way,
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
Tho' Nature her inverted courſe forego,
The day forget to reſt, the time to flow,
Yet ſhall Jehovah's ſervants ſtand ſecure,
His mercy fix'd, eternal ſhall endure;
On them her ever-healing rays ſhall ſhine;
More mild, and bright, and ſure, O ſun! than thine.
At length, the long-expected prince behold!
The laſt good king, in ancient days foretold,
When Bethel's altar ſpoke his future fame,
Rent to it's baſe at good Joſiah's name.

* Sennacherib.

Bleſt, happy prince! o'er whoſe lamented urn,
In plaintive ſong, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom ſad Sion's ſofteſt ſorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his ſweet melodious woes.
But now fall'n Sion, once the fair and great,
Sits deep in duſt, abandon'd, deſolate;
Bleeds her ſad heart, and ever ſtream her eyes,
And anguiſh tears her with convulſive ſighs.
The mournful captive ſpreads her hands in vain;
Her hands, that rankle with the ſervile chain;
Till he, great chief* ! in Heaven's appointed time,
Leads back her children to their native clime.
Fair Liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envy'd walls ſecurely riſe.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin ſpread,
Again ſhall lift ſublime thy ſacred head:
But ah! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
A faint reſemblance of the old in you.
No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful anſwers from the myſtick cloud;
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine,
And Heaven has left thy ſolitary ſhrine:
Yet, in thy courts, hereafter ſhalt thou ſee
Preſence immediate of the Deity,
The light himſelf reveal'd, the God confeſs'd in thee!
And now, at length, the fated term of years
The world's deſire have brought; and lo! the God appears.
The heavenly babe the Virgin Mother bears,
And her fond looks confeſs the parent's cares;
The pleaſing burden on her breaſt ſhe lays,
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a ſmile ſurveys.
The infant ſmiles, to her fond boſom preſs'd,
And wantons, ſportive, on the mother's breaſt:

* Zorobabel.

A radiant

A radiant glory ſpeaks him all divine,
And in the child the beams of Godhead ſhine!
But now, alas! far other views diſcloſe
The blackeſt comprehenſive ſcene of woes.
See where man's voluntary ſacrifice
Bows his meek head, and God Eternal dies!
Fix'd to the croſs, his healing arms are bound,
While copious Mercy ſtreams from ev'ry wound.
Mark the blood-drops that life-exhauſting roll,
And the ſtrong pang that rends the ſtubborn ſoul!
As all death's tortures, with ſevere delay,
Exult and riot in the nobleſt prey!
And can'ſt thou, ſtupid man, thoſe ſorrows ſee,
Nor ſhare the anguiſh which he bears for thee?
Thy ſin, for which his ſacred fleſh is torn,
Points ev'ry nail, and ſharpens ev'ry thorn;
Can'ſt thou?—while Nature ſmarts in ev'ry wound,
And each pang cleaves the ſympathetick ground!
Lo! the black ſun, his chariot backward driven,
Blots out the day, and periſhes from Heaven:
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part,
And the rent rock upbraids man's ſtubborn heart;
The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead ſtart into life again.
And thou, O tomb, once more ſhalt wide diſplay
Thy ſatiate jaws, and give up all thy prey:
Thou, groaning earth, ſhalt heave, abſorpt in flame,
As the laſt pangs convulſe thy labouring frame;
When the ſame God unſhrouded thou ſhalt ſee,
Wrapt in full blaze of power and majeſty,
Ride on the clouds; whilſt, as his chariot flies,
The bright effuſion ſtreams thro' all the ſkies.
Then ſhall the proud diſſolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:
The molten deluge round the globe ſhall roar,
And all man's arts and labour be no more.

Then

Then ſhall the ſplendours of th' enliven'd glaſs
Sink undiſtinguiſh'd in the burning maſs.
And O! till earth and ſeas, and heaven decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away;
May winds and ſtorms thoſe beauteous colours ſpare,
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair;
All the vain rage of waſting time repel,
And his tribunal ſee, whoſe croſs they paint ſo well!

TO WINTER.

BY MR. WOTY.

WHAT! tho' thou com'ſt in ſable mantle clad,
Yet, Winter! art thou welcome to my eye;
Thee here I hail, tho' terrors round thee wait,
And winds tempeſtuous howl along the ſky.

But ſhall I then ſo ſoon forget the days,
When Ceres led me thro' her wheaten mines;
When Autumn pluck'd me, with his tawny hand,
Empurpled cluſters from ambroſial vines!

So ſoon forget, when up the yielding pole
I ſaw aſcend the ſilver-bearded hop;
When Summer, waving high her crown of hay,
Pour'd o'er the mead her odorif'rous crop!

I muſt forget them; and thee too, O Spring!
Tho' many a chaplet thou haſt weav'd for me:
For now, prepar'd to quit th' enchanting ſcene,
Cold, weeping Winter! I come all to thee.

Hail

Hail to thy rolling clouds, and rapid ſtorms!
Tho' they deform fair Nature's lovely face:
Hail to thy winds, that ſweep along the earth!
Tho' trees they root up from their ſolid baſe.

How ſicklied over is the face of things!
Where is the ſpice-kiſs of the ſouthern gale!
Where the wild roſe, that ſmil'd upon the thorn,
The mountain flow'r, and lily of the vale!

How gloomy 'tis to caſt the eye around,
And view the trees diſrob'd of ev'ry leaf;
The velvet path grown rough with clotting ſhow'rs,
And ev'ry field depriv'd of ev'ry ſheaf!

How far more gloomy, o'er the rain-beat heath,
Alone to travel in the dead of night!
No twinkling ſtar to gild the arch of heav'n,
No moon to lend her temporary light:

To ſee the lightning ſpread it's ample ſheet,
And view the wild waſte thro' its liquid fire,
To hear the thunder rend the troubled air,
As Time itſelf and Nature would expire.

And yet, O Winter! has thy poet ſeen
Thy face as ſmooth, and placid as the Spring;
Has felt, with comfort felt the beam of heav'n,
And heard thy vallies and thy woodlands ring;

What time the Sun with burniſh'd locks aroſe,
The long-loſt charms of Nature to renew,
When pearls of ice bedeck'd the graſſy turf,
And tree-tops floated in the ſilver-dew.

Father of heav'n and earth! this change is thine:
By thee the ſeaſons in gradation roll;
Thou great Omniſcient Ruler of the world!
Thou Alpha and Omega of the whole!

Here humbly bow we down our heads to thee;
'Tis ours the voice of gratitude to raiſe:
Thine to diffuſe thy bleſſings o'er the land;
Thine to receive the incenſe of our praiſe!

Pure if it riſes from the conſcious heart,
With thee for ever does the ſymbol live—
Tho' ſmall for all thy love is man's return,
Thou aſk'ſt no more than he has pow'r to give.

THE HERMIT.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

'TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
'And guide my lonely way
'To where yon taper chears the vale
'With hoſpitable ray.

'For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
'With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
'Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
'Seem length'ning as I go.'

'Forbear, my ſon,' the Hermit cries,
'To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
'For yonder phantom only flies
'To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here

Here to the houſeleſs child of want
My door is open ſtill;
And tho' my portion is but ſcant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
Whate'er my cell beſtows;
My ruſhy couch and frugal fare,
My bleſſing and repoſe.

No flocks that range the valley free
To ſlaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
And water from the ſpring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heaven deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No flowrs beneath it's humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crowds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And chear'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gayly preſs'd, and ſmil'd;
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetick mirth
It's tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the Hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſs'd:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
'The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

'From better habitations ſpurn'd,
'Reluctant doſt thou rove?
'Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
'Or unregarded love?

'Alas!



Plate V. Published as the Act directs, by Rees Hart & Co. April 1st 1801. Page 363, line 5.

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings
'Are trifling, and decay;
'And those who prize the paltry things
'More trifling still than they.

'And what is Friendship but a name,
'A charm that lulls to sleep;
'A shade that follows wealth or fame,
'And leaves the wretch to weep?

'And Love is still an emptier sound,
'The modern fair-one's jest;
'On earth unseen, or only found
'To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
'And spurn the sex!' he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

'And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
'A wretch forlorn,' she cry'd,
'Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
'Where Heaven and you reside!

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to ſtray;
Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richeſt proffers ſtrove;
Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
But theſe were all to me.

The bloſſom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity diſplay
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the bloſſoms of the tree,
With charms inconſtant ſhine:
Their charms were his; but, woe to me!
Their conſtancy was mine.

For

For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain:

Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
He left me to my pride;
And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
In ſecret, where he died.

But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault!
And well my life ſhall pay;
I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
And ſtretch me where he lay!

And there forlorn, deſpairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
And ſo for him will I!'

Forbid it, Heaven!' the Hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſs'd.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear;
My charmer, turn to ſee
Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
Reſtor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care reſign:
And ſhall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine!

No,

'No, never from this hour to part;
'We'll live and love ſo true,
'The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart
'Shall break thy Edwin's too!'

THE ENTHUSIAST,

AN ODE.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

ONCE, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming ſweets of May
Had loſt their freſheſt hues;
When every flower on every hill,
In every vale, had drank it's fill
Of ſunſhine and of dews.

In ſhort, 'twas that ſweet ſeaſon's prime,
When Spring gives up the reins of Time
To Summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whoſe command the breezes blow
Which fan the ſmiling land.

'Twas then, beſide a green-wood ſhade,
Which cloath'd a lawn's aſpiring head,
I urg'd my devious way,
With loit'ring ſteps, regardleſs where,
So ſoft, ſo genial was the air,
So wond'rous bright the day.

And now my eyes with tranſport rove
O'er all the blue expanſe above,
Unbroken by a cloud!

And now beneath delighted paſs,
Where winding thro' the deep-green graſs
A full-brimm'd river flow'd.

I ſtop, I gaze; in accents rude,
To thee, ſereneſt Solitude,
Burſt forth th' unbidden lay:
'Be gone, vile world! the learn'd, the wiſe,
'The great, the buſy I deſpiſe,
'And pity e'en the gay.

'Theſe, theſe are joys alone,' I cry;
''Tis here, divine Philoſophy,
'Thou deign'ſt to fix thy throne!
'Here Contemplation points the road,
'Thro' Nature's charms, to Nature's God!
'Theſe, theſe are joys alone!

'Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
'Ye human hopes, and human fears,
'Ye pleaſures and ye pains!'
While thus I ſpake, o'er all my ſoul
A philoſophick calmneſs ſtole,
A ſtoick ſtillneſs reigns.

The tyrant paſſions all ſubſide,
Fear, anger, pity, ſhame and pride,
No more my boſom move;
Yet ſtill I felt, or ſeem'd to feel,
A kind of viſionary zeal
Of univerſal love.

When, lo! a voice, a voice I hear!
'Twas Reaſon whiſper'd in my ear
Theſe monitory ſtrains:

• What mean'ſt thou, man? would'ſt thou unbind
• The ties which conſtitute thy kind,
  • The pleaſures and the pains?

• The ſame Almighty Power unſeen,
• Who ſpreads the gay or ſolemn ſcene
  • To Contemplation's eye,
• Fix'd ev'ry movement of the ſoul,
• Taught ev'ry wiſh it's deſtin'd goal,
  • And quicken'd ev'ry joy.

• He bids the tyrant paſſions rage,
• He bids them war eternal wage,
  • And combat each his foe;
• Till from diſſenſions concords riſe,
• And beauties from deformities,
  • And happineſs from woe.

• Art thou not man, and dar'ſt thou find
• A bliſs which leans not to mankind?
  • Preſumptuous thought and vain!
• Each bliſs unſhar'd is unenjoy'd;
• Each power is weak, unleſs employ'd
  • Some ſocial good to gain.

• Shall light and ſhade, and warmth and air,
• With thoſe exalted joys compare
  • Which active Virtue feels!
• When on ſhe drags, as lawful prize,
• Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,
  • At her triumphant wheels.

• As reſt to labour ſtill ſucceeds
• To man, whilſt Virtue's glorious deeds
  • Employ his toilſome day;

'This fair variety of things,
'Are merely life's refreſhing ſprings,
'To ſoothe him on his way.

'Enthuſiaſt, go! unſtring thy lyre,
'In vain thou ſing'ſt, if none admire,
'How ſweet ſoe'er the ſtrain.
'And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
'Unleſs thou mixeſt with thy kind,
'Benevolent in vain?

'Enthuſiaſt, go! try every ſenſe;
'If not thy bliſs, thy excellence,
'Thou yet haſt learn'd to ſcan;
'At leaſt thy wants, thy weakneſs know,
'And ſee them all uniting ſhow,
'That man was made for man.'

THE CURE OF SAUL.

A SACRED ODE.

BY DR. BROWN.

'VENGEANCE, ariſe from thy infernal bed,
'And pour thy tempeſt on his guilty head!'
Thus Heaven's decree, in thunder's ſound,
Shook the dark abyſs profound.—
The unchain'd Furies come!
Pale Melancholy ſtalks from hell:
Th' abortive offſpring of her womb,
Deſpair and Anguiſh, round her yell.
By ſleepleſs terror Saul poſſeſs'd,
Deep feels the fiend within his tortur'd breaſt.

Midnight ſpectres round him howl:
Before his eyes
In troops they riſe;
And ſeas of horror overwhelm his ſoul.

'Haſte! to Jeſſe's ſon repair;
'He beſt can ſweep the lyre,
'Wake the ſolemn-ſounding air,
'And lead the vocal choir:
'On every ſtring ſoft-breathing raptures dwell,
'To ſoothe the throbbings of the troubled breaſt;
'Whoſe magick voice can bid the tides of paſſion ſwell,
'Or lull the raging ſtorm to reſt.'

Sunk on his couch, and loathing day,
The heaven-forſaken monarch lay:
To the ſad couch the ſhepherd now drew near;
And, while th' obedient choir ſtood round,
Prepar'd to catch the ſoul-commanding ſound,
He dropp'd a generous tear.—
'Thy pitying aid, O God, impart!
'For lo, thy poiſon'd arrows drink his heart!'

The mighty ſong from Chaos roſe:
Around his throne the formleſs atoms ſleep,
And drowzy darkneſs broods upon the deep.—
'Confuſion, wake!
'Bid the realms of Chaos ſhake!
'Rouze him from his dread repoſe!'
Hark! loud Diſcord breaks her chain:
The hoſtile atoms claſh with deaf'ning roar;
Her hoarſe voice thunders thro' the drear domain,
And kindles every element to war.—
"Tumult ceaſe!
"Sink to peace!
"Let there be light!"—th' Almighty ſaid:

'And

'And lo, the radiant ſun,
'Flaming from his orient bed,
'His endleſs courſe begun!
'See, the twinkling Pleïads riſe:
'Thy ſtar, Orion, reddens in the ſkies;
'While ſlow around the northern plain,
'Arcturus wheels his nightly wane.'

Thy glories, too, refulgent moon, he ſung;
Thy myſtick mazes, and thy changeful ray:
'O, faireſt of the ſtarry throng!
'Thy ſolemn orb of light
'Guides the triumphant car of Night
'O'er ſilver clouds, and ſheds a ſofter day!

'Ye planets, and each circling conſtellation,
'In ſongs harmonious tell your generation!
'Oh! while yon radiant ſeraph turns the ſpheres,
'And on the ſtedfaſt pole-ſtar ſtands ſublime;
'Wheel your rounds
'To heavenly ſounds,
'And ſoothe his ſong-enchanted ears
'With your celeſtial chime.'

In dumb ſurprize the liſt'ning monarch lay;
(His woe ſuſpended by ſweet Muſick's ſway;)
And awe-ſtruck, with uplifted eye,
Mus'd on the new-born wonders of the ſky.

'Lead the ſoothing verſe along;
'He feels, he feels the power of ſong!
'Ocean haſtens to his bed;
'The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd head:
'Down his ſteep and ſhaggy ſide,
'The torrent rolls his thundering tide;

'Then ſmooth and clear, along the fertile plain
'Winds his majeſtick waters to the diſtant main.
'Flocks and herds the hills adorn;
'The lark, high ſoaring, hails the morn.
'And while along yon crimſon-clouded ſteep
'The ſlow ſun ſteals into the golden deep,
'Hark! the ſolemn nightingale
'Warbles to the woodland dale.
'See, deſcending angels ſhower
'Heaven's own bliſs on Eden's bower:
'Peace on Nature's lap repoſes;
'Pleaſure ſtrews her guiltleſs roſes;
'Joys divine in circles move,
'Link'd with Innocence and Love.
'Hail, happy Love, with Innocence combin'd!
'All hail, ye ſinleſs parents of mankind!'

They paus'd:—the monarch, proſtrate on his bed,
Submiſſive, bow'd his head;
Ador'd the works of boundleſs power Divine:
Then, anguiſh-ſtruck, he cry'd, (and ſmote his breaſt)
'Why, why is Peace the welcome gueſt
'Of ev'ry heart but mine!'

'Now let the ſolemn numbers flow,
'Till he feel that guilt is woe.'—
'Heavenly harp, in mournful ſtrain,
'O'er yon weeping bower complain:—
'What ſounds of bitter pangs I hear!
'What lamentations wound mine ear!
'In vain, devoted pair, theſe tears ye ſhed;
'Peace with Innocence is fled:
'The meſſengers of Grace depart;
'Death glares, and ſhakes the dreadful dart!—
'Ah, whither fly ye, by yourſelves abhorr'd,
'To ſhun that frowning cherub's fiery ſword!—

'Lo!

'Lo!
'Hapleſs, hapleſs pair,
'Goaded by deſpair,
'Forlorn, thro' deſart climes they go!—
'Wake, my lyre! can Pity ſleep,
'When Heaven is mov'd, and angels weep!
'Flow, ye melting numbers, flow;
'Till he feel that guilt is woe.'

The king, with pride, and ſhame, and anguiſh torn,
Shot fury from his eyes, and ſcorn.
The glowing youth,
Bold in truth,
(So ſtill ſhould virtue guilty power engage)
With brow undaunted met his rage.
See, his cheek kindles into generous fire!
Stern, he bends him o'er his lyre;
And, while the doom of guilt he ſings,
Shakes horror from the tortur'd ſtrings.

'What ſounds of terror and diſtreſs
'Rend yon howling wilderneſs!
'The dreadful thunders ſound!
'The forked lightnings flaſh along the ground!
'Why yawns that deep'ning gulph below?—
'Tis for Heaven's rebellious foe!—
'Fly, ye ſons of Iſrael, fly;
'Who dwells in Korah's guilty tents muſt die!—
'They ſink!—Have mercy, Lord!—Their cries
'In dreadful tumult riſe!
'Hark! from the deep their loud laments I hear!
'They leſſen now, and leſſen on the ear!
'Now, deſtruction's ſtrife is o'er!
'The countleſs hoſt
'For ever loſt!
'The gulph is cloſ'd!—Their cries are heard no more!—

'But

'But oh, my lyre! what accents can relate
'Sinful man's appointed fate!—
'He comes, he comes! th' avenging God!
'Clouds and darkneſs round him roll:
'Tremble, earth! ye mountains, nod!
'He bows the ſkies, and ſhakes the pole.
'The gloomy banners of his wrath unfurl'd,
'He calls the floods, to drown a guilty world.—
"Ruin, lift thy baleful head;
"Rouze the guilty world from ſleep;
"Lead up thy billows from their cavern'd bed,
"And burſt the rocks that chain thee in the deep!"

'Now, th' impetuous torrents riſe;
'The hoarſe-aſcending deluge roars:
'Down ruſh the cataracts from the ſkies;
'The ſwelling waves o'erwhelm the ſhores.—
'Juſt, O God, is thy decree!
'Shall guilty man contend with thee!
'Lo, Hate and Envy, ſea-entomb'd,
'And Rage with Luſt in ruin ſleep;
'And ſcoffing Luxury is doom'd
'To glut the vaſt and ravenous deep!
'In vain from Fate th' aſtoniſh'd remnant flies:—
"Shrink, ye rocks! Ye oceans, riſe!"—
'The tottering cliffs no more the floods controul;
'Sea, following ſea, ingulphs the ball:
'O'er the ſunk hills the wat'ry mountains roll,
'And wide Deſtruction ſwallows all.——
'Now fiercer let th' empaſſion'd numbers glow:
'Swell the ſong, ye mighty choir!
'Wing your dreadful darts with fire!
'Hear me, monarch!—Guilt is woe!'

Thus while the frowning ſhepherd pour'd along
The deep impetuous torrent of his ſong;

Saul,

Saul, ſtung by dire deſpair,
Gnaſh'd his teeth, and tore his hair:
From his blood, by horror chill'd,
A cold and agonizing ſweat diſtill'd;
Then, foaming with unutterable ſmart,
He aim'd a dagger at his heart.
His watchful train prevent the blow;
And call each lenient balm to ſoothe his frantick woe:
But pleas'd, the ſhepherd now beheld
His pride by Heaven's own terrors quell'd;
Then bade his potent lyre controul
The mighty ſtorm that rent his ſoul.

'Ceaſe your cares! the body's pain
'A ſweet relief may find;
'But gums and lenient balms are vain,
'To heal the wounded mind.——
'Come, fair Repentance, from the ſkies;
'O fainted maid, with upcaſt eyes!
'Deſcend, in thy celeſtial ſhroud,
'Veſted in a weeping cloud!
'Holy Guide, deſcend, and bring
'Mercy from th' Eternal King!
'To his ſoul your beams impart,
'And whiſper comfort to his heart!——

'They come. O king, thine ear incline!
'Liſten to their voice divine:
'Their voice ſhall every pang compoſe,
'To gentle ſorrow ſoothe thy woes;
'Till each pure wiſh to heaven ſhall ſoar,
'And Peace return, to part no more!

Behold, obedient to their great command,
The lifted dagger quits his trembling hand!
Smooth'd is his brow, where ſullen Care
And furrow'd Horror couch'd with fell Deſpair:

No

No more his eyes with fury glow;
But heavenly grief ſucceeds to hell-born woe.—
'See, the ſigns of grace appear!
'See the ſoft relenting tear,
'Trickling at ſweet Mercy's call!
'Catch it, angels, ere it fall!
'And let the heart-ſent offering riſe,
'Heaven's beſt-accepted ſacrifice!'

'Yet, yet again!—Ah! ſee, the pang returns!
'Again with inward fire his heaving boſom burns!
'Now, ſhepherd, wake a mightier ſtrain;
'Search the deep heart-rending pain;
'Till the large floods of ſorrow roll,
'And quench the tortures of his ſoul.'—
'Almighty Lord, accept his pang ſincere!
'Let heavenly hope diſpel each dark temptation!
'And, while he pours the penitential tear,
'O viſit him with thy ſalvation!——

'Stoop from heaven, ye raptur'd throng!
'Sink, ye ſwelling tides of ſong!
'For lo! diſſolv'd by Muſick's melting power,
'Celeſtial Sorrow rolls her plenteous ſhower:
'O'er his wan cheek the colours riſe,
'And beams of comfort brighten in his eyes.—
'Happy king, thy woes are o'er!
'Thy God ſhall wound thy ſoul no more:
'The pitying Father of mankind,
'Meets the pure-returning mind.'—

'No more ſhall black Deſpair afflict his ſoul!
'Each gentler ſound, ye ſhepherds, now combine;
'Sweetly let the numbers roll;
'Soothe him into hope divine.—

'Now

'Now lowly let the ruſtick meaſure glide,
'To quell the dark remains of ſelf-conſuming pride;
'Till Nature's home-ſprung bleſſings he confeſs,
'And own that calm content is happineſs.'—
'Ye woods and lakes, ye cliffs and mountains!
'Haunted grots, and living fountains!
'Liſten to your ſhepherd's lay,
'Whoſe artleſs carols cloſe the day.
'Bounding kids around him throng;
'The ſteep rock echoes back his ſong:
'While all unſeen to mortal eye,
'Sliding down the evening ſky,
'Holy Peace, tho' born above,
'Daughter of Innocence and Love,
'Quits her throne and manſion bright,
'Her crown of ſtars and robe of light,
'Serene, in gentle ſmiles array'd,
'To dwell beneath his palm-tree ſhade.
'Hail, meek angel! awful gueſt!
'Still pour thy radiance o'er my breaſt!
'Pride and Hate in courts may ſhine;
'The ſhepherd's calm and blameleſs tent is thine!'

'Softly, ſoftly breathe your numbers,
'And wrap his weary'd ſoul in ſlumbers!'—
'Gentle ſleep becalm his breaſt,
'And cloſe his eyes in healing reſt!
'Deſcend, celeſtial viſions, ye who wait,
'God's miniſtring powers, at Heaven's eternal gate!
'Ye, who nightly vigils keep,
'And rule the ſilent realms of ſleep,
'Exalt the juſt to joys refin'd,
'And plunge in woe the guilty mind,
'Deſcend! Oh, waft him to the ſkies,
'And open all Heaven's glories to his eyes!

'Beyond yon ſtarry roof, by ſeraphs trod,
'Where Light's unclouded fountains blaze;
'Where choirs immortal hymn their God,
'Intranc'd in extaſy of ceaſeleſs praiſe.
'Angels, heal his anguiſh!
'Your harps and voices join!
'His grief to bliſs ſhall languiſh,
'When ſooth'd by ſounds divine.'

'Behold, with dawning joy each feature glows!
'See, the bliſsful tear o'erflows!—
'The fiend is fled!—Let Muſick's rapture riſe:
'Now, Harmony, thy ev'ry nerve employ;
'Shake the dome, and pierce the ſkies;
'Wake him, wake him into joy!'

What power can ev'ry Paſſion's throne controul?
What power can boaſt the charm divine,
To ſtill the tempeſt of the ſoul?
Celeſtial Harmony, that mighty charm is thine!
She, heavenly-born, came down to viſit earth,
When from God's eternal throne
The beam of all-creative Wiſdom ſhone,
And ſpake fair Order into birth.
At Wiſdom's call ſhe robe'd yon glitt'ring ſkies,
Attun'd the ſpheres, and taught conſenting orbs to riſe.
Angels wrapt in wonder ſtood,
And ſaw that all was fair, and all was good.
'Twas then, ye ſons of God, in bright array,
Ye ſhouted o'er creation's day:
Then kindling into joy,
The morning ſtars together ſung;
And thro' the vaſt ethereal ſky
Seraphick hymns and loud hoſannahs rung.

THE

THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

AN ECLOGUE.

BY MR. GAY.

YE ſylvan Muſes! loftier ſtrains recite;
Not all in ſhades and humble cotes delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the diſtant grounds
The driving gales convey the ſwelling ſounds:
Th' attentive ſwain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder leans upon his fork.
What ſudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye ſtags! and all ye beaſts of chaſe!
This hour deſtruction brings on all your race.
See the pleas'd tenants duteous off'rings bear,
Turkeys and geeſe, and grocer's ſweeteſt ware;
With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows,
And old October reddens ev'ry noſe.
Beagles and ſpaniels round his cradle ſtand,
Kiſs his moiſt lip, and gently lick his hand;
He joys to hear the ſhrill horn's echoing ſounds,
And learns to liſp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley ſhall in paternal acres grow;
The bee ſhall ſip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
To give metheglin for his morning hours;
For him the cluſt'ring hop ſhall climb the poles,
And his own orchard ſparkle in his bowls.
His ſire's exploits he now with wonder hears;
The monſtrous tales indulge his greedy ears:
How, when youth ſtrung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.

He leads the ſtaring infant thro' the hall;
Points out the horny ſpoils that grace the wall;
Tells how this ſtag thro' three whole counties fled,
What rivers ſwam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Deſcribes the deſp'rate chaſe, and all his cheats;
How, in one day, beneath his furious ſpeed,
He tir'd ſeven courſers of the fleeteſt breed;
How high the pale he leap'd, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the witch *.
Theſe ſtories, which deſcend from ſon to ſon,
The forward boy ſhall one day make his own.
Ah! too fond mother! think the time draws nigh
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How ſhall his ſpirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar ſchools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Laſh'd into Latin by the tingling rod:
No, let him never feel that ſmart diſgrace;
Why ſhould he wiſer prove than all his race?
When rip'ning youth with down o'erſhades his chin,
And ev'ry female eye incites to ſin,
The milk-maid (thoughtleſs of her future ſhame)
With ſmacking lip ſhall raiſe his guilty flame:
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft' be conſcious of their ſtolen love.
But think, Priſcilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and wat'ry qualms ſhall own thy crime;
How wilt thou tremble, when thy nipple's preſs'd,
To ſee the white drops bathe thy ſwelling breaſt!
Nine moons ſhall publicly divulge thy ſhame,
And the young Squire foreſtal a father's name.
When twice twelve times the reaper's ſweeping hand
With levell'd harveſts has beſtrown the land,

* The moſt common accident to ſportſmen, to hunt a witch in the ſhape of a hare.

On fam'd St. Hubert's feaſt, his winding horn
Shall chear the joyful hound and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager ſpeed
Shall urge with bloody heel the riſing ſteed.
O check the foamy bit! nor tempt thy fate;
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries;
Low in the duſt his grov'ling honour lies:
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged ſtone
Diſtorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
O, vent'rous youth! thy thirſt of game allay;
May'ſt thou ſurvive the perils of this day!—
He ſhall ſurvive; and in late years be ſent
To ſnore away debates in Parliament.
The time ſhall come when his more ſolid ſenſe,
With nod important, ſhall the laws diſpenſe;
A Juſtice with grave juſtices ſhall ſit;
He praiſe their wiſdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound ſhall attend the tenant's pace,
No ruſty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons ſhall leave their coverts void of fear,
Nor dread the thieviſh net or triple ſpear;
Poachers ſhall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.
Aſſiſt me, Bacchus! and ye drunken pow'rs!
To ſing his friendſhips and his midnight hours.
Why doſt thou glory in thy ſtrength of beer,
Firm-cork'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year,
Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy ſign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio ſhine?
Think on the miſchiefs which from hence have ſprung!
It arms with curſes dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul ſcandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words.
O, where is wiſdom, when by this o'erpower'd?
The ſtate is cenſur'd, and the maid deflower'd!

And wilt thou ſtill, O Squire! brew ale ſo ſtrong?
Hear then the diſtates of prophetick ſong.
Methinks I ſee him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer;
'Midſt mugs and glaſſes ſhatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his ſervile crew ſupinely ſnore;
Triumphant, o'er the proſtrate brutes he ſtands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks; and, like his glorious fires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires!

THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS,

A PASTORAL,

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY.

WRITTEN IN MDCXCIV.

BY MR. CONGREVE.

Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem. VIRG.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis! ſee this gloomy ſhade,
Which ſeems alone for Sorrow's ſhelter made,
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night, ſucceeding night, excludes the day;
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightſome notes, to chear the duſky air,
To welcome day, or bid the ſun farewel,
By morning lark or evening Philomel.
No violet here, nor daiſy, e'er was ſeen,
No ſweetly-budding flower, nor ſpringing green;
For fragrant myrtle and the bluſhing roſe,
Here baleful yew with deadly cypreſs grows.

Here,

Here, then, extended on this wither'd moſs,
We'll lie, and thou ſhalt ſing of Albion's loſs;
Of Albion's loſs, and of Paſtora's death,
Begin thy mournful ſong, and raiſe thy tuneful breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah, woe too great! ah, theme which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble ſhepherds reeds!
O could I ſing in verſe of equal ſtrain
With the Sicilian bard or Mantuan ſwain,
Or melting words and moving numbers chuſe,
Sweet as the Britiſh Colin's Mourning Muſe;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Aſtrophel;
Then might I raiſe my voice, (ſecure of ſkill)
And with melodious woe the vallies fill;
The liſt'ning echo on my ſong ſhould wait,
And hollow rocks Paſtora's name repeat;
Each whiſtling wind and murm'ring ſtream ſhould tell,
How lov'd ſhe liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with ev'ry bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himſelf in ſong renown'd,
Yet would not all thy art avail to ſhow
Verſe worthy of her name or of our woe:
But ſuch true paſſion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick ſighs, and guſhing tears,
Such tender ſorrow in thy heart I read,
As ſhall ſupply all ſkill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common form of dumb diſtreſs,
Each vulgar grief can ſighs and tears expreſs;
In ſweet complaining notes thy paſſion vent,
And not in ſighs, but words explaining ſighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artleſs as Nature's notes in birds untaught:

Boundleſs

Boundleſs my verſe, and roving be my ſtrains,
Various as flow'rs on unfrequented plains.
And thou, Thalia! darling of my breaſt,
By whom inſpir'd, I ſung at Comus' feaſt,
While in a ring the jolly rural throng
Have ſate and ſmil'd to hear my chearful ſong,
Be gone, with all thy mirth and ſprightly lays!
My pipe no longer now thy pow'r obeys:
Learn to lament, my Muſe! to weep and mourn,
Thy ſpringing laurels all to cypreſs turn;
Wound with thy diſmal cries the tender air,
And beat thy ſnowy breaſt and rend thy yellow hair:
Far hence, in utmoſt wilds, thy dwelling chuſe;
Be gone, Thalia! Sorrow is my muſe.
'I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
'And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.'
No more theſe woods ſhall with her ſight be bleſs'd,
Nor with her feet theſe flow'ry plains be preſs'd;
No more the winds ſhall with her treſſes play,
And from her balmy breath ſteal ſweets away;
No more theſe rivers chearfully ſhall paſs,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face,
While on their banks the wond'ring flocks have ſtood,
Greedy of ſight, and negligent of food.
No more the nymphs ſhall with ſoft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances pleaſe her ſight;
Nor ever more ſhall ſwain make ſong of mirth,
To bleſs the joyous day that gave her birth:
Loſt is that day, which had from her it's light,
For ever loſt with her in endleſs night;
In endleſs night, and arms of Death, ſhe lies;
Death in eternal ſhades has ſhut Paſtora's eyes.
Lament, ye nymphs! and mourn, ye wretched ſwains!
Stray, all ye flocks! and defart be, ye plains!
Sigh, all ye winds! and weep, ye cryſtal floods!
Fade, all ye flow'rs! and wither, all ye woods!

'I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
'And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.'
Within a diſmal grot, which damps ſurround,
All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholeſome ground;
The marble weeps, and with a ſilent pace
It's trickling tears diſtil upon her face.
Falſely ye weep, ye rocks! and falſely mourn,
For never will you let the nymph return;
With a feign'd grief the faithleſs tomb relents,
And, like the crocodile, it's prey laments.
O ſhe was heav'nly fair in face and mind!
Never in nature were ſuch beauties join'd:
Without all ſhining, and within all white;
Pure to the ſenſe, and pleaſing to the ſight;
Like ſome rare flow'r, whoſe leaves all colours yield,
And opening is with ſweeteſt odours fill'd.
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;
To which excelling height ſhe bore a mind,
Humble as oſiers bending to the wind.
Thus excellent ſhe was——
Ah, wretched fate! ſhe was, but is no more.
Help me, ye hills and vallies, to deplore!
'I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
'And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.'
From that bleſs'd earth on which her body lies,
May blooming flow'rs with fragrant ſweets ariſe!
Let myrrha, weeping aromatick gum,
And ever-living laurel, ſhade her tomb!
Thither let all th' induſtrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there!
Thither let fairies with their train reſort,
Neglect their revels and their midnight ſport;
There in unuſual wailings waſte the night,
And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light!

There may no dismal yew nor cypress grow,
Nor holly-bush, nor bitter elder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
And distant dens receive each howling beast:
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats, that hate the light!
But let the sighing doves their sorrows bring,
And nightingales in sweet complainings sing;
Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
And, sick'ning at her tomb, make haste to die,
That they may help to sing her elegy:
Let Echo, too, in mimick moan deplore,
And cry with me, Pastora is no more!
'I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
'And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.'
And see, the heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air;
A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
Each lily folds it's leaves, and hangs it's head;
On ev'ry tree the blossoms turn to tears,
And ev'ry bough a weeping moisture bears;
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.
The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills;
The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn,
And each with streaming eyes supplies his wanting urn.
The Fauns forsake the woods, the Nymphs the grove,
And round the plain in sad distractions rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.
With their sharp nails themselves the Satyrs wound,
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.
Lo, Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke:

See Pales weeping, too, in wild deſpair,
And to the piercing winds her boſom bare.
And ſee yon fading myrtle, where appears
The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing tears;
See how ſhe wrings her hands, and beats her breaſt,
And tears her uſeleſs girdle from her waiſt!
Hear the ſad murmurs of her ſighing doves;
For grief they ſigh, forgetful of their loves!
Lo, Love himſelf, with heavy woes oppreſs'd!
See how his ſorrows ſwell his tender breaſt!
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then lays his limbs upon the dying graſs,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face:
With tears, which from his folded lids ariſe;
And even Love himſelf has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, Paſtora is no more!
'I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
'And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.'
The rocks can melt, and air in miſts can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to ſighs can turn;
The birds in ſongs their ſorrows can diſcloſe,
And nymphs and ſwains in words can tell their woes:
But, oh! behold that deep and wild deſpair
Which neither winds can ſhow, nor floods, nor air.
See the great Shepherd, chief of all the ſwains,
Lord of theſe woods and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and cloſe to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already faded graſs;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breaſt,
No more within Paſtora's arms to reſt!
No more! for thoſe once ſoft and circling arms
Themſelves are clay, and cold are all her charms:
Cold are thoſe lips, which he no more muſt kiſs,
And cold that boſom, once all downy bliſs;

On whoſe ſoft pillows, lull'd in ſweet delights,
He us'd in balmy ſleep to loſe the nights.
Ah! where is all that love and fondneſs fled?
Ah! where is all that tender ſweetneſs laid?
To duſt muſt all that heav'n of beauty come!
And muſt Paſtora moulder in the tomb!
Ah, Death! more fierce and unrelenting far
Than wildeſt wolves or ſavage tigers are;
With lambs and ſheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But rav'nous Death the Shepherdeſs has ſeiz'd.
'I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
'And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.'
But ſee, Menalcas, where a ſudden light
With wonder ſtops my ſong and ſtrikes my ſight!
And where Paſtora lies it ſpreads around,
Shewing all radiant bright the ſacred ground;
While from her tomb behold a flame aſcends
Of whiteſt fire, whoſe flight to heav'n extends!
On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as ſight,
Cuts thro' the yielding air with rays of light;
Till the blue firmament at laſt it gains,
And fixing there, a glorious ſtar remains:
'Faireſt it ſhines of all that light the ſkies,
'As once on earth were ſeen Paſtora's eyes.'

A FAIRY TALE.

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

BY DR. PARNELL.

IN Britain's iſle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the green;

Edwin,

Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe and truth,
Though badly ſhap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be ſaid,
To meaſure height againſt his head,
And lift itſelf above;
Yet, ſpite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within:
But one Sir Topaz dreſs'd with art;
And if a ſhape could win a heart,
He had a ſhape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my ſong,
With ſlighted paſſion pac'd along,
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where ſportive fairies made reſort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was croſs'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was loſt
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary ſteps he quits the ſhades,
Reſolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground:

And

And well I ween, to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now founding tongues aſſail his ear;
Now founding feet approachen near;
And now the ſounds increaſe:
And from the corner where he lay,
He ſees a train profuſely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (truſt me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a maſquing half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich before;
The country lent the ſweet perfumes,
The ſea the pearl, the ſky the plumes,
The town it's ſilken ſtore.

Now whilſt he gaz'd, a gallant dreſs'd
In flaunting robes above the reſt,
With awful accent cry'd;
'What mortal of a wretched mind,
'Whoſe ſighs infect the balmy wind,
'Has here preſum'd to hide?'

At this the ſwain, whoſe venturous ſoul
No fears of magick art controul,
Advanc'd in open ſight;
'Nor have I cauſe of dreed,' he ſaid,
'Who view, by no preſumption led,
'Your revels of the night.

''Twas grief, for ſcorn of faithful love,
'Which made my ſteps unweeting rove
'Amid the nightly dew.'

'Tis

'Tis well,' the gallant cries again;
We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign:
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine.'

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light musick floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairy partners found;
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made,
As heart and lip desire;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now, to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antick feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;

And full againſt the beam he ſung,
Where by the back the youth he hung,
To ſpraul unneath the roof.

From thence, 'Reverſe my charm,' he cries,
'And let it fairly now ſuffice
'The gambol has been ſhown.'
But Oberon anſwers with a ſmile,
'Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
'The 'vantage is thine own.'

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They ſmelt the freſh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow:
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then ſcreaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor:
Forlorn his ſtate, and dark the place;
Was never wight in ſuch a caſe
Through all the land before.

But ſoon as Dan Apollo roſe,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the leſs;
His honeſt tongue and ſteady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want ſucceſs.

With luſty livelyhed he talks;
He ſeems a dauncing as he walks:
His ſtory ſoon took wind;

And

And beauteous Edith ſees the youth
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The ſtory told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erſt approv'd,
To ſee the revel ſcene:
At cloſe of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it ſo befel,
The wind came ruſtling down a dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the wall;
Up ſpring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And muſick fills the hall.

But certes, ſorely ſunk with woe,
Sir Topaz ſees the elfin ſhow,
His ſpirits in him die:
When Oberon crys, 'A man is near!
'A mortal paſſion, cleeped fear,
'Hangs flagging in the ſky.'

With that Sir Topaz, hapleſs youth!
In accents faultering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a miſter wight,
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt.

'Ah, loſel vile!' at once they roar;
'And little ſkill'd of fairie lore;
'Thy cauſe to come we know:

'Now has thy keſtrell courage fell;
'And fairies, ſince a lye you tell,
'Are free to work thee woe.'

Then Will, who bears the wiſpy fire
To trail the ſwains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoiſe in a ſhop,
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they friſk it o'er the place,
They ſit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the ſtars began to wink;
They ſhriek, they fly, the tapers ſink,
And down ydrops the knight:
For never ſpell by fairie laid
With ſtrong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay;
Till up the welkin roſe the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot!
His ſeely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin loſt afore!—

This tale a Sybil-nurſe ared:
She ſoftly ſtroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,

'Thus

'Thus ſome are born, my ſon,' ſhe cries,
'With baſe impediments to riſe,
'And ſome are born with none.

'But virtue can itſelf advance
'To what the favourite fools of chance
'By fortune ſeem deſign'd;
'Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
'And from itſelf ſhake off the weight
'Upon th' unworthy mind.'

THE FABLE OF JOTHAM.

TO THE BOROUGH-HUNTERS.

BY RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

Jotham's fable of the trees is the oldeſt that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made ſince that time.

ADDISON.

JUDGES, CHAP. IX.

OLD Plumb, who though bleſs'd in his Kentiſh retreat,
Still thrives by his oilſhop in Leadenhall Street,
With a Portugal merchant, a knight by creation,
From a borough in Cornwall receiv'd invitation.
Well aſſur'd of each vote, well equip'd from the Alley,
In queſt of election-adventures they ſally.
Tho' much they diſcours'd, the long way to beguile,
Of the earthquakes, the Jews, and the change of the ſtyle,
Of the Iriſh, the ſtocks, and the lott'ry committee,
They came ſilent and tir'd into Exeter city.
'Some books, pr'ythee, landlord, to paſs a dull hour!
'No nonſenſe of parſons, or methodiſts four;
'No poetical ſtuff, a damn'd jingle of rhymes,
'But ſome pamphlet that's new, and a touch on the times.'

'O Lord!' ſays mine hoſt, 'you may hunt the town round,
'I queſtion if any ſuch thing can be found;
'I never was aſk'd for a book by a gueſt;
'And I'm ſure I have all the great folk in the Weſt.
'None of theſe, to my knowledge, e'er call'd for a book.
'But ſee, Sir, the woman with fiſh, and the cook!
'Here's the fatteſt of carp; ſhall we dreſs you a brace?
'Would you have any ſoals, or a mullet or plaice?'
'A *place*,' quoth the knight, 'we muſt have, to be ſure,
'But firſt let us ſee that our borough's ſecure.
'We'll talk of the *place* when we've ſettled the poll:
'They may dreſs us for ſupper the mullet and ſoal.
'But do you, my good landlord, look over your ſhelves,
'For a book we muſt have, we're ſo tir'd of ourſelves.'
'In troth, Sir, I ne'er had a book in my life,
'But the prayer-book and bible I bought for my wife.'
'Well! the bible muſt do: but why don't you take in
'Some monthly collection—the new Magazine?'
The bible was brought, and laid out on the table,
And open'd at Jotham's moſt appoſite fable.
Sir Freeport began with this verſe, tho' no rhyme—
'The trees of the foreſt went forth on a time,'
(To what purpoſe our candidates ſcarce could expect,
For it was not, they found, to tranſplant—but ELECT;)
'To the olive and fig-tree their deputies came,
'But by both were refus'd, and their anſwer the ſame:
'Quoth the olive, "Shall I leave my fatneſs and oil
"For an unthankful office, a dignify'd toil?"
"Shall I leave," quoth the fig-tree, "my ſweetneſs and fruit,
"To be envy'd or ſlav'd in ſo vain a purſuit!"
'Thus rebuff'd and ſurprix'd they apply to the vine:
'He anſwer'd, "Shall I leave my grapes and my wine,
"(Wine, the ſovereign cordial of god and of man!)
"To be made or the tool or the head of a clan?"
'At laſt, as it always falls out in a ſcramble,
'The mob gave the cry for "A bramble! a bramble!

"A bramble

" A bramble for ever!" O chance unexpected!
' But bramble prevail'd, and was duly elected.'
' O! ho!' quoth the knight, with a look moſt profound,
' Now I ſee there's ſome good in *good* books to be found.
' I wiſh I had read this ſame bible before;
' Of long miles, at the leaſt, 'twould have ſav'd us fourſcore.
' You, Plumb, with your olives and oil might have ſtaid,
' And myſelf might have tarry'd my wines to unlade.
' What have merchants to do from their buſineſs to ramble!
' Your electioneer-errant ſhould ſtill be a bramble."
Thus ended at once the wiſe comment on Jotham,
And our citizens jaunt to the borough of Gotham.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LYCON AND EUPHORMIUS.

BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

DEEM not, ye plaintive crew, that ſuffer wrong,
Ne thou, O man! who deal'ſt the tort, miſween
The equal gods, who Heaven's ſky-manſions throng,
(Though viewleſs to the eyne they diſtant ſheen)
Spectators reckleſs of our actions been.
Turning the volumes of grave ſages old,
Where auncient ſaws in fable may be ſeen,
This truth I fond in paynim tale enroll'd;
Which for enſample drad, my muſe ſhall here unfold.

What time Arcadia's flow'ret vallies ſam'd,
Pelaſgus, firſt of monarchs old, obey'd;
There wonn'd a wight, and Lycon was he nam'd,
Unaw'd by conſcience, of no gods afraid,

Ne

Ne juſtice rul'd his heart, ne mercy ſway'd.
Some held him kin to that abhorred race,
Which heaven's high towers with mad emprize aſſay'd;
And ſome his cruel lynage did ytrace
From fell Erynnis join'd in Pluto's dire embrace.

But he, perdy, far other tale did feign,
And claim'd alliaunce with the Siſters nine;
And deem'd himſelf (what deems not pride ſo vain!)
The peerleſs paragon of wit divine:
Vaunting that every foe ſhould rue it's tine.
Right dougnty wight! yet, ſooth, withouten ſmart,
All powerleſs fell the loſel's ſhafts malign:
'Tis Virtue's arm to wield Wit's heavenly dart,
Point it's keen barb with force, and ſend it to the heart.

One only impe he had, Paſtora hight,
Whoſe ſweet amenaunce pleas'd each ſhepherd's eye:
Yet pleas'd ſhe not baſe Lycon's evil ſprite,
Tho' blame in her not Malice moten ſpy,
Clear, without ſpot, as ſummer's cloudleſs ſky.
Hence poets feign'd, 'Lycëan Pan array'd
'In Lycon's form, enflam'd with paſſion high,
'Deceiv'd her mother in the covert glade,
'And from the ſtol'n embrace yſprong the heavenly maid:'

Thus fabling they. Meanwhile, the damſel fair
A ſhepherd youth remark'd, as o'er the plain
She deftly pac'd along ſo debonair;
Seem'd ſhe as one of Dian's choſen train.
Full many a fond excuſe he knew to feign,
In ſweet converſe to while with her the day,
Till love unwares his heedleſs heart did gain.
Nor dempt he, ſimple wight, no mortal may
The blinded god, once harbour'd, when he liſt, foreſay.

Now

Now much he meditates if yet to ſpeak;
And now reſolves his paſſion to conceal:
'But ſure,' quoth he, 'my ſeely heart will break,
'If aye I ſmother what I aye muſt feel!'
At length, by hope embolden'd to reveal,
The labouring ſecret dropped from his tong.
Whiles frequent ſingults check'd his falt'ring tale,
In modeſt wiſe her head Paſtora hong:
For never maid more chaſte inſpired ſhepherd's ſong.

What needs me to recount, in long detail,
The tender parley which theſe lemans held?
How oft he vow'd his love her ne'er ſhould fail;
How oft the ſtream from forth her eyne outwell'd,
Doubting if conſtancy yet ever dwell'd
In heart of youthful wight. Suffice to know,
Each riſing doubt he in her boſom quell'd.
So parted they, more blithſome both, I trow:
For rankling love conceal'd, me ſeems, is deadly woe.

Eftſoons to Lycon ſwift the youth did fare,
(Lagg'd ever youth when Cupid urg'd his way?)
And ſtraight his gentle purpoſe did declare,
And ſooth the mount'naunce of his herds diſplay;
Ne Lycon meant his ſuiten to foreſay:
'Be thine, Paſtora,' quoth the maſker ſly,
'And twice two thouſand ſheep her dower ſhall pay.'
Beat then the lover's heart with joyaunce high;
Ne dempt that aught his bliſs could now betray,
Ne gueſs'd that foul deceit in Lycon's boſome lay.

So forth he yode to ſeek his reverend ſire;
(The good Euphormius, ſhepherds him did call)
How ſweet Paſtora did his boſome fire!
Her worth, her promis'd flocks, he tolden all.

'Ah!

'Ah! nere, my ſon, let Lycon thee enthrall,'
Reply'd the ſage, in wiſe experience old;
'Smooth is his tongue, but full of guile withal,
'In promiſe faithleſs, and in vaunting bold:
'Ne ever lamb of his will bleat within thy fold.'

With words prophetick thus Euphormius ſpake:
And fact confirm'd what wiſdom thus foretold.
Full many a mean deviſe did Lycon make,
The hoped day of ſpouſal to with-hold,
Framing new trains when nought mote ſerve his old.
Nath'leſs he vow'd, Cyllene cloud-topt hill
Should ſooner down the lowly delve be roll'd,
Than he his plighted promiſe nould fulfil:
But when, perdy, or where, the caitive ſayen nill.

Whiles thus the tedious ſuns had journey'd round,
Ne ought mote now the lovers hearts divide,
Ne truſt was there, ne truth in Lycon found;
The maid with matron Juno for her guide,
The youth by Concord led, in ſecret hy'd
To Hymen's ſacred fane: the honeſt deed
Each god approv'd, and cloſe the bands were ty'd;
Certes, till happier moments ſhould ſucceed,
No prying eyne they ween'd their emprize mote areed.

But prying eyne of Lycon 'twas in vain
(Right practick in diſguiſe) to hope beware.
He trac'd their covert ſteps to Hymen's fane,
And joy'd to find them in his long-laid ſnare:
Algates, in ſemblaunt ire, he 'gan to ſwear,
And roaren loud as in diſpleaſaunce high;
Then out he hurlen forth his daughter fair,
Forelore, the houſeleſs child of Miſery,
Expos'd to killing cold, and pinching penury.

Ah!

Ah! whither now ſhall ſad Paſtora wend,
To want abandon'd and by wrongs oppreſs'd?
Who ſhall the wretched out-caſt's teen befriend?
Lives Mercy then, if not in parent's breaſt?
Yes, Mercy lives, the gentle goddeſs bleſs'd,
At Jove's right-hand, to Jove for ever dear;
Aye at his feet ſhe pleads the cauſe diſtreſs'd,
To ſorrow's plaints ſhe turns his equal ear,
And wafts to heaven's ſtar-throne fair Virtue's ſilent tear.

'Twas SHE that bade Euphormius quell each thought,
That well mote riſe to check his generous aid:
Tho' high the torts which Lycon him had wrought,
Tho' few the flocks his humble paſtures fed,
When as he learn'd Paſtora's hapleſs ſted,
His breaſt humane with wonted pity flows;
He op'd his gates, the naked exile led
Beneath his roof, a decent drapet throws
O'er her cold limbs, and ſoothes her undeſerved woes.

Now loud-tongu'd Rumor bruited round the tale;
Th' aſtonied ſwains uneath could credence give,
That in Arcadia's unambitious vale
A faytor falſe as Lycon e'er did live:
But Jove (who in high heaven does mortals prive,
And every deed in golden ballance weighs)
To earth his flaming charret baden drive,
And down deſcends, enwrapt in peerleſs blaze,
To deal forth guerdon meet to good and evil ways.

Where Eurymanthus, crown'd with many a wood,
His ſilver ſtream through daiſy'd vales does lead,
Stretch'd on the flowery marge, in reckleſs mood,
Proud Lycon ſought by charm of jocund reed

To lull the dire remorſe of tortious deed;
Him Jove accoſts, in reverend ſemblaunce dight
Of good Euphormius, and 'gan mild areed
Of compact oft confirm'd, of fay yplight,
Of nature's tender tye, of ſacred rule of right.

With lofty eyne, half loth to look ſo low,
Him Lycon view'd, and with ſwol'n furquedry
'Gan rudely treat his ſacred eld; when now
Forth ſtood the God confeſs'd that rules the ſky,
In ſudden ſheen of drad divinity:
And 'Know, falſe man,' the lord of thunders ſaid,
'Not unobſerv'd by Heaven's all-perſent eye
'Thy cruel deeds; nor ſhall be unappay'd.
'Go! be in form that beſt beſeems thy thews, array'd.'

Whiles yet he ſpake th' affrayed trembling wight
Tranſmew'd to blatant beaſt, with hideous howl
Ruſh'd headlong forth, in well-deſerved plight,
'Midſt dragons, minotaurs, and fiends, to prowl;
A wolf in form, as erſt a wolf in ſoul!
To Pholoë, foreſt wild, he hy'd away,
The horrid haunt of ſavage monſters foul:
There helpleſs innocence is ſtill his prey,
Thief of the bleating fold, and ſhepherd's dire diſmay.

Tho' Jove to good Euphormius' cot did wend,
Where peaceful dwelt the man of virtue high,
Each ſhepherd's praiſe, and eke each ſhepherd's friend,
In every act of ſweet humanity;
Him Jove approaching in mild majeſty,
Greeted all hail! then bade him join the throng
Of glitt'rand lights that gild the glowing ſky:
There ſhepherd's nightly view his orb yhong,
Where bright he ſhines eterne, the brighteſt ſtars emong.

LOVE ELEGIES.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

ELEGY I.

FAREWEL that liberty our fathers gave;
In vain they gave, their ſons receiv'd in vain!
I ſaw Neæra; and, her inſtant ſlave,
Tho' born a Briton, hugg'd the ſervile chain.

Her uſage well repays my coward heart!
Meanly ſhe triumphs in her lover's ſhame;
No healing joy relieves his conſtant ſmart,
No ſmile of love rewards the loſs of fame.

Oh! that, to feel theſe killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay, a ſenſeleſs ſtone!
Was fix'd a rock amidſt the wat'ry roar,
And in the vaſt Atlantick ſtood alone!

Adieu, ye Muſes—or my paſſion aid;
Why ſhould I loiter by your idle ſpring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And ſhe contemns the trifles which I ſing!

I do not aſk the lofty Epick ſtrain,
Nor ſtrive to paint the wonders of the ſphere:
I only ſing one cruel maid to gain—
Adieu, ye Muſes, if ſhe will not hear!

No more in uſeleſs innocence I'll pine:
Since guilty preſents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear it's honours from the broken ſhrine;
But chiefly thine, O Venus, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on ſordid gold her low deſires:
Nor worth nor paſſion can her heart perſuade,
But love muſt act what avarice requires!

Unwiſe, who firſt (the charm of nature loſt)
With Tyrian purple ſoil'd the ſnowy ſheep;
Unwiſer ſtill, who ſeas and mountains croſs'd,
To dig the rock, and ſearch the pearly deep!

Theſe coſtly toys our ſilly fair ſurprize;
The ſhining follies cheat their feeble ſight:
Their hearts, ſecure in trifles, love deſpiſe;
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write!

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thought beneath a heav'nly face!
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet ſmooth and poliſh ſo each outward grace!

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear;
Hence pleaſure ſhort, and anguiſh ever long:
Hence tears and ſighs; and hence the peeviſh fair,
The froward lover—hence this angry ſong.

ELEGY II.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair!
No more I'll ſit in roſy fetters bound:
My limbs have learn'd the weight of arms to bear,
My rouzing ſpirits feel the trumpet's ſound.

Few are the maids that now on merit ſmile,
On ſpoil and war is bent this iron age;
Yet pain and death attend on war and ſpoil,
Unfated vengeance and remorſeleſs rage.

To purchaſe ſpoil, e'en Love itſelf is ſold;
Her lover's heart is leaſt Neæra's care:
And I thro' war muſt ſeek deteſted gold,
Not for myſelf, but for my venal fair;

That while ſhe bends beneath the weight of dreſs,
The ſtiffen'd robe may ſpoil her eaſy mien;
And art, miſtaken, make her beauty leſs,
While ſtill it hides ſome graces better ſeen!

But if ſuch toys can win her lovely ſmile,
Her's be the wealth of Tagus' golden ſand;
Her's the bright gems that glow in India's ſoil,
Her's the black ſons of Africk's ſultry land!

To pleaſe her eye, let every loom contend;
For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed!—
But where, alas! would idle Fancy tend,
And ſoothe with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part;
While I their ſelfiſh luxury upbraid,
And ſcorn the perſon, where I doubt the heart!

Thus warm'd by Pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakneſs of my mind:
In vain—tho' Reaſon fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love, ſtill lags behind.

ELEGY III.

SHOULD Jove deſcend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents ſtream from every part,
That craving boſom ſtill would heave for more;
Not all the god could ſatisfy thy heart.

But may thy folly, which can thus diſdain
My honeſt love, the mighty wrong repay;
May midnight fire involve thy ſordid gain,
And on the ſhining heaps of rapine prey!

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom;
And, when thou dy'ſt, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew thy lonely tomb!

But the deſerving, tender, generous maid,
Whoſe only care is her poor lover's mind;
Tho' ruthleſs age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend ſhall find!

And when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead ſhe ſeems as in a gentle ſleep;
The pitying neighbour ſhall her loſs deplore,
And round the bier aſſembled lovers weep!

With flow'ry garlands, each revolving year
Shall ſtrew the grave where truth and ſoftneſs reſt;
Then home returning drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on her breaſt.

ELEGY IV.

WHILE calm you ſit beneath your ſecret ſhade,
And loſe in pleaſing thought the ſummer day;
Or tempt the wiſh of ſome unpractis'd maid,
Whoſe heart at once inclines and fears to ſtray:

The ſprightly vigour of my youth is fled;
Lonely and ſick, on death is all my thought.
Oh, ſpare, Perſephone*, this guiltleſs head!
Love, too much love, is all thy ſuppliant's fault.

* The goddeſs of Death.

No

No virgin's eaſy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boaſted of a feign'd embrace;
No poiſons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd deſtruction with a friendly face.

No ſecret horrors gnaw this quiet breaſt,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the ſacred ſane;
I ne'er diſturb'd the God's eternal reſt
With curſes loud, but oft have pray'd in vain.

No ſtealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why ſo ſoon the tender bloſſom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand!

Ye gods! whoe'er, in gloomy ſhades below,
Now ſlowly tread your melancholy round,
Now wand'ring, view the baleful rivers flow,
And muſing, hearken to their ſolemn ſound:

Oh, let me ſtill enjoy the chearful day,
Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old!

But you, who now with feſtive garlands crown'd,
In chace of pleaſure the gay moments ſpend;
By quick enjoyment heal Love's pleaſing wound,
And grieve for nothing, but your abſent friend.

ELEGY V.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy maſter's care,
Till creeping ſlumber ſoothe his troubled breaſt;
Let not a whiſper ſtir the ſilent air,
If hapleſs Love a while conſent to reſt.

Untoward

Untoward guards beſet my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' impriſon'd fair conceal:
May light'nings blaſt whom Love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive thoſe bolts of ſteel!

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy ſounding hinge our theſts betray;
So all my curſes far from thee ſhall fall!—
We angry lovers mean not half we ſay.

Remember now the flow'ry wreaths I gave,
When firſt I told thee of my bold deſires:
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful ſlave;
Venus will favour what herſelf inſpires.

She guides the youths who ſee not where they tread;
She ſhews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to ſteal from off her ſilent bed,
And not a ſtep betray her on the floor.

The fearleſs lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obſtructs his way;
Sacred he wanders thro' the pathleſs night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never ſtray.

I ſcorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardſhips I for Love ſuſtain,
With Love's victorious joys at laſt be crown'd:

With ſudden ſtep let none our bliſs ſurprize,
Or check the freedom of ſecure delight!
Raſh man beware, and ſhut thy curious eyes;
Leſt angry Venus ſnatch their guilty ſight!

But ſhould'ſt thou ſee, th' important ſecret hide,
Tho' queſtion'd by the powers of earth and heav'n;
The prating tongue ſhall Love's revenge abide,
Still ſue for grace, and never be forgiv'n.

A wizard dame, thy lover's ancient friend,
With magick charm has deaf'd thy huſband's ear;
At her command I ſaw the ſtars deſcend,
And winged lightnings ſtop in mid career.

I ſaw her ſtamp, and cleave the ſolid ground,
While ghaſtly ſpectres round us wildly roam;
I ſaw them hearken to her potent ſound,
Till ſcar'd at day they ſought their dreary home.

At her command the vig'rous ſummer pines,
And wint'ry clouds obſcure the hopeful year;
At her ſtrong bidding, gloomy winter ſhines,
And vernal roſes on the ſnows appear.

She gave theſe charms which I on thee beſtow;
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind:
For me they make an huſband nothing know;
For me, and only me, they make him blind.

But what did moſt this faithful heart ſurprize,
She boaſted that her ſkill could ſet it free:
This faithful heart the boaſted freedom flies;
How could it venture to abandon thee!

ELEGY VI.

THOUSANDS would ſeek the laſting peace of Death,
And in that harbour ſhun the ſtorm of care:
Officious Hope ſtill holds the fleeting breath;
She tells them ſtill—to-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I ſhall thee obtain:
But can I liſten to her ſyren ſong,
Who ſev'n ſlow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and deſpis'd ſo long?

By all the joys thy deareſt Celia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpity'd burn;
So may her aſhes find a peaceful grave,
And ſleep uninjur'd in their ſacred urn.

To her I firſt avow'd my tim'rous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to ſue;
She ſtill wou'd pity what the wiſe might blame,
And feel for weakneſs which ſhe never knew.

Ah, do not grieve the dear lamented ſhade,
That hov'ring round us all my ſuff'rings hears;
She is my ſaint—to her my pray'rs are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flow'rs and tears.

To her ſad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely ſitting by the ſilent ſtone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inſpire;
The marble image ſeems to hear my moan.

Thy friend's pale ghoſt ſhall vex thy ſleepleſs bed,
And ſtand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthleſs boſom will diſturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night.

'Ceaſe, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
'Tho' much thou ſuffer, to thyſelf complain;
'Ah! to recall the ſad remembrance ſpare,
'One tear from her, is more than all thy pain!'

ELEGY

ELEGY VII.

NOW Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that ſtill in town remain;
Venus herſelf attends on Delia there,
And Cupid ſports amid the ſylvan train.

Oh, with what joy my Delia to behold,
I'd preſs the ſpade, or wield the weighty prong;
Guide the ſlow plough-ſhare thro' the ſtubborn mould,
And patient goad the loit'ring ox along.

The ſcorching heats I'd careleſsly deſpiſe,
Nor heed the bliſters on my tender hand:
The great Apollo wore the ſame diſguiſe,
Like me ſubdu'd to Love's ſupreme command.

No healing herbs cou'd ſoothe their maſter's pain,
The art of phyſick loſt and uſeleſs lay;
To Pencus' ſtream, and Tempe's ſhady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray.

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His bluſhing ſiſter* ſaw him pace along;
Oft wou'd his voice the ſilent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender ſong.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the creſted Python ſlain?
Where are his Delphi? his delightful iſle?
The god himſelf is grown a cottage ſwain!

* The Goddeſs Diana.

O, Ceres, in your golden fields no more,
With harveſt's chearful pomp my fair detain!—
Think what for loſt Proſerpina* you bore,
And in a mother's anguiſh feel my pain!

Our wiſer fathers left their fields unſown:
Their food was acorns, love their ſole employ;
They met, they lik'd, they ſtaid but till alone,
And in each valley ſnatch'd the honeſt joy!

No wakeful guard, no doors to ſtop deſire!
Thrice happy times!—But, oh! I fondly rave:
Lead me to Delia; all her eyes inſpire
I'll do—I'll plough or dig as Delia's ſlave.

ELEGY VIII.

AH, what avails thy lover's pious care!
His laviſh incenſe clouds the ſky in vain;
Nor wealth nor greatneſs was his idle pray'r,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain!

With thee I hop'd to waſte the pleaſing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was paſt;
Then old with love inſenſibly decay,
And on thy boſom gently breathe my laſt!

I ſcorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life;
I only aſk to live my Delia's ſlave,
And when I long have ſerv'd her, call her wife:

* The daughter of Ceres, taken from her by Pluto.

I only

I only aſk, of her I love poſſeſs'd,
To ſink o'ercome with bliſs, in ſafe repoſe,
To ſtrain her yielding beauties to my breaſt,
And kiſs her wearied eye-lids till they cloſe.

Attend, O Juno, with thy ſober ear;
Attend, gay Venus, parent of deſire:
This one fond wiſh if you refuſe to hear,
Oh, let me with this ſigh of love expire!

ELEGY IX.

HE who cou'd firſt two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair;
Hard was the man—but harder, in my mind,
The lover ſtill, who dy'd not of deſpair.

With mean diſguiſe let others nature hide,
And mimick virtue with the paint of art;
I ſcorn the cheat of reaſon's fooliſh pride,
And boaſt the graceful weakneſs of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heav'nly charm to prize;
While fools, too light for paſſion, ſafe remain,
And dull ſenſation keeps the ſtupid wife.

Sad is my day, and ſad my ling'ring night,
When wrapt in ſilent grief I weep alone;
Delia is loſt, and all my paſt delight
Is now the ſource of unavailing moan!

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the ſhape that might have bleſs'd my arms?
Where all thoſe hopes relentleſs Fate denies?

When,

When, ſpent with endleſs grief, I die at laſt,
Delia may come, and ſee my poor remains—
Oh, Delia! after ſuch an abſence paſt,
Canſt thou ſtill love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corſe attend?
With eyes averted light the ſolemn pyre;
Till all around the doleful flames aſcend;
Then, ſlowly ſinking, by degrees expire?

To ſoothe the hov'ring ſoul be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band;
In ſable weeds the golden vaſe to bear,
And cull my aſhes with thy trembling hand.

Panchaia's odours be their coſtly feaſt,
And all the pride of Aſia's fragrant year;
Give them the treaſures of the fartheſt eaſt,
And, what is ſtill more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride:
Let all the world thy hapleſs lover know;
No ſilent urn the noble paſſion hide,
But deeply graven thus my ſuff'rings ſhow:

'Here lies a youth borne down with love and care,
'He cou'd not long his Delia's loſs abide;
'Joy left his boſom with the parting fair,
'And when he durſt no longer hope, he dy'd.'

ELEGY X.

THIS day, which ſaw my Delia's beauty riſe,
Shall more than all our ſacred days be bleſs'd;
The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breaſt.

By

By all our guarded ſighs and hid deſires,
Oh, may our guiltleſs love be ſtill the ſame!
I urn, and glory in the pleaſing fires,
If Delia's boſom ſhare the mutual flame.

Thou, happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incenſe, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind:

And thou, O Venus, hear my righteous pray'r,
Or bind the ſhepherdeſs or looſe the ſwain!
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain!

What I demand perhaps her heart deſires,
But virgin tears her nicer tongue reſtrain;
The ſecret thought, which bluſhing love inſpires,
The conſcious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

THE man, who ſharpen'd firſt the warlike ſteel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart!
He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,
And death grew ſtronger by his fatal art.

Yet not from ſteel debate and battle roſe,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even ſcale of life;
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial Luxury began the ſtrife.

Let ſpoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear;
Periſh the thirſt of honour, thirſt of gold,
Ere for my abſence Delia loſe a tear!

Why

Why ſhou'd the lover quit his pleaſing home,
In ſearch of danger on ſome foreign ground;
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And riſk in ev'ry ſtroke a double wound?

Ah! better far, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
With chearful friends to drain the ſprightly bowl;
To ſing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the ſweet idea feaſt my ſoul!

Then, full of love, to all her charms retire,
And fold her bluſhing to my eager breaſt;
Till, quite o'ercome with ſoftneſs, with deſire,
Like me ſhe pants, ſhe faints, and ſinks to reſt.

ELEGY XII.

NO ſecond love ſhall e'er my heart ſurprize;
This ſolemn league did firſt our paſſion bind:
Thou, only thou, canſt pleaſe thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can ſoothe his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
Diſpleaſe all others, and ſecure my reſt;
No need of envy—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me bleſs'd.

With thee in gloomy deſarts let me dwell,
Where never human footſtep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darkneſs canſt expel,
And ſeem a world, with ſolitude around.

I ſay too much—my heedleſs words reſtore;
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour:
Thou know'ſt thy ſtrength, and thence inſulting more,
Wilt make me feel the weight of all thy pow'r.

Whate'er

Whate'er I feel, thy ſlave I will remain,
Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear:
In chains I'll ſit me down at Venus' fane;
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my pray'r.

ELEGY XIII.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd;
Whom neighb'ring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers—never ſound.

While, calmly poor, I trifle life away;
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my chearful fire:
No wanton hope my quiet ſhall betray;
But, cheaply bleſs'd, I'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

With timely care I'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with it's maſter's hand;
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.

If late at duſk, while careleſsly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleating lamb;
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide it's thoughtleſs dam.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt!
Or, lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, ſink at laſt to reſt!

Or if the ſun in flaming Leo ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray;
And with my Delia, walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with Fancy's dream,
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for Delia and myſelf alone.

Ah, fooliſh man! who thus of her poſſeſs'd,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind;
And, if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſs'd,
Not heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind.

With her I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
Nor truſt to happineſs that's not our own:
The ſmile of fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wiſdom as in wit divine,
May riſe and plead Britannia's glorious cauſe;
With ſteady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly ſenſe the deep attention draws!

Let Stanhope ſpeak his liſt'ning country's wrong,
My humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender ſong,
Securely ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

Stanhope ſhall come, and grace his rural friend!
Delia ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt;
With bluſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's patron cull the beſt.

Her's

Her's be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am bleſs'd,
The fav'rite ſubject of her gentle reign,
By love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,
In gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock;
For her, a goat-herd, climb the mountain's brow,
And ſleep extended on the naked rock!

Ah! what avails to preſs the ſtately bed,
And far from her midſt taſteleſs grandeur weep;
By marble fountains lay the penſive head,
And, while they murmur, ſtrive in vain to ſleep!

Delia alone can pleaſe, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows thro' ev'ry night!

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy and to fix the mind:
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

On her I'll gaze when others' loves are o'er,
And dying, preſs her with my clay-cold hand!—
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more;
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand.

Oh, when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill!
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair;
Tho' I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill!

Oh, quit the room! oh, quit the deathful bed!
Or thou wilt die—ſo tender is thy heart!
O leave me, Delia, ere thou ſee me dead;
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful part!

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corſe in melancholy ſtate;
Thro' all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate!

ELEGY XIV.

WHAT ſcenes of bliſs my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In ſome lone ſpot with Peace and thee retir'd!
Tho' Reaſon then my ſanguine fondneſs blam'd,
I ſtill believ'd what flatt'ring Love inſpir'd!

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
To dangerous bliſs no longer to pretend:
In books, a calm but fix'd content to find—
Safe joys, that on ourſelves alone depend.

With them, the gentle moments I beguile
In learned eaſe and elegant delight;
Compare the beauties of each different ſtyle,
Each various ray of wit's diffuſive light:

Now mark the ſtrength of Milton's ſacred lines,
Senſe rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art;
Where all the glory of the Godhead ſhines,
And earlieſt innocence inchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and virtue, leave the age
In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong;
And trace the author thro' his moral page,
Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
And reaſon fix it's empire o'er my heart;
My patriot breaſt a nobler warmth ſhall feel,
And glow with love where weakneſs has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttelton, ſhall be my guide;
It's fire ſhall warm me, and it's worth improve:
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's ſenſe, and ſoft as woman's love.

And you, O Weſt! with her your partner dear,
Whom ſocial mirth and uſeful ſenſe commend;
With learning's feaſt my drooping mind ſhall chear,
Glad to eſcape from Love to ſuch a friend.

But why ſo long my weaker heart deceive!
Ah, ſtill I love in Pride and Reaſon's ſpite!
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve;
And while I threat, this Elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

OH, form'd alike to ſerve us and to pleaſe;
Polite with honeſty, and learn'd with eaſe;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wiſe; tho' gentle, full of fire:
With thee I ſcorn the low conſtraint of art,
Nor fear to truſt the follies of my heart!
Hear then from what my long deſpair aroſe,
The faithful ſtory of a lover's woes.
When, in a ſober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by Sickneſs under Reaſon's pow'r,
I view'd my ſtate, too little weigh'd before,
And Love himſelf could flatter me no more,

My

My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
But whom my paſſion hurt, thro' friendſhip leave:
I choſe the coldeſt words my heart to hide,
And cure her ſex's weakneſs thro' it's pride.
The prudence which I taught, I ill purſu'd;
The charm my reaſon broke, my heart renew'd.
Again, ſubmiſſive to her feet I came;
And prov'd, too well, my paſſion, by my ſhame:
While ſhe, ſecure in coldneſs, or diſdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in it's pain;
Began with higher views her thoughts to raiſe,
And ſcorn'd the humble poet of her praiſe!
She let each little lye o'er truth prevail,
And ſtrengthen'd, by her faith, each groundleſs tale:
Believ'd the groſſeſt arts that malice try'd;
Nor once, in thought, was on her lover's ſide.
Oh, where were then my ſcenes of fancy'd life!
Oh, where the friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife!
Her years of promis'd love were quickly paſt;
Not too revolving moons could ſee them laſt!
To Stow's delightful ſcenes I now repair,
In Cobham's ſmile to loſe the gloom of care!
Nor fear that he my weakneſs ſhould deſpiſe,
In nature learned, and humanely wiſe.
There Pit, in manners ſoft, in friendſhip warm,
With mild advice my liſt'ning grief ſhall charm:
With ſenſe to counſel, and with wit to pleaſe;
A Roman's virtue, with a courtier's eaſe!
Nor you, my friend, whoſe heart is ſtill at reſt,
Contemn the human weakneſs of my breaſt:
Reaſon may chide the faults ſhe cannot cure,
And pains, which long we ſcorn'd, we oft endure.
Tho' wiſer cares employ your ſtudious mind;
Form'd with a ſoul ſo elegantly kind,
Your breaſt may loſe the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity, by it's own.

THE

THE MOUSE's PETITION*.

FOUND IN THE TRAP WHERE HE HAD BEEN CONFINED ALL NIGHT.

BY MISS AIKIN†.

Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos. VIRG.

OH! hear a penſive priſoner's prayer,
For liberty that ſighs;
And never let thine heart be ſhut
Againſt the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and ſad I ſit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breaſt with Freedom glow'd,
And ſpurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy ſtrong oppreſſive force
A free-born mouſe detain.

Oh! do not ſtain with guiltleſs blood,
Thy hoſpitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize ſo little worth.

* To Doctor Prieſtley.

The author is concerned to find, that what was intended as the petition of Mercy againſt Juſtice, has been conſtrued as the plea of Humanity againſt Cruelty. She is certain that cruelty could never be apprehended from the gentleman to whom this is addreſſed; and the poor animal would have ſuffered more as the victim of domeſtick œconomy, than of philoſophical curioſity.

† Now Mrs. Barbauld.

The

The ſcatter'd gleanings of a feaſt
My frugal meals ſupply:
But if thine unrelenting heart
That ſlender boon deny,

The chearful light, the vital air,
Are bleſſings widely given;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philoſophick mind
To all compaſſion gives;
Calls round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient ſages taught,
A never-dying flame,
Still ſhifts thro' matter's varying forms,
In every form the ſame:

Beware, leſt, in the worm you cruſh,
A brother's ſoul you find;
And tremble, leſt thy luckleſs hand
Diſlodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this tranſient gleam of day
Be all of life we ſhare;
Let Pity plead within thy breaſt,
That little all to ſpare.

So may thy hoſpitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heart-felt eaſe,
Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when deſtruction lurks unſeen,
Which men like mice may ſhare;
May ſome kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden ſnare.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

BY DR. WATTS.

'WHY ſhould our joys transform to pain?
'Why gentle Hymen's ſilken chain
'A plague of iron prove?
'Good Gods! 'tis ſtrange, the chain that binds
'Millions of hands, ſhould leave their minds
'At ſuch a looſe from love!'

In vain I ſought the wond'rous cauſe;
Search'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the ſchools in vain:
Till deep in thought, within my breaſt
My ſoul retir'd, and ſlumber dreſs'd
A bright inſtructive ſcene.

O'er the wide land, and croſs the tide,
On Fancy's airy wing I ride;
Sweet rapture of the mind!
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall ancient grove I ſtood,
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

Hard by, a venerable prieſt,
Ris'n with his god, the ſun, from reſt,
Began his morning ſong:

Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring ſtream;
The birth of ſouls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

He ſang th' eternal rolling flame;
That vital maſs that's ſtill the ſame,
Does all our minds compoſe:
Whence ſhap'd in twice ten thouſand frames,
Whence differing ſouls of different names
And different paſſions roſe.

'The mighty Pow'r that form'd the mind,
'One mould for ev'ry two deſign'd;
'Then bleſs'd the new-born pair:
"This be a match for this," he ſaid;
'Then down he ſent the ſouls he made,
'To ſeek them bodies here.

'But parting from their warm abodes,
'They loſt their fellows on the roads,
'And never join'd their hands:
'O cruel chance, and croſſing fates!
'Our Eaſtern ſouls have loſt their mates
'On Europe's barbarous lands!"

Thus ſang the wond'rous Indian bard;
My liſtening ear attentive heard,
Whilſt Ganges ceas'd to flow:
'Sure, then,' ſaid I, 'could I but ſee
'The gentle nymph that twin'd with me,
'I might be happy too!"

Some courteous angel tell me where,
What diſtant lands the unknown fair,
Or diſtant ſeas detain;

Swift

Swift as the wheel of nature rolls,
I'd fly to meet and mingle ſouls,
And wear the joyful chain.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR, VANQUISH'D LOVE.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BY DR. YOUNG.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

BOOK I.

——Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas. VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that ſoar'd on high,
And open'd wond'rous ſcenes above the ſky,
My Muſe, deſcend! indulge my fond deſire;
With ſofter thoughts my melting ſoul inſpire,
And ſmooth my numbers to a female's praiſe:
A partial world will liſten to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and ſets a female name
Unrivall'd in the glorious liſts of Fame.
Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land!
Whoſe radiant eyes the vanquiſh'd world command;
Virtue is beauty; but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When youth makes ſuch bright objects ſtill more bright,
And Fortune ſets them in the ſtrongeſt light,
'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view,
And all but adoration is your due.
Fam'd female virtue did this iſle adorn
Ere Ormond, or her glorious queen, was born:

When now Maria's pow'rful arms prevail'd,
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Who gain'd a crown by treaſon not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne,
Hurl'd from the ſummit of imperial ſtate,
With equal mind ſuſtain'd the ſtroke of Fate.
But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,
With manly reaſon fortify his heart?
At once ſhe longs, and is afraid to know;
Now ſwift ſhe moves, and now advances ſlow,
To find her lord; and, finding, paſſes by,
Silent with fear, nor dare ſhe meet his eye,
Leſt that, unaſk'd, in ſpeechleſs grief diſcloſe
The mournful ſecret of his inward woes.
Thus, after ſickneſs, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin ſhun's the glaſs.
At length, with troubled thought; but look ſerene,
And ſorrow ſoften'd by her heav'nly mien,
She claſps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle and ſweet as vernal Zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily or the blooming roſe.
'Grieve not, my Lord; a crown indeed is loſt!
'What far outſhines a crown we ſtill may boaſt;
'A mind compos'd, a mind that can diſdain
'A fruitleſs ſorrow for a loſs ſo vain.
'Nothing is loſs, that virtue can improve
'To wealth eternal, and return above;
'Above, where no diſtinction ſhall be known
'Twixt him whom ſtorms have ſhaken from a throne,
'And him who, baſking in the ſmiles of Fate,
'Shone forth in all the ſplendour of the great:
'Nor can I find the diff'rence here below;
'I lately was a queen—I ſtill am ſo,

'While

'While Guilford's wife: thee rather I obey,
'Than o'er mankind extend imperial ſway.
'When we lie down in ſome obſcure retreat,
'Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;
'And I to death my duty will improve,
'And what you miſs in empire add in love!—
'Your godlike ſoul is open'd in your look,
'And I have faintly your great meaning ſpoke.
'For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
'To find with what content we lay it down.
'Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
'Can quit a throne with a becoming grace.'
Thus ſpoke the faireſt of her ſex, and chear'd
Her drooping lord, whoſe boding boſom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burſt, and ſhed
Severer vengeance on her guiltleſs head.
Too juſt, alas! the terrors which he felt;
For, lo! a guard!—forgive him if he melt—
How ſharp her pangs, when ſever'd from his ſide!
The moſt ſincerely lov'd and loving bride
In ſpace confin'd, the Muſe forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguiſh, but ſhe bore it well:
His pain was equal, but his virtue leſs;
He thought in grief there could be no exceſs.
Penſive he ſat, o'ercaſt with gloomy care,
And often fondly claſp'd his abſent fair;
Now, ſilent, wander'd thro' his rooms of ſtate,
And ſicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate,
Which thus adorn'd, in all her ſhining ſtore,
A ſplendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were caſt,
And anguiſh fed on his enjoyments paſt;
Each recollected pleaſure made him ſmart,
And ev'ry tranſport ſtabb'd him to the heart.
That happy moon which ſummon'd to delight,
That moon which ſhone on his dear nuptial night!

Which

Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms,
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
Empire and love, the vision of a day!
Thus, in the British clime, a summer-storm
Will oft the smiling face of heav'n deform;
The winds with violence at once descend,
Sweep flow'rs and fruits, and make the forest bend;
A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year.
But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive! from the chearful day?
The scene is chang'd, indeed! before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors rise;
For pomp and splendour, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:
Black thoughts, each morn, invade the lover's breast;
Each night a ruffian locks the queen to rest.
Ah, mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But Suffolk's daughter it's advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is best display'd
In deep desertion of all human aid;
To succour in extremes is her delight,
And chear the heart when terror strikes the sight.
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,
And comfort those who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and, as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away!
Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind;
And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the silence of her dark retreat,
Address'd her God—'Almighty Pow'r Divine!
'Tis thine to raise, and to depress is thine;

'With honour to light up the name unknown,
'Or to put out the luſtre of a throne.
'In my ſhort ſpan, both fortunes I have prov'd;
'And tho' with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
'I'll bear it well: (O ſtrengthen me to bear!)
'And if my piety may claim thy care;
'If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
'And tumult of a court, a future ſtate,
'O favour, when thy mercy I implore,
'For one who never guilty ſceptre bore!
''Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free:
'If it muſt fall, let vengeance fall on me;
'Let him ſurvive, his country's name to raiſe,
'And in a guilty land to ſpeak thy praiſe!
'O may th' indulgence of a father's love,
'Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
'If theſe are ſafe, I'll think my pray'rs ſucceed,
'And bleſs thy tender mercies whilſt I bleed.'
'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;
Thro' rigid juſtice ruſh'd into offence,
And drank, in zeal, the blood of innocence.
The ſun went down in clouds, and ſeem'd to mourn
The ſad neceſſity of his return;
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to complain;
The tapers caſt an inauſpicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.
Sweet Innocence in chains can take her reſt:
Soft ſlumber gently creeping thro' her breaſt,
She ſinks; and in her ſleep is re-enthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, ſeas and land,
And ſtretches wide her ſhadow of command:
With royal purple is her viſion hung;
By phantom hoſts are ſhouts of conqueſt rung;

Low

Low at her feet the ſuppliant rival lies;
Our priſ'ner mourns her fate, and bids her riſe.
Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and weſtward caſt the ſhade;
The buſy trades in city had begun
To ſound, and ſpeak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breaſts the thoughts of vengeance rouze,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his ſpouſe.
At this firſt birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our ſpouſeleſs bride, our widow'd wife awakes:
Awakes and ſmiles; nor night's impoſture blames;
Her real pomps were little more than dreams!
A ſhort-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that ſhone, and were no more!
She turns her ſide, and ſoon reſumes a ſtate
Of mind well ſuited to her alter'd fate;
Serene, tho' ſerious; when dread tidings come
(Ah, wretched Guilford!) of her inſtant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams! in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltleſs of the ſight!
Or haſte more ſwiftly to the weſtern main,
Nor let her blood the conſcious day-light ſtain!
Oh, how ſevere! to fall ſo new a bride,
Yet bluſhing from the prieſt, in youthful pride;
When Time had juſt matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obſtinate in grief.
Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd bleſſings!) vaniſh from her view.
No train of chearful days, endearing nights;
No ſweet domeſtick joys, and chaſte delights;
Pleaſures that bloſſom e'en from doubts and fears,
And bliſs and rapture riſing out of cares:
No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or ſmiling in her face;

Who,

Who, when her deareſt father ſhall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his ſilver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart;
As where fruits fall quick-riſing bloſſoms ſmile,
And the bleſs'd Indian of his cares beguile.
In vain theſe various reaſons jointly preſs
To blacken death, and heighten her diſtreſs;
She thro' th' encircling terrors darts her ſight
To the bleſs'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her ſoul with peace: to weeping friends
Her father and her lord ſhe recommends,
Unmov'd herſelf. Her foes her air ſurvey,
And rage to ſee their malice thrown away.
She ſoars! now nought on earth detains her care—
But Guilford, who ſtill ſtruggles for his ſhare:
Still will his form importunately riſe,
Clog and retard her tranſport to the ſkies.
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light;
Thus her ſoul onward, from the ſeats above
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love.
At length ſhe conquers in the doubtful field;
That Heav'n ſhe ſeeks will be her Guilford's ſhield.
Now Death is welcome! his approach is ſlow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.
Oh, mortals! ſhort of ſight, who think the paſt
O'erblown misfortune ſtill ſhall prove the laſt:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and ſorrow meet one common end.
She thinks that ſhe has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worſe than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet compleat;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.

She ſees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had ſhe breath'd her laſt
Ere the dire ſentence on her father paſs'd!
A fonder parent nature never knew,
And as his age increas'd his fondneſs grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was beſtow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
And can ſhe from all weakneſs ſtill refrain,
And ſtill the firmneſs of her ſoul maintain?
Impoſſible! a ſigh will force it's way;
One patient tear her mortal birth betray:
She ſighs and weeps! but ſo ſhe weeps and ſighs,
As ſilent dews deſcend, and vapours riſe.
Celeſtial Patience! how doſt thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate!
While Paſſion takes his part, betrays our peace,
To death and torture ſwells each ſlight diſgrace;
By not oppoſing thou doſt ills deſtroy,
And wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy
Now ſhe revolves within her anxious mind
What woe ſtill lingers in reſerve behind:
Griefs riſe on griefs, and ſhe can ſee no bound,
While nature laſts, and can receive a wound.
'The ſword is drawn; the queen to rage inclin'd,
'By mercy, nor by piety confin'd:
'What mercy can the zealot's heart aſſuage,
'Whoſe piety itſelf converts to rage?'
She thought, and ſigh'd; and now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan:
New ſorrow dimm'd the luſtre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roſes die.
'Alas! ſhould Guilford too—' When now ſhe's brought
To that dire view, that precipice of thought;
While there ſhe trembling ſtands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, till Heav'n's decrees are known,

Cure

Cure of all ills, till now, her lord appears—
But not to chear her heart, and dry her tears!
Not now, as uſual, like the riſing day,
To chaſe the ſhadows and the damps away;
But, like a gloomy ſtorm, at once to ſweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold deſpair;
Slow, like a ghoſt, he mov'd with ſolemn pace;
A dying paleneſs ſat upon his face.
Back ſhe recoil'd, ſhe ſmote her lovely breaſt,
Her eyes the anguiſh of her heart confeſs'd;
Struck to the ſoul, ſhe ſtagger'd with the wound,
And ſunk, a breathleſs image, to the ground.
Thus the fair lily, when the ſky's o'ercaſt,
At firſt but ſhudders in the feeble blaſt;
But when the winds and weighty rains deſcend,
The fair and upright ſtem is forc'd to bend,
Till broke, at length, it's ſnowy leaves are ſhed,
And ſtrew with dying ſweets their native bed.

BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? ſic nos in ſceptra reponis? VIRG.

HER Guilford claſps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiſs recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blaſt expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, reſtores the fire.
She rear'd her ſwimming eye, and ſaw the light;
And Guilford, too, or ſhe had loath'd the ſight.
Her father's death ſhe bore, deſpis'd her own,
But now ſhe muſt, ſhe will have leave to groan.
'Ah, Guilford!' ſhe began, and would have ſpoke,
But ſobs ruſh'd in, and ev'ry accent broke:

Reaſon itſelf, as guſts of paſſion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempeſt, and withdrew.
So the youth loſt his image in the well,
When tears upon the yielding ſurface fell;
The ſcatter'd features ſlid into decay,
And ſpreading circles drove his face away.
To touch the ſoft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the braveſt ſoul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love diſtilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight beſtow,
And we with fondneſs languiſh o'er our woe.
This Guilford prov'd; and, with exceſs of pain,
And pleaſure too, did to his boſom ſtrain
The weeping fair; ſunk deep in ſoft deſire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himſelf away; and, ſtanding wide,
As fearing a relapſe of fondneſs, cry'd,
With ill-diſſembled grief, 'My life, forbear!
'You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear:
'Did you not chide my grief? repreſs your own,
'Nor want compaſſion for yourſelf alone.
'Have you beheld how, from the diſtant main,
'The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
'And foam, and bellow, till they reach the ſhore,
'There burſt their noiſy pride, and are no more?
'Thus the ſucceſſive flows of human race,
'Chac'd by the coming, the preceding chace;
'They ſound and ſwell, their haughty heads they rear,
'Then fall and flatten, break and diſappear.
'Life is a forfeit we muſt ſhortly pay,
'And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
'Why ſhould you mourn my fate? 'tis moſt unkind;
'Your own you bore with an unſhaken mind:
'And which, can you imagine, was the dart
'That drank moſt blood, ſunk deepeſt in my heart?

'I can-

'I cannot live without you; and my doom
'I meet with joy, to ſhare one common tomb.—
'And are, again, your tears profuſely ſpilt?
'Oh! then my kindneſs blackens to my guilt;
'It foils itſelf if it recall your pain:—
'Life of my life! I beg you to refrain!
'The load which Fate impoſes you increaſe,
'And help Maria to deſtroy my peace!'
But, oh! againſt himſelf his labour turn'd;
The more he comforted, the more ſhe mourn'd.
Compaſſion ſwells our grief; words ſoft and kind
But ſoothe our weakneſs, and diſſolve the mind.
Her ſorrow flow'd in ſtreams: nor her's alone;
While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the ſmiles ſhe wore when ſhe, ſo late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal ſtate;
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?
'Tis now the queen's command they both retreat,
To weep with dignity, and mourn in ſtate:
She forms the decent miſery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch ſhe would deſtroy.
A ſpacious hall is hung with black; all light
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night:
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim creſcent in a clouded ſky;
It ſheds a quiv'ring, melancholy gloom,
Which only ſhews the darkneſs of the room.
A ſhining axe is on the table laid,
A dreadful ſight! and glitters thro' the ſhade.
In this ſad ſcene the lovers are confin'd,
A ſcene of terrors to a guilty mind!
A ſcene that would have damp'd with riſing cares,
And quite extinguiſh'd every love but theirs.
What can they do? they fix their mournful eyes—
Then Guilford thus, abruptly: 'I deſpiſe

'An

'An empire loſt; I fling away the crown;
'Numbers have laid that bright deluſion down;
'But where's the Charles, or Dioclefian where,
'Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
'Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to ſtand
'In full poſſeſſion of thy ſnowy hand!
'And, thro' th' unclouded cryſtal of thy eye,
'The heav'nly treaſures of thy mind to ſpy!
'Till rapture reaſon happily deſtroys,
'And my ſoul wanders thro' immortal joys!
'Give me the world, and aſk me where's my bliſs;
'I claſp thee to my breaſt, and anſwer, "This."
'And ſhall the grave—' He groans, and can no more,
But all her charms in ſilence traces o'er:
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wond'ring, ſees, in ſad preſaging thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty, fall,
And roll along the duſt, a ghaſtly ball!
Oh! let thoſe tremble who are greatly bleſs'd;
For who but Guilford could be thus diſtreſs'd?
Come hither, all you happy, all you great!
From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of ſtate;
Nor think I call your pleaſures to deſtroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
Weep not; but, ſmiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the brave or fair.
Was ever ſuch a mournful, moving ſight!
See, if you can, by that dim, trembling light.
Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
Like Iſis and her Thames, one ſtream they flow:
Now they ſtart wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They ſtiffen into ſtatues of deſpair.
Now, tenderly ſevere, and fiercely kind,
They ruſh at once; they fling their cares behind,
And claſp, as if to death; new vows repeat,
And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.

A ſhort

A ſhort deluſion! for the raging pain
Returns, and their poor hearts muſt bleed again.
Mean time the queen new cruelty decreed;
But ill content that they ſhould only bleed.
A prieſt is ſent, who, with inſidious art,
Inſtills his poiſon into Suffolk's heart;
And Guilford drank it:—hanging on the breaſt,
He from his childhood was with Rome poſſeſs'd.
When now the miniſters of Death draw nigh,
And in her deareſt lord ſhe firſt muſt die,
The ſubtle prieſt, who long had watch'd to find
The moſt unguarded paſſes of her mind,
Beſpoke her thus: 'Grieve not; 'tis in your pow'r
'Your lord to reſcue from this fatal hour.'
Her boſom pants; ſhe draws her breath with pain;
A ſudden horror thrills thro' ev'ry vein:
Life ſeems ſuſpended, on his words intent,
And her ſoul trembles for the great event.
The prieſt proceeds: 'Embrace the faith of Rome,
'And ward your own, your lord's, and father's doom.'
Ye bleſſed ſpirits! now your charge ſuſtain;
The paſt was eaſe; now firſt ſhe ſuffers pain.
Muſt ſhe pronounce her father's death? muſt ſhe
Bid Guilford bleed?—It muſt not, cannot be!
It cannot be! but 'tis the Chriſtian's praiſe,
Above impoſſibilities to raiſe
The weakneſs of our nature, and deride
Of vain philoſophy the boaſted pride.
What tho' our feeble ſinews ſcarce impart
A moment's ſwiftneſs to the feather'd dart;
Tho' tainted air our vig'rous youth can break,
And a chill blaſt the hardy warrior ſhake;
Yet are we ſtrong. Hear the loud tempeſt roar
From eaſt to weſt, and call us weak no more;
The lightning's unreſiſted force proclaims
Our might, and thunders raiſe our humble names:

'Tis

'Tis our Jehovah fills the heav'ns; as long
As he ſhall reign Almighty we are ſtrong.
We, by devotion, borrow from his throne,
And almoſt make Omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of heav'n by fervent pray'r,
And call forth triumph out of man's deſpair.
Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes,
And bleeding heart, in ſilence, to the ſkies;
Devoutly ſad—then, bright'ning, like the day,
When ſudden winds ſweep ſcatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majeſty, till now unknown,
And breathing life and ſpirit ſcarce her own,
She, riſing, ſpeaks: 'If theſe the terms—'
Here Guilford, cruel Guilford! (barb'rous man!
Is this thy love?) as ſwift as lightning ran,
O'erwhelm'd her, with tempeſtuous ſorrow fraught,
And ſtifled in it's birth, the mighty thought.
Then, burſting freſh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, reſolute, delirious with his fears,
His fears for her alone, he beat his breaſt,
And thus the fervour of his ſoul expreſs'd:
'Oh! let thy thought o'er our paſt converſe rove,
'And ſhew one moment uninflam'd with love!
'Oh! if thy kindneſs can no longer laſt,
'In pity to thyſelf forget the paſt!
'Elſe wilt thou never, void of ſhame and fear,
'Pronounce his doom whom thou haſt held ſo dear.
'Thou, who haſt took me to thy arms, and ſwore
'Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;
'That to continue was it's utmoſt pow'r,
'And makeh é future like the preſent hour:
'Now call a ruffian, bid his cruel ſword
'Lay wide the boſom of thy worthleſs lord;
'Transfix his heart (ſince you it's love diſclaim)
'And ſtain his honour with a traitor's name.

'This

'This might perhaps be borne without remorſe,
'But ſure a father's pangs will have their force!
'Shall his good age, ſo near it's journey's end,
'Thro' cruel torment to the grave deſcend?
'His ſhallow blood all iſſue at a wound,
'Waſh a ſlave's feet, and ſmoke upon the ground?
'But he to you has ever been ſevere;
'Then take your vengeance—' Suffolk now drew near,
Bending beneath the burden of his care,
His robes neglected, and his head was bare.
Decrepit Winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus ſlowly creeps to meet the blooming Spring:
Downward he caſt a melancholy look,
Thrice turn'd to hide his grief, then faintly ſpoke.
'Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
'That axe can only rob me of a day:
'For thee, my ſoul's deſire! I can't refrain;
'And ſhall my tears, my laſt tears, flow in vain?
'When you ſhall know a mother's tender name,
'My heart's diſtreſs no longer will you blame!'
At this, afar his burſting groans were heard;
The tears ran trickling down his ſilver beard:
He ſnatch'd her hand, which to his lips he preſs'd,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breaſt;
Then, ſinking, call'd her piety unjuſt,
And ſoil'd his hoary temples in the duſt.
Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the queen brib'd you to diſtreſs her foe?
O, weak deſerters to Misfortune's part,
By falſe affection thus to pierce her heart!
When ſhe had ſoar'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle ſky.
And can her virtue, ſpringing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and diſdain the wound;
When cleaving love, and human int'reſt, bind
The broken force of her aſpiring mind?

As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her ſtrength, the ſerpent wreaths his train,
Her ſtruggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous tail, and ſtings her as ſhe flies.
While yet the blow's firſt dreadful weight ſhe feels,
And with it's force her reſolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful ſound,
To view diſcover, welt'ring on the ground,
Three headleſs trunks of thoſe whoſe arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd:
The lifted axe aſſur'd her ready doom,
And ſilent mourners ſadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed, or here break off my tale,
Nor truths, to ſtagger human faith, reveal?
She met this utmoſt malice of her fate
With Chriſtian dignity and pious ſtate;
The beating ſtorm's propitious rage ſhe bleſs'd,
And all the martyr triumph'd in her breaſt.
Her lord and father, for a moment's ſpace,
She ſtrictly folded in her ſoft embrace!
Then thus ſhe ſpoke, while angels heard on high,
And ſudden gladneſs ſmil'd along the ſky.
'Your over-fondneſs has not mov'd my hate;
'I am well pleas'd you make my death ſo great:
'I joy I cannot ſave you; and have giv'n
'Two lives, much dearer than my own, to Heav'n,
'If ſo the queen decrees *.—But I have cauſe
'To hope my blood will ſatisfy the laws;
'And there is mercy ſtill, for you in ſtore.
'With me, the bitterneſs of death is o'er;
'He ſhot his ſting in that farewel embrace,
'And all that is to come is joy and peace.
'Then let miſtaken ſorrow be ſuppreſs'd,
'Nor ſeem to envy my approaching reſt!'

* Here ſhe embraces them.

Then,



Plate VI.

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Then, turning to the miniſters of Fate,
She, ſmiling, ſays, 'My victory's complete;
'And tell your queen I thank her for the blow,
'And grieve, my gratitude I cannot ſhow.
'A poor return I leave in England's crown,
'For everlaſting pleaſure and renown:
'Her guilt alone allays the happy hour;
'Her guilt—the only vengeance in her pow'r!'
Not Rome, untouch'd with ſorrow, heard her fate;
And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

EFFUSIONS OF MELANCHOLY.

BY MISS ROBERTS.

THE ſilent tear, that ſteals adown the cheek;
The heart-felt ſigh, that heaves and is ſuppreſs'd:
Theſe ſigns the anguiſh of the mind beſpeak,
And ſhew the ſorrow lab'ring in my breaſt.

At times, before my ſad deluded eye
Some dancing gleams of flatt'ring hope appear;
But ſoon the airy viſions diſtant fly,
Thoſe tranſient phantoms, chac'd by black Deſpair!

That gloomy tyrant now reſumes his ſeat,
O'er my ſad ſoul extends his racking ſway;
Obedient to his will my pulſes beat,
And meet with riſing grief each new-born day.

Fictitious ſmiles, that dimple o'er my face,
(Light covering of a heart with woe replete!)
How oft the ſtarting tears your charms deface!
And ſighs, half ſmother'd, tell the vain deceit.

Oh! could my feeling ſoul, from earth refin'd,
Reach the bright manſions of eternal reſt;
To Heaven each ſublunary wiſh reſign'd;
No more ſhould paſſions ſwell this beating breaſt!

Theſe eyes, from whence the briny ſtreams have flow'd,
Oft for my own, and oft for others ill;
Their ſtock exhauſted, ſpent their wat'ry load,
Crumbled in duſt, no more ſhould tears diſtill!

ROSLINE CASTLE.

AN ELEGY.

BY J. JOHNSTONE, ESQ.

AT dead of night, the hour when courts
In gay fantaſtick pleaſures move;
And haply Mira joins their ſports,
And hears ſome newer, richer love:

To Roſline's ruins I repair,
A ſolitary wretch forlorn;
To mourn, uninterrupted, there,
My hapleſs love, her hapleſs ſcorn.

No ſound of joy diſturbs my ſtrain,
No hind is whiſtling on the hill;
No hunter winding o'er the plain,
No maiden ſinging at the rill.

Eſk, murm'ring thro' the duſky pines,
Reflects the moon's miſt-mantled beam;
And Fancy chills, where'er it ſhines,
To ſee pale ghoſts obſcurely gleam.

Not

Not ſo the nights that in thy halls,
  Once, Roſline, danc'd in joy along:
Where owls now ſcream along thy walls,
  Reſounded mirth-inſpiring ſong.

Where bats now reſt their ſooty wings,
  Th' impurpl'd feaſt was wont to flow;
And beauty danc'd in graceful rings,
  And princes ſat, where nettles grow.

What now avails, how great? how gay?
  How fair, how fine, their matchleſs dames?
Here ſleeps their undiſtinguiſh'd clay;
  And e'en the ſtones have loſt their names.

And yon gay crouds muſt ſoon expire,
  Unknown, unprais'd, each fair-one's name!
Not ſo the charms that bards inſpire;
  Increaſing years increaſe their fame.

Oh, Mira! what is ſtate or wealth?
  The great can never love like me!
Wealth adds not days, nor quickens health,
  Then, wiſer thou, come happy be!

Come, and be mine! in this ſweet ſpot,
  Where Eſk rolls clear his little wave,
We'll live, and Eſk ſhall, in a cot,
  See joys that Roſline never gave.

HIGHAM

HIGHAM HILL.

A PASTORAL.

BY MR. NICHOLLS.

ON Higham Hill, when proſpects fair
Salute the wand'ring ſight,
I love to breathe the morning air,
And ſleep the ſummer night:
There, how charming 'tis to wake
When ſilver Cynthia reigns!
Whilſt Philomel, from flow'ry brake,
Pours forth her love-lorn ſtrains.

Then, oh! then, I love to riſe,
And trace the broom-clad hill;
Whilſt thro' the ſtillneſs ſoftly flies
The whiſpers of the rill;
Nor elſe is heard to interpoſe,
From dingle, buſh, or dale,
Save Thames, ſoft kiſſing, as he goes,
The ruſh-embroider'd vale.

As down the ſlope I traverſe then,
I ſcan with curious eye
The wonders Heav'n preſents to men,
And wiſh the atheiſt by:
His mind, howe'er impervious grown
To theologick lore,
With me, I think, would quickly own
A ſupernatural Pow'r!

When buſineſs dulls the mental pow'rs,
To Higham Hill I run,
And with the breath of op'ning flow'rs
There hail the riſing ſun.

Then

Then how my ſoul revives again!
My fancy takes her flight;
The muſe reſumes her wonted ſtrain,
And ſings with new delight!

Let the proud thing of human race,
Who, like a ſummer fly,
Scuds to-day from place to place,
And muſt to-morrow die;
Let him to greatneſs bend the knee,
Or heap up ſordid wealth;
The top of Higham Hill for me,
That ſeat of Peace and Health!

Peace and Health! O, ſacred theme,
With all that's bliſsful fraught!
The reſt is but an empty dream,
Not worth a poet's thought:
May he, who ſtrives for more than this,
Still turn a barren ſoil,
Nor ever meet a ray of bliſs
To mitigate his toil!

Bear me from hence, ſome rural god,
To Higham Hill again;
The choiceſt bloom that decks the ſod
I'll ſcatter round thy fane:
For, O! I long, at fervid noon,
To breathe the blue-bell's ſweet;
To ſit and hear the throſtle's tune,
Where ſpreading hazels meet;

Or ſtray by hawthorn hedge, or rove
Adown the pathleſs way,
When ev'ry ſong-bird chears his love
Beneath the bloom of May;

Till weary herds retire to reſt,
Till ſheep are pent in fold,
Till Phœbus leaves the ruddy weſt
With tints of burniſh'd gold!

If, when I ſtray to Higham Hill,
I meet the ruſtick throng,
They greet me with a right good will,
And note me for my ſong:
For oft at May, in rural ſport,
I ſpend with them the day,
And make the vices of a court
The burden of my lay.

And oft I've ſang the tender ſtrain,
The while the village maid
Was leaning on her fav'rite ſwain,
And all her heart betray'd.
The lofty theme I ne'er eſſay'd,
(Let Laureats ſuch rehearſe!)
But whereſoe'er my fancy ſtray'd,
A moral mark'd my verſe.

Their loves to me the ſhepherds tell,
What ſwains have faithleſs prov'd;
What maids for beauty bear the belle,
And who are leaſt belov'd:
The virgins come in modeſt guiſe,
I love their plaints to hear;
'Tis joy to ſoothe their artleſs ſighs,
And ſtop the ſtarting tear.

No thorns obſtruct their path of life,
With health their farms abound;
And, foes to law and lawleſs ſtrife,
They live the zodiack round.

To me their tranquil ſtate they owe;
They all confeſs it ſtill;
And grateful praiſe, where'er they go,
The bard of Higham Hill.

ALEXANDER's FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSICK.

AN ODE,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA's DAY.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon;
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound;
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd.)
The lovely Thaïs by his ſide,
Sat like a blooming Eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.

The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above;
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt;
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.
The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound:
'A preſent deity!' they ſhout around;
'A preſent deity!' the vaulted roofs rebound.
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears;
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

The praiſe of Bacchus then the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young.
'The jolly god in triumph comes;
'Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
'Flush'd with a purple grace,
'He ſhews his honeſt face.—
'Now give the hautboys breath.—He comes! he comes!—
'Bacchus, ever fair and young,
'Drinking joys did firſt ordain:
'Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure;
'Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure!
'Rich the treaſure,
'Sweet the pleaſure;
'Sweet is pleaſure after pain!'

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.

The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes,
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful Muſe,
Soft Pity to infuſe:
He ſung, 'Darius, great and good!
'By too ſevere a fate,
'Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
'Fallen from his high eſtate,
'And welt'ring in his blood.
'Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
'By thoſe his former bounty fed;
'On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
'With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.'
With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a ſigh he ſtole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That Love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move,
For Pity melts the mind to Love.
Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
'War,' he ſung, 'is toil and trouble,
'Honour, but an empty bubble:
'Never ending, ſtill beginning,
'Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying;
'If the world be worth thy winning,
'Think, O think it worth enjoying!
'Lovely Thaïs ſits beſide thee;
'Take the good the gods provide thee!'

The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So Love was crown'd, but Musick won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

'Now strike the golden lyre again:
'A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
'Break his bands of sleep asunder,
'And rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
'Hark, hark! the horrid sound
'Has rais'd up his head,
'As awak'd from the dead,
'And, amaz'd, he stares around.'
'Revenge, revenge!' Timotheus cries;
'See the Furies arise!
'See the snakes that they rear,
'How they hiss in their hair?
'And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
'Behold a ghastly band,
'Each a torch in his hand!
'Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
'And unbury'd remain,
'Inglorious, on the plain.
'Give the vengeance due
'To the valiant crew:
'Behold how they toss their torches on high,
'How they point to the Persian abodes,
'And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!'
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:

Thais

Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt, divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR M DCC VIII.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

IN ancient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often leave their cells,
And ſtroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, ſaints by trade,
Taking their tour in maſquerade,

Diſguis'd

Diſguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a ſmall village down in Kent;
Where, in the ſtrollers canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain;
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win,
But not a ſoul would let them in.
Our wand'ring ſaints, in woeful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having thro' all the village paſs'd,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt;
Where dwelt a good old honeſt ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon,
Who kindly did theſe ſaints invite,
In his poor hut to paſs the night;
And then the hoſpitable fire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,
While he from out the chimney took
A ſlitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fatteſt ſide
Cut out large ſlices to be fry'd;
Then ſtepp'd aſide to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round:
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And juſt began to cry, 'What art!'
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errant.
'Good folks! you need not be afraid;
'We are but ſaints:' the hermits ſaid.

'No

'No hurt ſhall come to you or yours;
'But for that pack of churliſh boors,
'Not fit to live on Chriſtian ground,
'They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd,
'Whilſt you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
'And grow a church before your eyes.'
They ſcarce had ſpoke, when (fair and ſoft)
The roof began to mount aloft:
Aloft roſe ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The chimney, widen'd and grew high'r,
Became a ſteeple with a ſpire.
The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a joiſt,
But with the upſide down, to ſhow
It's inclination for below;
In vain, for a ſuperior force,
Apply'd at bottom, ſtops it's courſe:
Doom'd ever in ſuſpenſe to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt, by diſuſe, the art to roaſt,
A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion ſlow'r.
The flier, tho' it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick you ſcarce could ſee't;
But, ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's ſide:
The chimney to a ſteeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd.

And ſtill it's love to houſhold cares,
By a ſhrill voice, at noon declares;
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roaſt-meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There ſtuck aloft in publick view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row,
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring ſhow;
To a leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads paſted on the wall,
Of Joan of France and Engliſh Moll;
Fair Roſamond and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood;
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, deſcribe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.
A bedſtead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which ſtill their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.
The cottage, by ſuch feats as theſe
Grown to a church by juſt degrees,
The hermits then deſir'd their hoſt
To aſk for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely ſtyle;
Then ſaid, 'My houſe is grown ſo fine,
'Methinks I ſtill would call it mine:
'I'm old, and fain would live at eaſe;
'Make me the parſon, if you pleaſe.'

He

He ſpoke; and preſently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-ſleeve:
His waiſtcoat to a caſſock grew—
And both aſſum'd a ſable hue;
But, being old, continu'd juſt
As threadbare, and as full of duſt.
His talk was now of tythes and dues;
He ſmok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old ſermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text:
At chriſt'nings well could act his part,
And had the ſervice all by heart.
Wiſh'd women might have children faſt,
And thought whoſe ſow had farrow'd laſt.
Againſt Diſſenters would repine,
And ſtood up firm for right divine.
Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem;
But claſſick authors—he ne'er miſs'd 'em.
Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Inſtead of home-ſpun coifs, were ſeen
Good pinners edg'd with Colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black ſattin flounc'd with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great ſurprize,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim,
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life,
Were ſev'ral years this man and wife:
When, on a day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old ſtories paſt,

They went by chance, amidſt their talk,
To the church-yard, to take a walk,
When Baucis haſtily cry'd out,
'My dear, I ſee your forehead ſprout!'
'Sprout!' quoth the man; 'what's this you tell us?
'I hope you don't believe me jealous!
'But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
'And, really, yours is budding too!——
'Nay—now I cannot ſtir my foot;
'It feels as if 'twere taking root!'
Deſcription would but tire my Muſe:
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobſon of the Green,
Remembers he the trees has ſeen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to ſhew the ſight.
On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the pariſh there;
Points out the place of either yew—
'Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
'Till once a parſon of our town,
'To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
'At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
'How much the other tree was griev'd,
'Grew ſcrubby, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted,
'So the next parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.'

THE CHOICE.

BY THE REV. MR. POMFRET.

IF Heav'n the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chuſe my method how to live,
And all thoſe hours propitious Fate ſhould lend,
In bliſsful eaſe and ſatisfaction ſpend—

Near

Near ſome fair town I'd have a private ſeat,
Built uniform; not little, nor too great:
Better if on a riſing ground it ſtood;
On this ſide fields, on that a neighb'ring wood.
It ſhould within no other things contain
But what are uſeful, neceſſary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauſeous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needleſs pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murm'ring by,
On whoſe delicious banks a ſtately row
Of ſhady limes or ſycamores ſhould grow;
At th' end of which a ſilent ſtudy plac'd,
Should be with all the nobleſt authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whoſe mighty lines
Immortal wit and ſolid learning ſhines;
Sharp Juvenal, and am'rous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's ſoft paſſion knew;
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which ſtrong art with ſtronger nature joins,
Muſt grant his fancy does the beſt excel,
His thoughts ſo tender, and expreſs'd ſo well;
With all thoſe moderns, men of ſteady ſenſe,
Eſteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
In ſome of theſe, as Fancy ſhould adviſe,
I'd always take my morning exerciſe;
For ſure no minutes bring us more content,
Than thoſe in pleaſing uſeful ſtudies ſpent!
I'd have a clear and competent eſtate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great;
As much as I could moderately ſpend—
A little more, ſometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor ſhould the ſons of Poverty repine
Too much at Fortune, they ſhould taſte of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could ſpare:

For that our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal plenty ſhould my table ſpread,
With healthy, not luxurious, diſhes fed;
Enough to ſatisfy—and ſomething more,
To feed the ſtranger and the neighb'ring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food
Creates diſeaſes, and inflames the blood:
But what's ſufficient to make nature ſtrong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did poſſeſs,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bleſs.
I'd have a little vault, but always ſtor'd
With the beſt wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves it's native force,
And gives a pleaſant flavour to diſcourſe;
By making all our ſpirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the ſediment of care:
But as the greateſt bleſſing Heaven lends,
May be debauch'd, and ſerve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreſhing juice
Does many miſchievous effects produce.
My houſe ſhould no ſuch rude diſorders know,
As from high drinking conſequently flow;
Nor would I uſe what was ſo kindly giv'n
To the diſhonour of indulgent Heav'n.
If any neighbour came, he ſhould be free;
Us'd with reſpect; and not uneaſy be,
In my retreat, or to himſelf or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reaſon, give,
All men may with impunity receive:
But the leaſt ſwerving from their rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.
That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, ſincere, and great,

I'd

I'd chuſe two friends, whoſe company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well born, of humours ſuited to my own;
Diſcreet, and men as well as books have known.
Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
From looſe behaviour, or formality.
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light:
Quick in diſcerning, and in judging right.
Secret they ſhould be, faithful to their truſt;
In reas'ning cool, ſtrong, temperate, and juſt.
Obliging, open; without huffing, brave:
Briſk in gay talking, and in ſober grave.
Cloſe in diſpute, but not tenacious; try'd
By ſolid reaſon, and let that decide.
Not prone to luſt, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor buſy meddlers with intrigues of ſtate.
Strangers to ſlander, and ſworn foes to ſpite;
Not quarrelſome, but ſtout enough to fight.
Loyal and pious, friends to Cæſar: true,
As dying martyrs, to their Maker, too.
In their ſociety I could not miſs
A permanent, ſincere, ſubſtantial bliſs.
  Would bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd chuſe
(For who would ſo much ſatisfaction loſe
As witty nymphs in converſation give?)
Near ſome obliging, modeſt fair, to live;
For there's that ſweetneſs in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a ſecret, but a pow'rful art,
Winds up the ſpring of life, and does impart
Freſh vital heat to the tranſported heart.
  I'd have her reaſon all her paſſion ſway;
Eaſy in company, in private gay:
Coy to a fop, to the deſerving free;
Still conſtant to herſelf, and juſt to me.

A ſoul

A ſoul ſhe ſhould have for great actions fit,
Prudence and wiſdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold Danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud or baſe.
Quick to adviſe, by an emergence preſs'd;
To give good counſel, or to take the beſt.
I'd have th' expreſſion of her thoughts be ſuch,
She might not ſeem reſerv'd, nor talk too much:
That ſhews a want of judgment and of ſenſe;
More than enough, is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular; her mirth refin'd;
Civil to ſtrangers, to her neighbours kind:
Averſe to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd.
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No cenſure might upon her actions fall.
Then would e'en Envy be compell'd to ſay,
'She goes the leaſt of woman-kind aſtray.'
To this fair creature I'd ſometimes retire;
Her converſation would new joys inſpire,
Give life an edge ſo keen, no ſurly care
Would venture to aſſault my ſoul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one ſecret ſnare.
But ſo divine, ſo noble a repaſt,
I'd ſeldom, and with moderation, taſte;
For higheſt cordials all their virtue loſe,
By a too frequent and too bold a uſe;
And what would chear the ſpirits in diſtreſs,
Ruins our health when taken to exceſs.
I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er aſſiſtance I had pow'r to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to ſerve my king,
Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford;
My tongue, my pen, my counſel, or my ſword.

Law-

Law-ſuits I'd ſhun, with as much ſtudious care
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge ſo dear a rate;
For what do we by all our buſtle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?
If Heav'n a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleaſure, eaſe, and plenty, live;
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilſt I did for a better ſtate prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the ev'ning of my days perplex'd;
But, by a ſilent and a peaceful death,
Without a ſigh reſign my aged breath:
And when committed to the duſt, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropp'd into my grave.
Then would my exit ſo propitious be,
All men would wiſh to live and die like me.

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

BY MR. SOMERVILLE.

WHERE fair Sabrina's wand'ring currents flow,
A large ſmooth plain extends it's verdant brow;
Here, ev'ry morn, while fruitful vapours feed
The ſwelling blade, and bleſs the ſmoking mead,
A cruel tyrant reigns—like Time, the ſwain
Whets his unrighteous ſcythe, and ſhaves the plain:
Beneath each ſtroke the peeping flow'rs decay,
And all th' unripen'd crop is ſwept away.

The

The heavy roller next he tugs along,
Whiffs his ſhort pipe, or rears a rural ſong;
With curious eye then the preſs'd turf he views,
And ev'ry riſing prominence ſubdues.
Now, when each craving ſtomach was well-ſtor'd,
And Church and King had travell'd round the board,
Hither, at Fortune's ſhrine to pay their court,
With eager hopes the motley tribe reſort.
Attornies ſpruce, in their plate-button'd frocks;
And roſy parſons, fat and orthodox:
Of ev'ry ſect, whigs, papiſts, and high-flyers;
Cornuted aldermen, and hen-peck'd ſquires;
Fox-hunters, quacks, ſcribblers in verſe and proſe;
And half-pay captains, and half-witted beaus.
On the green cirque the ready racers ſtand,
Diſpos'd in pairs, and tempt the bowler's hand;
Each poliſh'd ſphere does his round brother own,
The twins diſtinguiſh'd by their marks are known.
As the ſtrong rein guides the well-manag'd horſe,
Here weighty lead infus'd directs their courſe:
Theſe in the ready road drive on with ſpeed,
But thoſe in crooked paths more artfully ſucceed.
So the tall ſhip, that makes ſome dang'rous bay,
With a ſide-wind obliquely ſlopes her way.
Lo! there the Silver Tumbler fix'd on high,
The victor's prize, inviting ev'ry eye!
The champions or conſent or chance divide,
While each man thinks his own the ſurer ſide,
And the Jack leads, the ſkilful bowler's guide.
Bendo ſtripp'd firſt——from foreign coaſts he brought
A chaos of receipts, and anarchy of thought;
Where the tumultuous whims, to faction prone,
Still juſtled monarch Reaſon from her throne:
More dang'rous than the porcupine's his quill,
Inur'd to ſlaughter, and ſecure to kill.

Let

Let looſe, juſt Heav'n! each virulent diſeaſe,
But ſave us from ſuch murderers as theſe!
Might Bendo live but half a patriarch's age,
Th' unpeopled world would ſink beneath his rage;
Nor need, t' appeaſe the juſt Creator's ire,
A ſecond deluge, or conſuming fire.
He winks one eye, and knits his brow ſevere,
Then from his hand launches the flying ſphere;
Out of the green the guiltleſs wood he hurl'd,
Swift as his patients from this nether world:
Then grinn'd malignant; but the jocund crowd
Deride his ſenſeleſs rage, and ſhout aloud.
Next, Zadock, 'tis thy turn, imperious prieſt!
Still late at church, but early at a feaſt.
No turkey-cock appears with better grace;
His garments black, vermilion paints his face:
His wattles hang upon his ſtiffen'd band,
His platter feet upon the trigger ſtand,
He graſps the bowl in his rough brawny hand:
Then ſquatting down, with his grey goggle eyes,
He takes his aim, and at the mark it flies.
Zadock purſues, and wabbles o'er the plain;
But ſhakes his ſtrutting paunch, and ambles on in vain:
For, oh! wide erring, to the left it glides;
The inmate lead the lighter wood miſguides.
He ſharp reproofs with kind entreaties joins,
Then on the counter ſide with pain reclines,
As if he meant to regulate it's courſe,
By pow'r attractive and magnetick force.
Now, almoſt in deſpair, he raves, he ſtorms,
Writhes his unwieldy trunk in various forms.
Unhappy Proteus! ſtill in vain he tries
A thouſand ſhapes; the bowl erroneous flies,
Deaf to his pray'rs, regardleſs of his cries:
His puffing cheeks with riſing rage inflame,
And all his ſparkling rubies glow with ſhame.

Bendo's proud heart, proof againſt Fortune's frown,
Reſolves once more to make the prize his own:
Cautious he plods, ſurveying all the green,
And meaſures with his eye the ſpace between.
But as on him 'twas a peculiar curſe
To fall from one extreme into a worſe;
Conſcious of too much vigour, now for fear
He ſhould exceed, at hand he checks the ſphere.
Soon as he found it's languid force decay,
And the too weak impreſſion die away,
Quick after it he ſcuds; urges behind,
Step after ſtep; and now, with anxious mind,
Hangs o'er the bowl, ſlow-creeping on the plain,
And chides it's faint efforts, and bawls amain:
Then on the guiltleſs green the blame to lay,
Curſes the mountains that obſtruct his way;
Brazens it out with an audacious face,
His inſolence improving by diſgrace.
Zadock, who now with three black mugs had chear'd
His drooping heart, and his ſunk ſpirits rear'd,
Advances to the trigg with ſolemn pace,
And ruddy hope ſits blooming on his face.
The bowl he pois'd; with pain his hams he bends;
On well-choſe ground unto the mark it tends:
Each adverſe heart pants with unuſual fear,
With joy he follows the propitious ſphere.
Alas! how frail is ev'ry mortal ſcheme!
We build on ſand, our happineſs a dream.
Bendo's ſhort bowl ſtops the proud victor's courſe,
Purloins his fame, and deadens all it's force.
At Bendo from each corner of his eyes
He darts malignant rays, then mutt'ring flies
Into the bow'r; there, panting and half dead,
In thick mundungus clouds he hides his head.
Muſe! raiſe thy voice; to win the glorious prize,
Bid all the fury of the battle riſe.

These but the light-arm'd champions of the field;
See Griper there, a veteran well skill'd!
This able pilot knows to steer a cause
Thro' all the rocks and shallows of the laws;
Or if 'tis wreck'd, his trembling client saves
On the next plank, and disappoints the waves.
In this, at least, all histories agree,
That tho' he lost his cause—he sav'd his fee.
When the fat client looks in jovial plight,
How complaisant the man! each point how right!
But if th' abandon'd orphan puts his case,
And poverty sits shrinking on his face—
How like a cur he snarls, when at the door
For broken scraps he quarrels with the poor!
The farmer's oracle, when rent-day's near,
And landlords, by forbearance, are severe;
When huntsmen trespass, or his neighbour's swine;
Or tatter'd Crape extorts, by right divine.
Him all the rich their contributions pay,
Him all the poor with aching hearts obey!
He in his swan-skin doublet struts along;
Now begs, and now rebukes the pressing throng.
A passage clear'd, he takes his aim with care,
And gently from his hand lets loose the sphere:
Smooth as a swallow o'er the plain it flies,
While he pursues it's track with eager eyes;
It's hopeful course approv'd, he shouts aloud,
Claps both his hands, and justles through the crowd.
Hov'ring a while, soon at the mark it stood,
Hung o'er inclin'd, and fondly kiss'd the wood.
Loud is th' applause of ev'ry betting friend,
And peals of clam'rous joy the concave rend:
But in each hostile face a dismal gloom
Appears, the sad presage of loss to come.
'Mong these Trebellius, with a mournful air
Of livid hue, just dying with despair,

Shuffles about, ſcrews his chop-fallen face,
And no whipp'd gig ſo often ſhifts his place;
Then gives his ſage advice with wondrous ſkill,
Which no man ever heeds, or ever will:
Yet he perſiſts, inſtructing to confound,
And with his cane points out the dubious ground.
Strong Nimrod now, freſh as the riſing dawn,
Appears; his ſinewy limbs and ſolid brawn
The gazing crowd admires. He nor in courts
Delights, nor pompous balls; but rural ſports
Are his ſoul's joy. At the horn's briſk alarms
He ſhakes th' unwilling Phillis from his arms;
Mounts with the ſun, begins his bold career,
To chaſe the wily fox or rambling deer.
So Hercules, by Juno's dread command,
From ſavage beaſts and monſters freed the land.
Hark! from the covert of yon gloomy brake
Harmonious thunder rolls, the foreſts ſhake!
Men, boys, and dogs, impatient for the chace,
Tumultuous tranſports flush in ev'ry face!
With ears erect the courſer paws the ground,
Hills, vales, and hollow rocks, with chearing cries reſound.
'Drive down the precipice, brave youths! with ſpeed;
'Bound o'er the river banks, and ſmoke along the mead!'
But whither would the devious Muſe purſue
The pleaſing theme, and my paſt joys renew?
Another labour now demands thy ſong.——
Stretch'd in two ranks, behold th'expecting throng,
As Nimrod pois'd the ſphere. His arm he drew
Back like an arrow in the Parthian yew,
Then launch'd the whirling globe, and full as ſwift it flew:
Bowls daſh'd on bowls confounded all the plain;
Safe ſtood the foe, well-cover'd by his train.
Aſſaulted tyrants thus their guard defends,
Eſcaping by the ruin of their friends.

But

But now he ſtands expos'd, their order broke,
And ſeems to dread the next deciſive ſtroke.
So at ſome bloody ſiege, the pond'rous ball
Batters with ceaſeleſs rage the crumbling wall,
(A breach once made;) ſoon galls the naked town,
Riots in blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.
Each avenue thus clear'd, with aching heart
Griper beheld, exerting all his art;
Once more reſolves to chock his furious foe,
Block up the paſſage, and elude the blow.
With cautious hand, and with leſs force, he threw
The well-pois'd ſphere, that gently circling flew;
But ſtopping ſhort, cover'd the mark from view.
So little Teucer, on the well-fought field,
Securely ſculk'd behind his brother's ſhield.
Nimrod, in dangers bold, whoſe heart elate
Nor courted Fortune's ſmiles nor fear'd her hate,
Perplex'd, but not diſcourag'd, walk'd around,
With curious eye examin'd all the ground;
Not the leaſt op'ning in the front was found.
Sideway he leans, declining to the right,
And marks his way, and moderates his might.
Smooth gliding o'er the plain th' obedient ſphere
Held on it's dubious road, while hope and fear
Alternate ebb'd and flow'd in ev'ry breaſt:
Now rolling nearer to the mark it preſs'd;
Then chang'd it's courſe, by the ſtrong bias rein'd,
And on the foe diſcharg'd the force that yet remain'd.
Smart was the ſtroke; away the rival fled:
The bold intruder triumph'd in his ſtead.
Victorious Nimrod ſeiz'd the glitt'ring prize;
Shouts of outrageous joy invade the ſkies:
Hands, tongues, and caps, exalt the victor's fame;
Sabrina's banks return him loud acclaim.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

BY MR. WALLER.

POETS may boaſt, as ſafely vain,
Their works ſhall with the world remain:
Both bound together, live or die;
The verſes, and the propheſy.

But who can hope his line ſhould long
Laſt in a daily-changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we uſe ill-choſen ſtone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that laſting marble ſeek,
Muſt carve in Latin or in Greek.
We write in ſand: our language grows;
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his ſenſe can only boaſt,
The glory of his numbers loſt:
Years have defac'd his matchleſs ſtrain;
And yet he did not ſing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
The ſhining ſubjects of his rage,
Hoping they ſhould immortal prove,
Rewarded with ſucceſs his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's ſcope,
And all an Engliſh pen can hope;
To make the FAIR approve his flame,
That can ſo far extend their fame.

Verſe, thus deſign'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty—if it prove
But as long-liv'd as preſent love.

ON A MISCELLANY OF POEMS.

TO BERNARD LINTOTT.

BY MR. GAY.

Ipſa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis; quædam fortaſſe omnibus placeant.

PLIN. EPIST.

AS when ſome ſkilful cook, to pleaſe each gueſt,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feaſt,
With due proportion and judicious care,
He fills his diſh with diff'rent ſorts of fare;
Fiſhes and fowls deliciouſly unite,
To feaſt at once the taſte, the ſmell, and ſight:
So, Bernard! muſt a Miſcellany be,
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
The Muſes olio, which all taſtes may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.
Wouldſt thou for miſcellanies raiſe thy fame,
And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
Let all the Muſes in the piece conſpire:
The Lyrick Bard muſt ſtrike th' harmonious lyre;
Heroick ſtrains muſt here and there be found,
And nervous ſenſe be ſung in lofty ſound.

Let

Let Elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill ſome pages with melodious woe:
Let not your am'rous ſongs too num'rous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love.
Satire muſt interfere, whoſe pointed rage
May laſh the madneſs of a vicious age:
Satire, the Muſe that never fails to hit;
For if there's ſcandal, to be ſure there's wit.
Tire not our patience with Pindarick lays;
Thoſe ſwell the piece, but very rarely pleaſe:
Let ſhort-breath'd Epigram it's force confine,
And ſtrike at follies in a ſingle line.
Tranſlations ſhould throughout the work be ſown,
And Homer's godlike Muſe be made our own:
Horace in uſeful numbers ſhould be ſung,
And Virgil's thoughts adorn the Britiſh tongue.
Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard diſdain,
And at her door in melting notes complain:
His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the liſt'ning ear with tales of love.
Let ev'ry claſſick in the volume ſhine,
And each contribute to thy great deſign:
Thro' various ſubjects let the reader range,
And raiſe his fancy with a grateful change.
Variety's the ſource of joy below,
From whence ſtill freſh-revolving pleaſures flow.
In books and love the mind one end purſues,
And only change th' expiring flame renews.
Where Buckingham will condeſcend to give,
That honour'd piece to diſtant times muſt live:
When noble Sheffield ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings,
The little loves rejoice, and clap their wings—
'Anacreon lives!' they cry; 'th' harmonious ſwain
'Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted ſtrain:
''Tis he—our loſt Anacreon lives again!'

But

But when th' illuſtrious poet ſoars above
The ſportive revels of the god of love,
Like Maro's Muſe he takes a loftier flight,
And tow'rs beyond the wond'ring Cupid's ſight.
If thou wouldſt have thy volume ſtand the teſt,
And of all others be reputed beſt,
Let Congreve teach the liſt'ning groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Paſtora's urn.
Let Prior's Muſe with ſoft'ning accents move,
Soft as the ſtrains of conſtant Emma's love;
Or let his fancy chuſe ſome jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream:
Prior th' admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour and with Spencer's ſtrains.
Waller in Granville lives: when Mira ſings,
With Waller's hand he ſtrikes the ſounding ſtrings;
With ſprightly turns his noble genius ſhines,
And manly ſenſe adorns his eaſy lines.
On Addiſon's ſweet lays attention waits,
And ſilence guards the place while he repeats:
His Muſe alike on ev'ry ſubject charms,
Whether ſhe paints the god of love or arms:
In him pathetick Ovid ſings again,
And Homer's Iliad ſhines in his Campaign.
Whenever Garth ſhall raiſe his ſprightly ſong,
Senſe flows in eaſy numbers from his tongue;
Great Phœbus in his learned ſon we ſee,
Alike in phyſick as in poetry.
When Pope's harmonious Muſe with pleaſure roves
Amidſt the plains, the murm'ring ſtreams and groves,
Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his ſongs,
Thro' the glad ſhade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our raviſh'd ears,
His ſteady judgment far outſhoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.

From theſe ſucceſsful bards collect thy ſtrains,
And praiſe with profit ſhall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves-leather binding bears the ſway,
And ſheep-ſkin to it's ſleeker gloſs gives way;
While neat old Elzivir is reckon'd better
Than Pirate Hill's brown ſheets and ſcurvy letter;
While print-admirers careful Aldus chuſe,
Before John Morphew, or the weekly news;
So long ſhall live thy praiſe in books of fame,
And Tonſon yield to Lintott's lofty name.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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